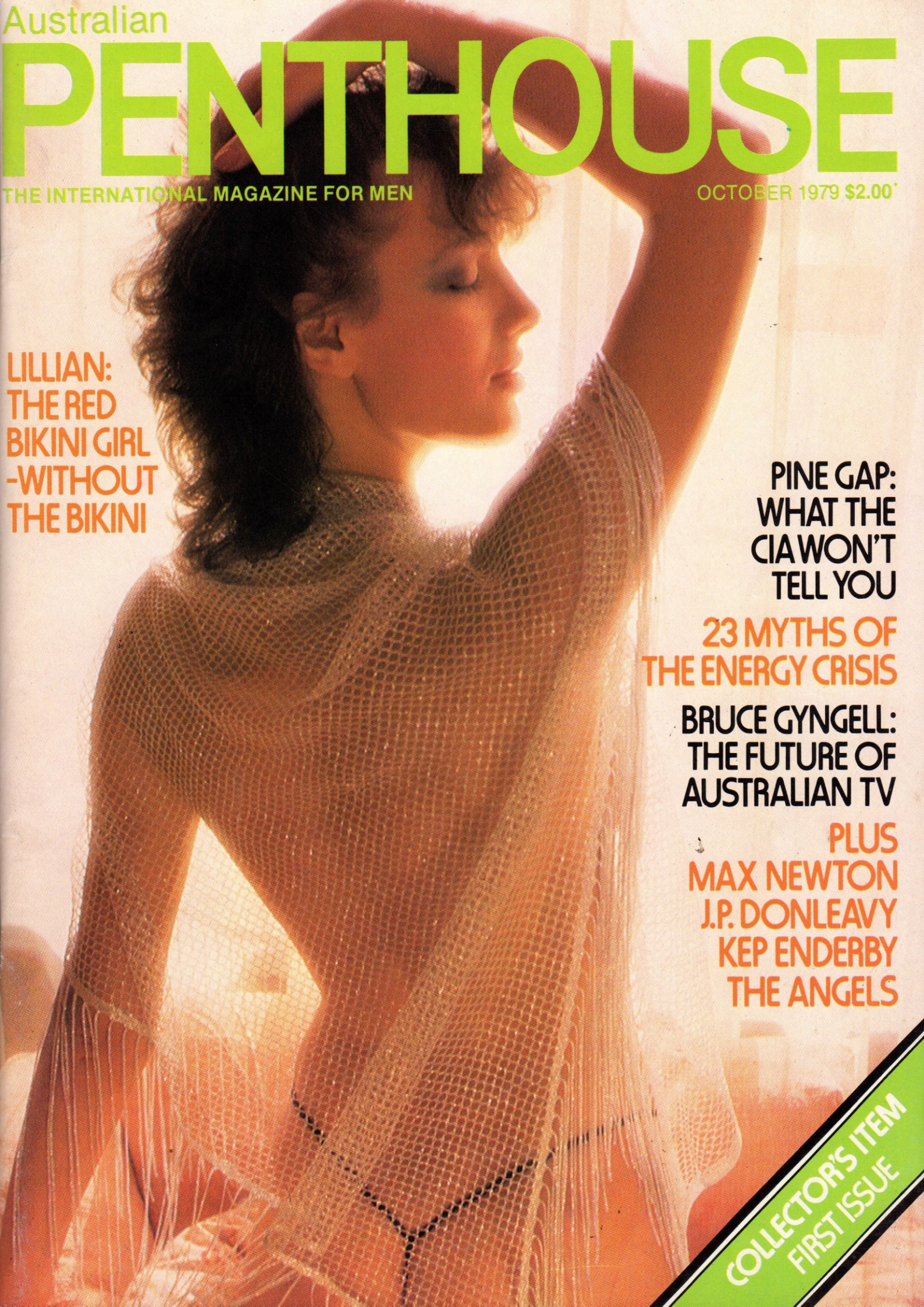
Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
OCTOBER 1979 $2.00*
LILLIAN: THE RED BIKINI GIRL -WITHOUT THE BIKINI
PINE GAP: WHAT THE CIA WON'T TELL YOU
23 MYTHS OF THE ENERGY CRISIS
BRUCE GYNGELL: THE FUTURE OF AUSTRALIAN TV
PLUS
MAX NEWTON
J.P. DONLEAVY
KEP ENDERBY
THE ANGELS
COLLECTOR'S ITEM
FIRST ISSUE

A touch of gold.

When only the best will do.

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Australian
PENTHOUSE®
The International Magazine for Australian Men/October 1979

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Seven Witless Years

The Angels

Lillian

Wicked Wanda

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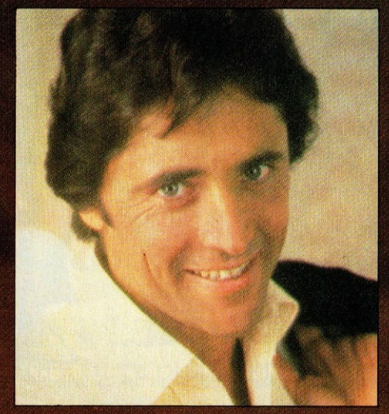
'Sophisticated, long-lasting and very sexy!'

When you want an opinion on a new man's fragrance, who better to ask than a Frenchman?

So we asked Sacha Distel, one of Europe's leading entertainers, and this was his enthusiastic response.

The Mandate collection offers a unique and distinctive new fragrance for the successful man – fresh, woody and masculine.

Sacha Distel says a lot for Mandate. See what it can say for you.



Sacha Distel

MANDATE
says a lot for a man.

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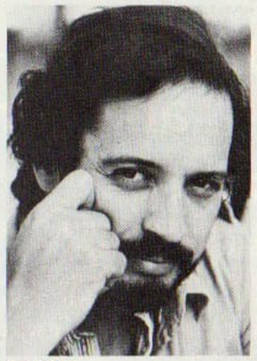
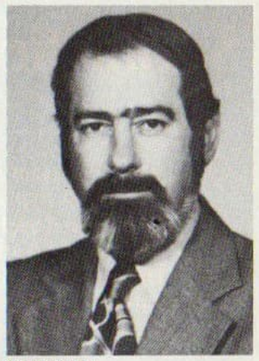
John Hampshire, Martin Riordan, Mark Day, Carol Ashdown, Bruce Morgan, Lyle Nagel

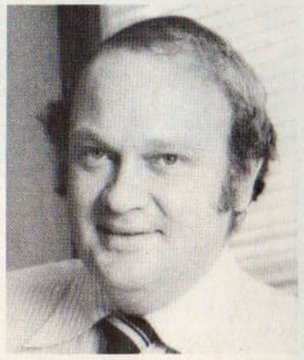


Peter Caine

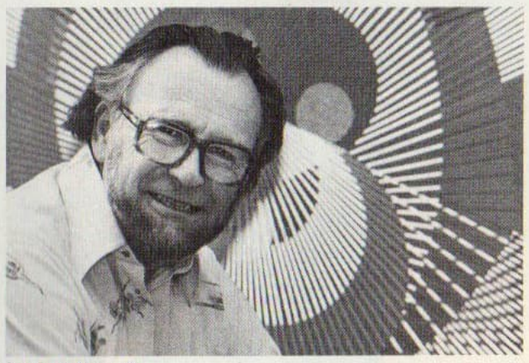


William Pinwill

Lloyd Bond



Christopher Gibson



Stan Ostoja-Kotkowski

HOUSECALL

And now we move that the question be put: Is Australia big enough for two men's magazines? Obviously we believe it is, and it is in that confident frame of mind we welcome you to the first issue of *Australian Penthouse.* Life at the top is a lot of fun.

For a long time, the women in our country have received more favorable treatment than their menfolk. Magazines tailored to their interests, from teens through to middle age, have been poured on to the market by publishers big and small. More than two million are consumed by newsagent and supermarket buyers each week. Yet for many years there has been no general interest magazine for Australian males. Now there are two. We believe competition never hurt anyone; in fact the main effect is to improve quality and so allow the consumer a wider choice of better products. *Penthouse,* in 10 years, has become the top-selling men's magazine on America's news stands. It is among the most quoted publications in Washington, and its reputation for fearless, accurate reporting ranks alongside its acknowledged leadership in presenting stunning, sumptuous, and sensual pictorials of the world's most beautiful women.

And so, what of *Australian Penthouse*? We are owned by ADM Franchise Pty Ltd, a subsidiary of the highly-successful Sydney printing firm, ADM Paramac Pty Ltd. As such, we have no links with the established publishing giants — a freedom we cherish. We recognise we are the little guys in the increasingly-monopolistic world of Australian publishing, but when the Goliaths snarl we take refuge in the story of David's triumph. Modestly, we believe we have the talent to produce a first class magazine for Australians — an international mix of worlds and pictures designed for men of the world and men of leisure. You can meet some of us above: Publisher **Lloyd Bond,** editor **Mark Day,** senior editors **Carol Ashdown** and **John Hampshire,** art director **Lyle Nagel,** creative designer **Bruce Morgan,** writer **Martin Riordan** and marketing manager **Christopher Gibson.** You will meet our contributors regularly on this page.

This introduction is not intended to be a litany of promises, but we do aim to foster new talent (so you think you can write or draw? Prove it. See address on Page 2) and to present, where need be, an alternative point of view. In short, to tell it like it is, free of the conventional wisdoms, political debts, vested interests and messianic edicts which exist elsewhere.

Two aspects of this publication deserve a special introductory message: the paper and the pictorials. An international shortage exists of the top-quality glossy stock paper used by our US counterpart. But even if it were freely available we could not use it and sell for $2. Don't blame us — blame successive Australian governments which impose a duty of 20% on imported paper over the weight (thickness) of 67 gsm. That might sound technical, but what it means is this: if we printed on paper of 80 gsm, as we would like, we would not only pay more to buy it overseas; we would use a greater weight, and we would have to pay 20% of this higher cost to the Government. And this $2 magazine would cost nearer $3. As it is, our paper is the best quality 67 gsm stock available in the world right now, and we have paid the duty on the cover and buff section. If that sounds like a cop-out, it is not intended to be: it is a fact of economic life.

Secondly, the pictorials. They are, by design based on market research, not as explicit as those appearing in the US edition. And of course, we have in Australia State literature review organisations. We are opposed to the principle of censorship and see no justification for boards, tribunals or whatever sitting to determine what the people of their States may or may not read. But equally, we knew that if we ignored the guidelines set down by the boards they could force us off sale or under the counter, which could lead to the situation where we didn't have a magazine, and neither did you. We have, nevertheless, produced special editions for Queensland, Victoria and Western Australia, and readers in those States who wish to obtain the national edition, which will be subject to less rigorous classification, may do so by subscribing. (See Page 141)

Australian Penthouse should be a two-way product. You can talk back to us. We will start our Feedback letters column as soon as we get some feedback; and the US Forum material published

The year Scotch Whisky came out of The Dark Ages.

Perhaps the most noteworthy time in the long history of Scotch Whisky was in the 1890's.

For then, one of London's most distinguished wine merchants, Justerini & Brooks, had an inspired idea.

It was this: To use their one hundred and forty years of experience and skill blending wine for noble tastes, to blend a Scotch Whisky to please the palates of the most discerning and aristocratic of their clientele.

The resulting blend of over 50 different whiskies was, and still is, an inspiration for lovers of fine Scotch Whisky everywhere.

J & B Rare Scotch Whisky.

To the eye it is discernibly lighter in colour.

To the taste a blend that draws the best from all its components, whilst imparting a delicacy, lightness and finesse of its own.

A blend so rare in its qualities it is insisted on and enjoyed by Scotch Whisky connoisseurs in 156 countries throughout the world.

J&B Rare Scotch Whisky. See the light.

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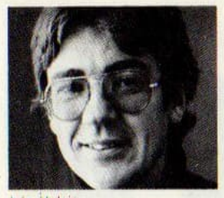
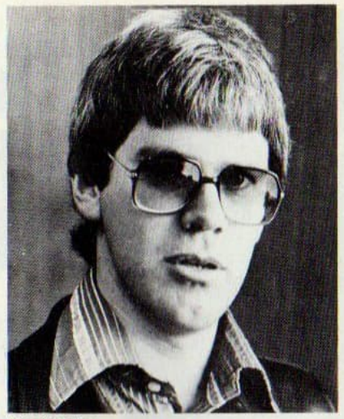
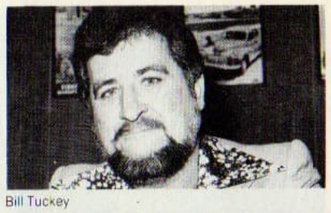

John Halpin

Adam Brooke


Ross Stapleton


Bill Tuckey

Max Newton

Peter Carrette

Peter Olszewski

in this edition will be replaced by the home-grown variety as soon as you tell us of your part in the action.

And so to Volume One, Issue One. It is with very great pleasure we present — in our belief for the first time in the world — a delightful Russian Pet of the Month. **Lillian Gasinskayay** made world headlines when she squeezed through the porthole of a Russian cruise ship moored in Sydney Harbor and made a midnight swim to claim political asylum. Lillian tells the story herself on Page 84 and our pictures tell another story of astonishing beauty and warmth. Lillian faces a bright future in her adopted homeland and we are pleased to help launch her career which she hopes will include modelling, advertising and acting. It is worth noting that in our first all-Australian issue we have a Russian-born Pet photographed by a Spaniard who was educated in France. **Peter Caine's** photographs have been published around the world but he, like Lillian, is in love with this country, and by injecting much of their own talents and national traditions both are contributing to our rich and rewarding cosmopolitan society. Before we leave the subject of pictorials, may we also draw your attention to the lovely Miss **Verity Hamilton,** of Sydney, photographed by **Peter Carrette,** and Miss **Cheryl Rixon,** formerly of Perth, photographed by **Stan Malinowski.** Thank heaven for little girls!

The heavens are also alive with the sounds of spying, and Australia is right in the thick of it. **William Pinwill,** a former assistant to Labor Minister for Science Bill Morrison and Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, explains the secrets of the US Pine Gap base, near Alice Springs. Much has been speculated and written about this so-called "defence" establishment, but none as authoritative as this. Pinwill, who now publishes the fortnightly *Inside ASEAN* newsletter in Canberra, is currently preparing a book on the CIA's activities in Australia, due for publication next year. The oustanding artwork for this article was created by laser by **Stan Ostoja-Kotkowski,** of Adelaide.

It may sound odd to say in our first issue we are particularly proud of the great diversity of opinion found in the pages of *Penthouse.* In this Australian edition we intend to follow the tradition of the US edition by encouraging our writers to embrace controversy and speak their minds (and hearts) forcefully. Such a case is **Max Newton,** former editor of *The Australian Financial Review,* founding editor of *The Australian,* and more recently publisher of the *Sunday Observer* in Melbourne. In his article, Seven Witless Years, Newton aims his considerable sights on the men who purport to rule this country.

It has never been part of *Penthouse's* international policy to encourage the use of drugs. In fact, mood-altering drugs have been condemned frequently. But this is no excuse to ignore the social implications of drug use, and the activities of those who seek to prevent their entry into this country. **John Halpin,** a freelance writer based in Melbourne, has closely studied the activities of the Federal Narcotics Bureau since its inception, and in this issue writes about the political timebomb ticking away inside the Bureau. It is a particularly timely story as a multi-State police force investigation of the bureau proceeds.

What's happening in the Australian music industry? Freelance rock writer, **Ross Stapleton,** an authoritative contributor to music industry publications in Australia and overseas looks at the rise and rise of our latest supergroup, The Angels.

As we have said, we aim to encourage local talent. But how could we pass up the opportunity to present in our first issue a fiction work by one of the world's great novelists, **J.P. Donleavy?** The extract from his forthcoming book, *Schultz,* is vintage Donleavy. Not since *The Ginger Man* have we met a character quite so amusing and reprehensible as the pretentious young theatrical producer in this *Penthouse* exclusive excerpt. And while on the subject of international material, follow the adventures of **Wicked Wanda,** who launches our edition by celebrating at the 10th anniversary of *Penthouse* overseas. Some of the dialogue has been specially written for Australia, but Wanda is Wanda the world over!

Another happening with worldwide implications is the so-called energy crisis. As **James Dale Davidson** explains in his 23 Myths of the Energy Crisis, the world is not running out of energy. It's just that the politicians, bureaucrats and international financiers have got themselves into a mess, and the only way out is to make you, the little man who does not have their clout, political weight and downright cynicism, pay the piper. Davidson is chairman of the American National Taxpayers' Union, and his article has been adapted for *Australian Penthouse* by **John Hampshire.**

While the rest of us might be worrying about the price we pay for motoring, it must be admitted it's birdseed compared with the investment in the annual Hardie-Ferodo 1000 motor race around Mt Panorama at Bathurst. On Page 134 motoring guru **Bill Tuckey** profiles the pros who make this race their annual Mecca — to the delight of millions of TV viewers and the wails of all sponsors except the winners'.

The interview is another long-respected traditional segment of *Penthouse.* For openers **Francis Scott** sat down with the chairman of the Australian Broadcast Control Board, the urbane **Bruce Gyngell.** Eschewing subjects such as the recent multimedia brawls over ownership of Sydney's Channel 10, the squabbles over children's programs, and the controversial licence renewal hearings, they cast their minds forward and explore the future of Australian TV.

As we said earlier, life at the top is fun. And we dont want you to miss the gags. **Balloonheads,** a *Penthouse* regulars' favorite, is on Page 45, and a new Australian regular, **Adam's Ads,** appears on Page 111. **Adam Brooke,** who also illustrated our Narcotics Bureau story, casts his satirical eye over a subject familiar to us all — advertising. And to round it off we have some delightful bawdy tales from the pen of **Peter Harrigan,** a freelance cartoonist, bon vivant and lemming fancier. Well, we suppose if you don't fancy yabbies, like **Peter Olszewski** (Page 70), a twist of lemming will do.

RIGHT OFF THE PAGE
THE RAGE CAGE
FROM SONY

Whatever you're into goes round and round. And you have Sound!
Stereo Sound. Off the record, and for a little more, even your cassettes.
Big and brutal from 50 watts of music power. Or soft and sweet. The beat.
Four band radio brings it in like you're there, from your favourite radio station, FM or AM.
The Rage Cage, from Sony.
You ever hear of take-home disco?
You've got it, and Sony's FR-212 costs a lot less than you maybe thought. We've seen it advertised for as little as $599!

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Recommended retail price $729.
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Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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OCTOBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

We want to hear from you. And we have a panel of experts standing by to help with the problems you face in today's society. The material published in this issue will be replaced by the home-grown variety as soon as your letters start rolling in.

One way only

I have been married for five years. My husband is a very good lover. We love each other very much and therefore are anxious to please each other.

I can only reach a climax one way, when my husband penetrates me from the rear while each of us lies on our right side. While we make love I squeeze both my thighs tightly together to press down on my clitoris and with much thrusting and squeezing, I finally have an orgasm. Not only is this the only way I can come, but once I come this way I am unable to have another orgasm for the rest of the night.

We have tried numerous other positions; all are very stimulating but I can't have an orgasm in any of them. One day my husband performed cunnilingus on me. It felt great, but still no orgasm. Since then he has tried many times, but I have never reached a climax.

I am getting sick and tired of that same old position. I want to be able to climax in other positions too. Any advice would be appreciated. — *Mrs C. G.*

You're orgasmic — and that's a wonderful place to begin exploring your sexuality further. You've passed a major hurdle because you know what an orgasm is and you know how to have one. Now you want variety.

We can learn to be more sexually responsive; we can train ourselves to be aroused by a greater variety of techniques. You may have the tool you need at your fingertips. Experiment on yourself with different strokes, pressures and positions. Feel the different sensations. The more ways we learn to give ourselves pleasure, the more information we have about our bodies which we can share with our partners, and the more options are available to us.

You might also consider getting a vibrator. Vibrators are fun toys to incorporate in sex play. Try experimenting on your own, then share it with your partner.

To retrain your body you have to be able to relax and just enjoy what your body feels. Your mind may be making it more difficult for you to do this. Where is your head when you are making love or masturbating? Are you thinking: "Am I going to come this way? Soon, or at all? Will I be frustrated? How long is this going to take? Will I ever come in another position?"

Perhaps you even worry about your body and its responsiveness, or are questioning your work or your sense of worth. All of these silent conversations with yourself can detract from the sexual experience. It is important to focus on what you are feeling instead of what you are not feeling.

You mention a second "problem". You say that after one orgasm you are unable to have another for the rest of the night. This may not be a problem at all. Many women are satisfied with one orgasm. Others want another or several more. Unfortunately, in this area too, people tend to impose ideas about what is the right kind of behavior on themselves. Some women feel they should *have more than one orgasm, others that they aren't supposed to have more than one. Try to figure out which category you fit in, and then decide just why having more than one orgasm is important to you.*

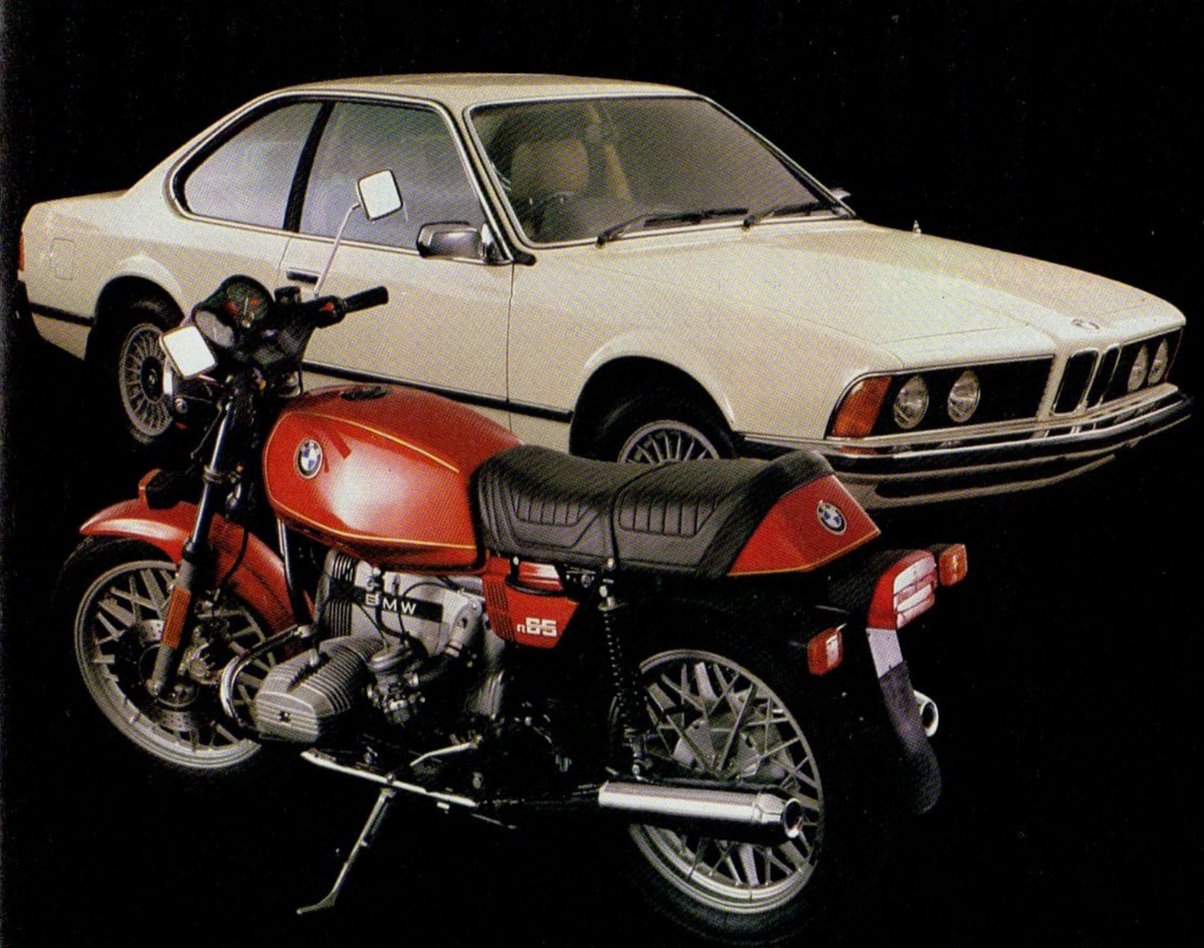
Learning on your own may give you what you want and need. However, if you want outside help, you can consider either individual counselling or a supportive women's group.

Small penis

I have a problem I thought would take care of itself, but it hasn't. I've got a small penis. It is only 10cm long and 4cm wide. When birds give me hints to screw them, I want to, but I can't because I'm worried about what they will think. Is there anything that I can do to make my penis bigger? — *A.E.*

Penis size is very variable. Researchers who have studied penis size concluded that at age 20 the average length of the flaccid penis was 13.02 cm and the average relaxed circumference was 8.55 cm. These figures are averages; that means many men have penises which are larger or smaller. The size of a flaccid penis is not constant; it can be influenced by temperature. When it is cold the penis tends to be smaller.

The size of the penis in the relaxed or detumescent state bears no relationship to the size of the penis when erect. A man



The BMW principle:
Start at the top and work your way up.

The quest for BMW ownership is influenced by far more significant factors than the obvious attractions of prestige and investment value.

For no matter which end of the BMW spectrum you begin, from the most affordable – the R65 motorcycle, to the very exclusive – the 633 CSi coupe, you start with a unique engineering concept based on over fifty years of advanced technology.

The BMW motorcycle range, from the R65 to the R100RS, represents the 'state of the art' in motorcycle development. Turbine-smooth power and low weight combined with legendary shaft drive and chassis technology fulfil the objectives of precise control and perfect riding balance.

The result is a very special relationship between man and machine, a synthesis of individualism and advanced engineering. Or in other words, sheer riding pleasure.

If you seek the ultimate riding experience, the logical place to start is at the top – with your BMW dealer.

	R65	R100S	R100RS	R100RT	R80/7
Capacity (cc)	645	972	972	972	785
Max speed (km/h)	175	200	200	190	180
Road weight (kg)	205	220	230	234	215
Standing kilometre (secs)	28.5	25.3	25.3	26.2	26.8

All BMW motorcycles are available on the BMW European Delivery Programme.

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TOM BYRNE PTY. LTD. 34 Wentworth Avenue, Sydney. Phone 265157.
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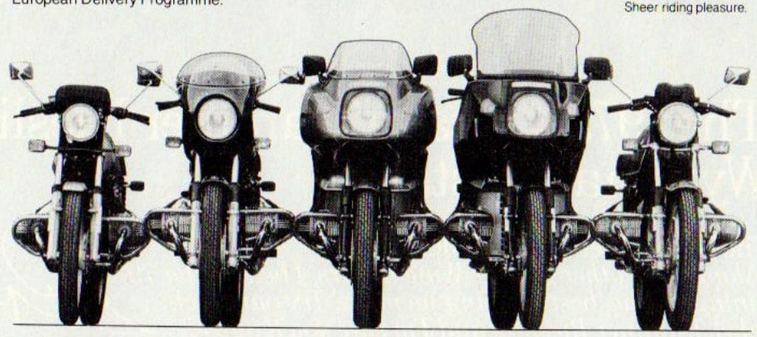

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The 1979 Vintage Traminer Riesling from Wyndham Estate.

The Winemaker — Brian McGuigan.
"Along with other Hunter Winemakers, I believe the '79 vintage is the 'best in living memory.' Try our black label Traminer Riesling and I'm sure you'll agree."

Brian McGuigan
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can have a comparatively small penis when flaccid and a comparatively large one when erect or vice versa. The size of a man's erect penis may also vary to a very minor degree in relation to his degree of sexual excitement. When very excited and highly stimulated it may be slightly larger than when the erection is a response to a lesser degree of stimulation.

There is no way to enlarge the penis under normal conditions. The exception is patients who have a deficiency in male hormone, either because they were born with a deficiency or because the testicles were lost or damaged due to injury or disease. When there is a deficiency of male hormone, the penis does not develop normally. In these cases the administration of male hormone will enlarge the penis and bring it to normal size.

Fortunately, the size of the penis does not significantly affect a man's ability to please a woman sexually. The vagina is a muscular sac which will contract in size to match the size of the penis. When having relations, the female is very often unable to determine whether the penis is large or small. There are many factors much more essential to a woman's sexual satisfaction than the size of the penis.

Virgin problems

I am an 18-year-old virgin. I am fairly nice looking and I have never had any trouble getting or keeping a boyfriend. I have been taking holidays with my friends since I was about 15, but actually moved away from home for the first time early this year.

Recently I became involved with a man who I believed was gentle and sensitive. After going out with him for a few months, I decided that I wanted him to be the first man to make love to me. On my 18th birthday he took me out on the town and we had a terrific time. We both got a bit tipsy. The sex was very exciting until it came down to the nitty gritty.

When he was very hard and I was very wet and wanted it badly, he tried to enter me. He couldn't penetrate me. After a few tries, he got frustrated and grew soft. He then wanted me to fellate him, which I did, hoping that he would try to penetrate me again. Well, he got off but I did not, and I thought he was being very insensitive. I was a bit humiliated, but mostly hurt to find out that he was so inconsiderate.

I have gone out with many men since that incident, but did not give much thought to what happened until recently when I read that some women have an extremely hard hymen. I think this is my problem. It's a problem because I am now seeing someone I would like to sleep with.

My present boyfriend seems to be gentle and we've become very close very quickly. I was quite sick recently and he took good care of me. I become soaking wet when he caresses my breasts and sucks them. He wants a bit more and I don't blame him! He deserves to get some pleasure, too.

We went out the other night to celebrate his birthday and had a great time. When we returned to my apartment my roommate was gone; she had left a note explaining that she was going away for the weekend with her boyfriend. It seemed like the perfect time, no disturbances, but since we were both so drunk I decided it would be better to wait.

In the morning he wanted to perform cunnilingus on me and I refused. I guess I don't want him to know that I am a virgin and I don't want to get hurt (physically) like I did the first time I tried to have intercourse. I realise that cunnilingus wouldn't hurt but it would lead eventually to intercourse and penetration would hurt.

Maybe my problem is related to some kind of hangup. All through high school most of my girlfriends slept with their boyfriends. Being the only virgin didn't bother me then because most of them ended up having abortions or giving babies up for adoption.

Now, however, I feel funny about still being a virgin. I would like some information about getting my hymen broken by a doctor. I've tried to break it without success. Would having a doctor do it hurt?

Also, I want to be good for my boyfriend the first time and I want him to think that I have had at least a little experience. What do you suggest? I realise that experience is the best teacher, but I don't want to lie there like a log and make him do everything!

I would appreciate a fast response since I can't expect my boyfriend to live on bread alone — *Name withheld by request.*

One of the most assertive and positive things an adolescent girl can do for herself is to refuse to have sexual intercourse until she is ready for it; you needn't be ashamed about still being a virgin or worry that you might have some kind of hangup.

You say that you are involved with a gentle person and that you've become close very quickly. Since you have such a good relationship, why pretend that you have more sexual experience than you do? Your feelings of intimacy will be strengthened by sharing your sexual history and feelings with your friend, even though this will involve some risk taking on your part.

Moreover, for your first sexual experiences with your friend to be happy ones, he should know that you are a virgin and need to be touched gently. Persistent penile thrusts by an overly eager partner can cause pain and hymenal lacerations. Most of these hymenal tears are not serious, but you suffered both physical

"That's all you ever think of . . ."

and psychological pain during your first attempt at intercourse and should therefore avoid any experience that might reinforce the negative associations you already have about lovemaking. If your boyfriend doesn't know you're a virgin, there's no way he can help.

Most women who have tight hymens can benefit from doing some very simple exercises which will gradually stretch the vaginal opening. If you have been using tampons, you will progress even faster. First, use a petroleum jelly lubricant at your vaginal entrance. Then get in a nice hot tub and let yourself relax. Gently insert a finger, or if you can, two fingers, about halfway into your vagina. Now press downward towards your rectum until you notice that your vaginal opening is stretching. When this feels just a little uncomfortable, hold the position for about five seconds, then relax. You can also stretch the opening by spreading the two fingers apart. Do this for at least five minutes a day for two or three weeks and you should be able to have your first intercourse with a minimum of discomfort.

Why not explain to your boyfriend what you are doing? Perhaps you would enjoy allowing him to help with the stretching by inserting one of his fingers while you are petting. By having him participate this way, you will be demonstrating that you would like him to share in your "getting ready" process and also showing him that you will need to be treated very gently the first time you have intercourse.

The stretching exercises will probably work, but if they don't — if you find you can't insert a finger comfortably — consult your gynaecologist about a hymenectomy, a minor surgical procedure to remove the hymen.

Nipple piercing

I am 27, male, and my girlfriend is in to sexual domination.

I am interested in having my nipples pierced with small gold rings. The idea of using rings through my nipples to tease and torment me excites both me and my girlfriend tremendously. However, we're concerned about the medical aspects.

Is it possible for a man to have his nipples pierced without damaging them? Would it be limited to a tiny hole for a thin wire shaft as on a woman's earring, or could an entire ring be slipped through?

Once the nipples were pierced, would the rings have to be worn constantly? If not, would the skin heal itself? What is the danger of infection? Would there be any danger of pulling the ring through the skin if the rings were tugged on vigorously? What kind of doctor would perform the piercing? — *W. M.*

You and your girlfriend appear to have a sadomasochistic relationship. Since the idea of having your nipples pierced comes out of this relationship and excites you both, you may well derive a great deal of mutual pleasure from having the operation performed. The procedure does involve some potential medical problems. Since you haven't asked our opinion about the advisability of having the piercing done, we will simply explain the potential risks and leave the decision to you.

Piercing nipples, by the very nature of the procedure, must produce some local damage to the nipple or to the areola (the pigmented area surrounding the nipple). The smaller the opening, the less damage produced in the surrounding tissue, so that a tiny hole made for a wire will damage the tissue less than a hole large enough for the entire thickness of a ring.

Infection is always a risk in this kind of procedure, no matter how carefully done. Antisepsis is important and antibiotics may have to be used prophylactically. The gold wire of the ring should be manipulated under sterile conditions for at least six weeks after the operation is performed or until the healing process is complete.

Scarring is possible, but it is not much of a risk. If the wire is removed after some months, it is possible for the hole to close up, but this is unlikely. And yes, there is a danger that the wire will tear through the nipple if pulled vigorously during a moment of passion. Should this happen, the rip can be repaired by a surgical dermatologist or a plastic surgeon.

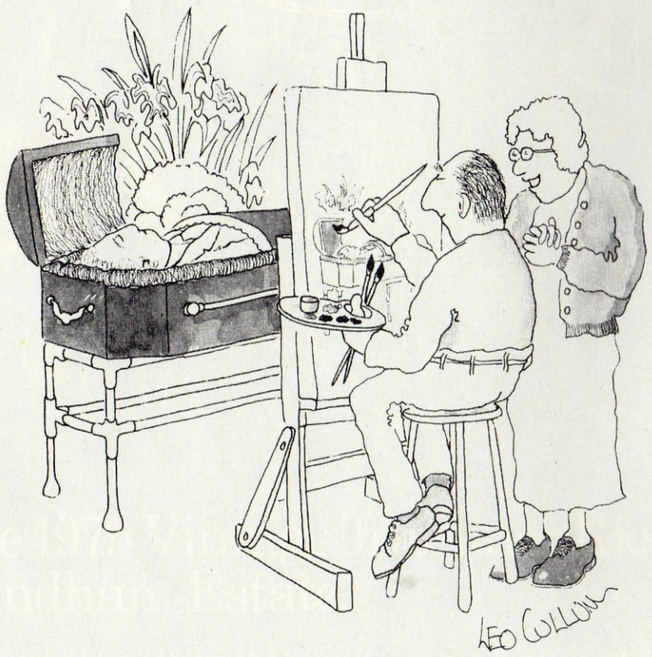
You can call your local medical centre or large hospital to get the names of doctors who might perform a nipple piercing operation. Any doctor willing to do the operation will probably be a courageous person; we hope he or she will be highly ethical, too.

One-way street

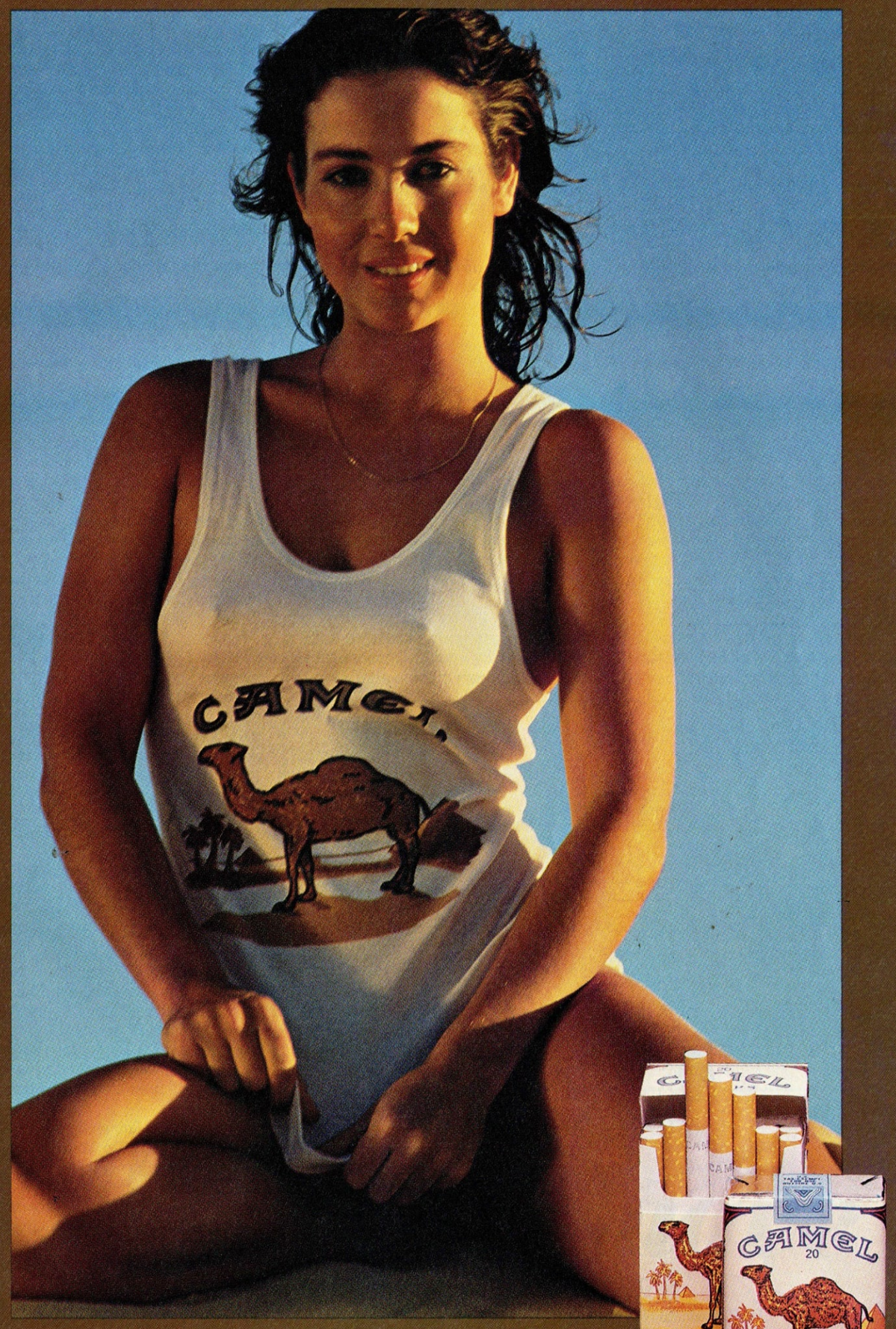
I have been living with my man for two years now — since I was 19. At first we had sex about five times a day, but never once did I reach a climax. We decided to try everything we could think of to get me to reach an orgasm. We finally found one way that I can climax.

I get on top of my lover on my hands and knees. He stimulates my clitoris with one hand and masturbates with the other. While watching him masturbate and feeling him reaching his orgasm, I finally become excited enough to reach a truly beautiful orgasm myself. Unfortunately, this takes about 45 minutes every time, and we are both becoming tired of the long wait. Our lovemaking has gradually decreased to once a day.

Sometimes my lover has had to stop and go inside me to make it and then we are both disappointed. If he is not masturbating himself at the same time as he fingers me, there is no excitement for me at all. I haven't told him this because he usually always masturbates us both at the same time. We have tried to get me to



"Oooooohh. Another still life, Henry?"



climax other ways, but I can't. Can you give us any advice? — *Miss M. S.*

First, be assured it is perfectly natural in a relationship for sexual appetite to decrease somewhat over time. This does not mean that you love each other any less, but rather that the other commitments of your busy lives, perhaps given less attention in the period when you were first discovering each other, have to be attended to. But don't be like so many others who squeeze sex into the last minutes of the day when they are exhausted. The best sex usually occurs when people are able to give themselves to the experience fully, without clock-watching. You would be exceptional indeed, if you could do that five times a day every day for a protracted period!

You find yourself trapped in one very rigid way of having an orgasm, which is limiting your sexual pleasure and becoming increasingly less fulfilling. Sex therapists and researchers call this predicament "secondary orgasmic dysfunction". You can overcome the problem, but it will take time and energy. Before beginning, you must decide to spend at least one hour a day practicing. Since you are motivated, it shouldn't be too hard to make this commitment.

Start by adopting a new mental attitude toward your sex life: accept responsibility for your own orgasm. Your lover can help by being patient and understanding, but it is up to you to find new ways of turning yourself on. Your reward will be a new freedom — freedom to have orgasm in a wide variety of ways.

Experiment by spending time alone and exploring all the feelings of your body. Try masturbating in different positions with different kinds of strokes and movements. Make noises and breathe deeply. Focus your feelings with all your energy. When you are able to have orgasms by yourself in several ways, you will be ready to attempt to have them with your lover. Get close to the point of orgasm the way you usually do, having your lover masturbate both of you.

When you are very excited, try intercourse. You might sit on your lover's penis in the female superior position, stroking yourself at the same time. Imaginging your partner masturbating himself may help excite you. When you are able to have orgasms in this position, keep experimenting, trying new positions just as you are approaching the "point of no return", until you are able to have orgasms in a number of ways during coitus with or without simultaneous stimulation of your clitoris by yourself or your lover.

Coming Out

I am 23-years-old and considered very good looking by women. I recently received a divorce from my wife after a year of marriage and almost three years of engagement, during which we had many sexual encounters. I enjoyed performing cunnilingus and being fellated very much, but my ex-wife didn't seem to share my desires. Her idea of sexual fulfillment was straight intercourse — with a lot of "finger foreplay", then masturbating me by hand after she reached an orgasm. She enjoyed this a great deal.

The problem is that I have convinced myself that I am a homosexual. Even though I have enjoyed women for several years, I know that a man is what I've always really wanted.

There is no form of homosexual activity I would not be more than willing to try, but my penis is only four and a half inches long, so I believe that I will have to play a passive role.

I suppose the real problem is my ex-wife, family, friends and relatives finding out, because no one suspects me at all. I have concealed my feelings from everyone except some close friends who are straight, and they seemed to accept that. But the term bisexual is not only ridiculous, it's hypocritical. Sure, I enjoy heterosexual activity, because I've been taught to, but I prefer homosexual sex, even though I haven't participated in it. Doesn't that make me gay?

Anyway, I am very frightened and frustrated since everything is at stake in my coming out.

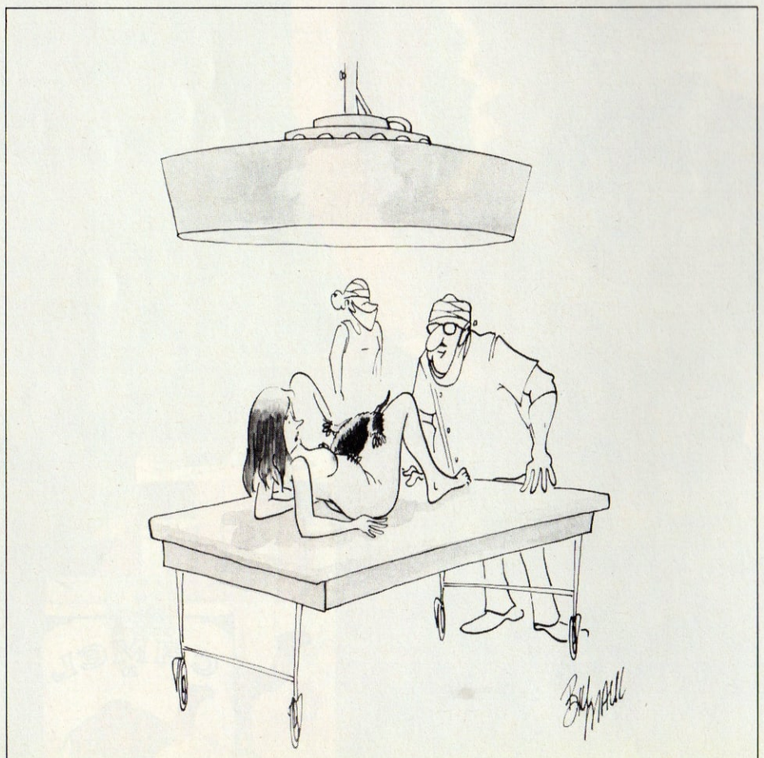
Should I tell people about my homosexuality, lead a double life, or what? Will my penis size determine whether I will play an active or passive role exclusively? Are there many men, gay or straight, who would permit someone like me to suck them to an explosive orgasm? How do I find and approach them? — *Mr T. R.*

Contact the gay counselling centre nearest to you. They'll be able to help you think out your dilemma, work through your fears, and decide on the course of action that would be best for you.

We strongly advise talking to a counsellor at a gay centre before you tell people about your homosexuality. Your situation is by no means an easy or simple one, and you should not take action until you have carefully weighed the consequences of proclaiming homosexuality publicly.

Would being known as a homosexual cost you a job? Do you want to date women who might not understand? These are among the questions you should consider. If you do decide to "come out", whether you declare yourself publicly or just to a few friends, the timing, the place, and the way you word your disclosures will all affect the way people will respond to your information. These things should be discussed, too.

A person is bisexual if he or she enjoys sex with both genders; bisexuality doesn't mean enjoying sex with either gender



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equally. Many bisexuals are predominantly homosexually or heterosexually oriented. Though you may be correct in your belief that your basic orientation is homosexual, since you have enjoyed relations with women in the past, you may find that you will desire and have sex with them in the future also.

In short, don't dismiss the notion that you are bisexual as being some kind of euphemism or hedge. You should try to find out more about bisexuality and how other bisexuals handle their lives.

The size of one's penis has absolutely nothing to do with sexual pleasure. The tip, or corona, of the penis has the most sensitive "sensory receptors"; it doesn't matter if the shaft is three, six, or eight inches long. Nor does the size of the penis have anything to do with the sexual role. It's what's in your head, not what's on your groin, that determines how you behave in sex and whether you will be active or passive in the sex act. It's possible to play both roles at different times — even in the course of the same sex act.

Crush on Craig

I have been married for three years to a wonderful man. I am 23 and he is 25. I had only one sexual relationship before meeting Tom. I went out with a guy from the time I was 13 until I met my husband. It was a bad relationship that ended badly, and I suffered from real heartbreak. I thought the world was dead for me when we broke up. Then I met Tom, who gave me all I had lost, including my self-confidence. I thought God had sent him to me as an answer to my prayers.

Our sex life used to be good, and it still is for Tom. The problem is me. Much as I love my husband, I have recently found myself very turned on by his brother, Craig. It's not simply physical attraction, since Craig can't hold a candle to Tom in the looks department, but I feel aroused whenever I'm around him. I fantasise and dream of Craig. Craig, I think, is unaware of my thoughts, though he got them started by winking at me and kidding around with me.

I don't know if I'm falling in love with Craig or if it's just an attraction, or what. When he touches his wife I feel jealous. When he doesn't show me some attention, I feel hurt. Tom doesn't go as far in his kidding around and sometimes teases me about the way I am with his brother. That bothers me a great deal, and I don't like the way I think of Craig. But I can't help it. I look forward to seeing him as though I were some schoolgirl with a crush.

Why do I feel this way? What can I do about it? This is the first time I have had sexual feelings towards any other man since I met my husband, and I'm confused about what to do now. I know if I had a chance to have sex with Craig. I probably would. Could this mean I'm not as happily married as I think I am? Please help me before I go nuts — *Mrs V. W.*

To decide, you need to think about your marriage, what you want from it and whether you are happy with it. You could talk with Tom about ways for the two of you to put more zing into your relationship. Perhaps Tom is aware that you are not as sexually excited by him as you were. He may be feeling neglected, unappreciated, or unloved and may need a chance to tell you. You may find that you are also having some of those same feelings. Fidelity, and how to handle the periods when passion waxes and wanes within a marriage, are important issues. Talking about them with your husband may be the first step in changing the current situation.

Perhaps you should define for yourself not only what you want from marriage, but also what you want from your life, both in the short and in the long term. How fulfilling is your life in general? Are you doing the things you want to be doing? Are you working? Would you like to work if you aren't? If you are, do you find the job fulfilling? Do you get satisfaction and a sense of worth from the things you do as a part of your daily routine? Deciding how to respond to your attraction for Craig should involve answers to all these questions. Meanwhile, you can continue to enjoy the fantasies.

Everyone has sexual feelings. They exist within our mind and body. Many times we look for someone to be the object of these feelings, to explain and justify them.

Marriages go through many stages and phases; the longer people stay together, the more changes they go through together. In the beginning, marriage is usually full of passionate sexual feelings. Thus, earlier, Tom was the sole object of your fantasies and desires. Now for reasons which are not entirely apparent, they are directed toward your brother-in-law, Craig. He is, of course, forbidden fruit, which may make him even more delicious and desirable. But your feelings for Craig may also change with time.

The fact that you fantasise about Craig is not a problem. Fantasies are wonderful and important to our psychic lives. They can enrich our lives enormously by giving us a greater number of options. They are wonderful safety valves. So enjoy your sexual feelings and your fantasies — about your husband, your brother-in-law, your neighbor, or anyone else. The luscious feelings they give you are yours to enjoy. You shouldn't hesitate to masturbate to them if you wish.

Having sexual feelings and fantasies doesn't mean acting them out, however. You are in control of your fantasies and your actions, and you have a choice about whether or not to act on your sexual attractions. To make a wise choice, figure out exactly what you want.

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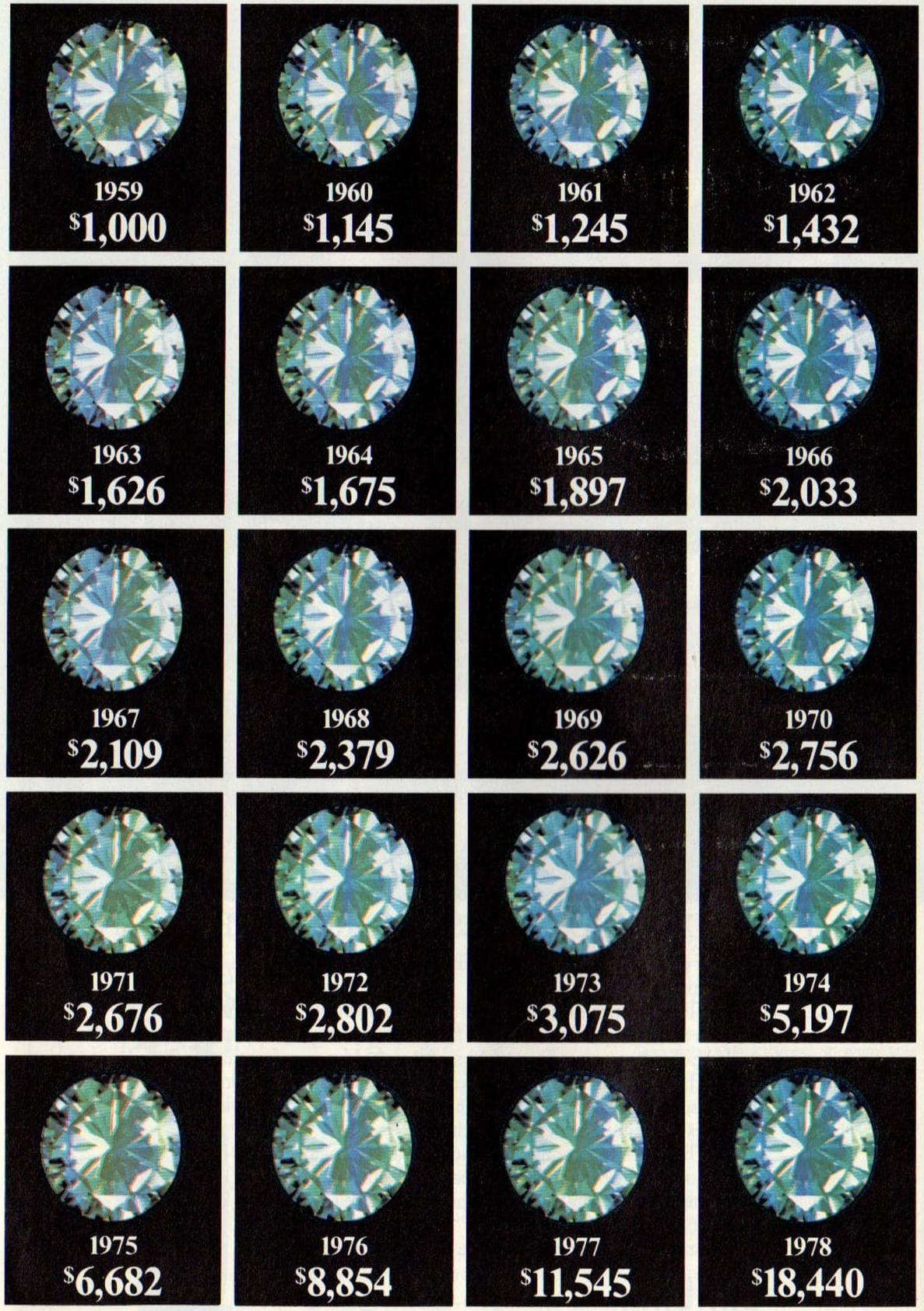

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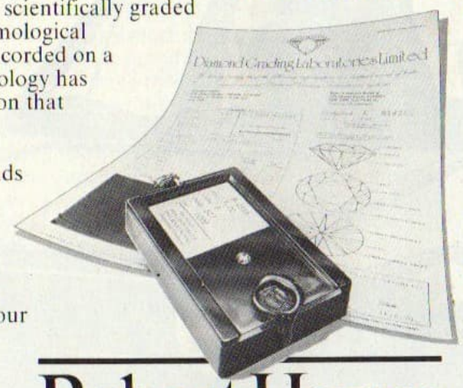

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Twenty questions that tell if you're perplexed by the fairer sex.

Women, as you may have noticed, are different from men. Those differences, which have beguiled and confounded us since the day Eve started talking to snakes, are more than skin-deep. Some men can intuitively understand and follow the unfamiliar paths along which women's minds travel. Other men spend lifetimes trying to decipher the mystery. This psychograph can give you an idea of which group you're in.

Admitting that the sexes differ is decidedly unfashionable in some circles these days and can be downright dangerous if you happen to broach the subject in a room full of liberated women. However, in the more rarefied reaches of experimental social psychology the behavioral traits and nuances that distinguish women from men continue to be investigated with enthusiasm for the simple reason that they do exist.

No one is quite sure how many of the differences between men and women are genetic and how many can be traced to cultural influences. If society moves toward a nonsexist method of raising children, some sex differences may gradually disappear. Yet recent studies of infants show that behavioral differences emerge very early and may be more ingrained than was previously believed. An expert in feminine psychology notes that "precursors of sex differences" begin showing up soon after birth. For whatever reasons, boys almost immediately begin acting like boys and girls like girls.

Since child-rearing patterns have remained relatively intact over the past few decades, it's likely that virtually any woman you meet will exhibit the reflexes common to her sex. Even the youngest and most "liberated" of today's women went through childhood back in the days when girls wore pretty dresses and boys played football. Today women may share many attributes with men, but deep down some crucial differences prevail. The more you can understand these sex-linked reflexes, behavioral patterns, intellectual preferences, and nonverbal cues, the better things will be for you and for the ladies in your life.

1. You're dating a woman for the first time. You want her to like you. You should take her to
   (a) somewhere lively
   (b) somewhere tranquil and quiet so that she focuses on you instead of people or things
   (c) it doesn't make any difference; environment has very little effect on a woman's emotions

2. A married woman is more likely to play around on the side
   (a) if she goes to work
   (b) if she has no job and stays home as a housewife

3. You are going to tell a joke about sex to an attractive woman. You want her to enjoy the joke and, by extension, to admire your sense of humor. If you want to achieve the desired effect, make certain that any man who appears in the joke is portrayed
   (a) as an active stud
   (b) as a passive victim

4. For a woman to be attracted to you, it's more important that you agree on
   (a) sexual attitudes
   (b) religious/ethical standards

5. You suspect that the woman you live with is having an affair and has been receiving love letters. Where is she most likely to hide them?
   (a) In her desk at work or in a similar workplace at home
   (b) Among her books and papers
   (c) In the dresser drawer that holds her underwear
   (d) Somewhere in the kitchen

6. A woman is likely to be most irritable and hostile
   (a) during her period
   (b) just before her period
   (c) just after her period
   (d) in the middle of her cycle

7. Women often experience wide swings of mood related to the monthly course of their menstrual cycles. Do

women who take the pill generally have (a) wider, or (b) narrower mood swings than women who aren't on the pill?

8. If you were decorating your flat to increase its appeal to women, from which of the following color groups would you choose?
   (a) reds, oranges, and yellows
   (b) blues, greens, and purples

9. Most women are attracted to men who have the standard "he-man" physique; broad chest and shoulders, strong muscles, and narrow waist.
   (a) true
   (b) false

10. Once a woman becomes intimate with you, she'll usually enjoy it if you touch her breasts in a playful, non-sexual way.
   (a) true
   (b) false

11. When a woman is depressed, she is most likely to show it by
   (a) having problems with sleeping
   (b) losing interest in going out
   (c) suddenly feeling that she has lost the ability to cry
   (d) becoming indecisive
   (e) all of the above

12. Which of the following statements is more accurate?
   (a) If a woman is frigid or has trouble coming to orgasm, there's nothing much you can do about it
   (b) Women can learn to have orgasms, and sometimes women just haven't had enough experience

13. Most women like to continue sexual activity even after they and the men they're with have had orgasms.
   (a) true
   (b) false

14. Most women are turned on by the "bedroom eyes" gambit, that is, when they are looked at silently and sexily by a man.
   (a) true
   (b) false

15. Here are three examples of behavior that a woman might engage in during a conversation with you. Two indicate that she likes you. One does not. Which one does *not* indicate attraction?
   (a) she looks you over slowly from your head to your feet
   (b) she gives you many short, fast glances, checking out your reactions to what she's saying
   (c) she plays with her hair

16. Here are three more examples of behavior that women use in conversation with men. Which one *doesn't* indicate attraction?
   (a) she raises her eyebrows
   (b) she sits directly opposite the man
   (c) she chainsmokes

17. Here are three more ways that women behave when they talk with men. Which one *doesn't* indicate attraction?
   (a) she pushes out her cheek with her tongue
   (b) she frequently moistens her lips with her tongue
   (c) she puckers her lips

18. Here are two groups of words you have undoubtedly heard used. Which words are more likely to offend the average woman?
   (a) cock, cunt, dick, pussy, cherry
   (b) bastard, bitch, son-of-a-bitch, arse, shit

19. Here are four types of flowers. Which is *least* likely to have a romantic effect on the average woman?
   (a) roses
   (b) lily-of-the-valley
   (c) tulips
   (d) gardenias

20. You take out a woman for the first time. In the course of the evening's conversation she talks about her father. If she makes one of the following statements, she is more likely to end up in bed with you than if she makes the other. Which indicates that she may be primed for sex?
   (a) "I like my father"
   (b) "I dislike my father"

ANSWERS AND EXPLANATIONS

1. (a) Surroundings affect a woman's emotions more profoundly than they do a man's. The more stimulating an environment, the more likely it is to raise a woman's emotional pitch. Psychologists consider this emotional arousal as perhaps the most important factor in precipitating passionate attraction. Albert Mehrabian, one of America's foremost investigators of nonverbal behavior, says: "The desire of females for affiliation increases directly with the arousing quality of the environment." Other studies showed that the stimulation doesn't necessarily have to be "nice". For example, women became more sexy when researchers told them that they would receive electric shocks and after they walked across a narrow bridge suspended high over a rocky gorge. Any stimulus — even pain, fear, and danger — that a woman shares with a man is likely to bind her more closely to him. This doesn't necessarily mean that you should go skydiving on a first date, but it does indicate that you should stay away from places where the background is quiet.

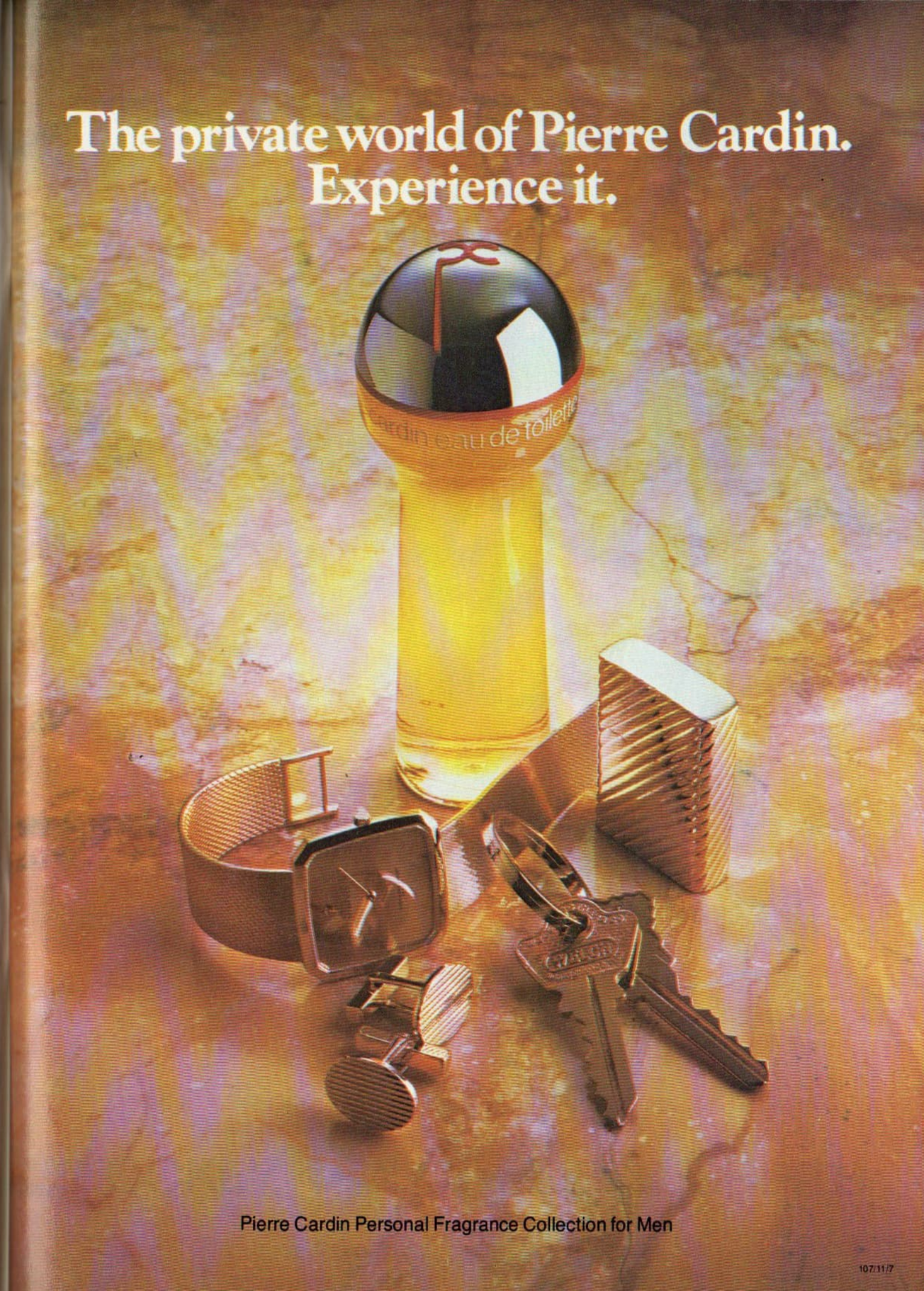
2. (b) All those old jokes about women playing around with the milkman had a basis in fact. A study team led by a sociologist concluded: "Contrary to what might have been expected, wives who worked were less apt to have engaged in extramarital relations than wives who were not gainfully employed."

3. (b) A recent study at the Institute of Psychiatry in London found that "attractive girls tended to actively dislike male chauvinist jokes, perhaps because they had their fill of lecherous male attention in the course of everyday life. Instead, they favored jokes featuring passive male victims and dominant females threatening sexual initiative, eg, derision of male genitalia or sexual performance". On the other hand, "unattractive women preferred jokes in which the male was dominant.

4. (b) A psychologist conducted an experiment in which researchers set up 300 dates between students after first obtaining attitude profiles from each of them. The researchers found that "females were more attracted to males who had sexually dissimilar attitudes and had similar religious values, while males were most attracted to females who had dissimilar religious values and had similar sexual attitudes". Several studies "generally suggest that males are most attracted to people who agree with them on specific day-to-day activities, while females are most attracted to people who agree with them on abstract values and generalised areas of interest".

5. (c) After years of clinical observation the great psychoanalyst Theodor Reik noted that women habitually hide love letters "among their underwear and stockings or between panties, bras, and so forth in drawers that are taboo to men". Said Reik: "The love secrets of women are much more intimately connected with their bodies than are those of men."

6. (b) A large number of studies going as far back as 1941 indicate that women are most tense and irritable during the week just before their periods. One study found



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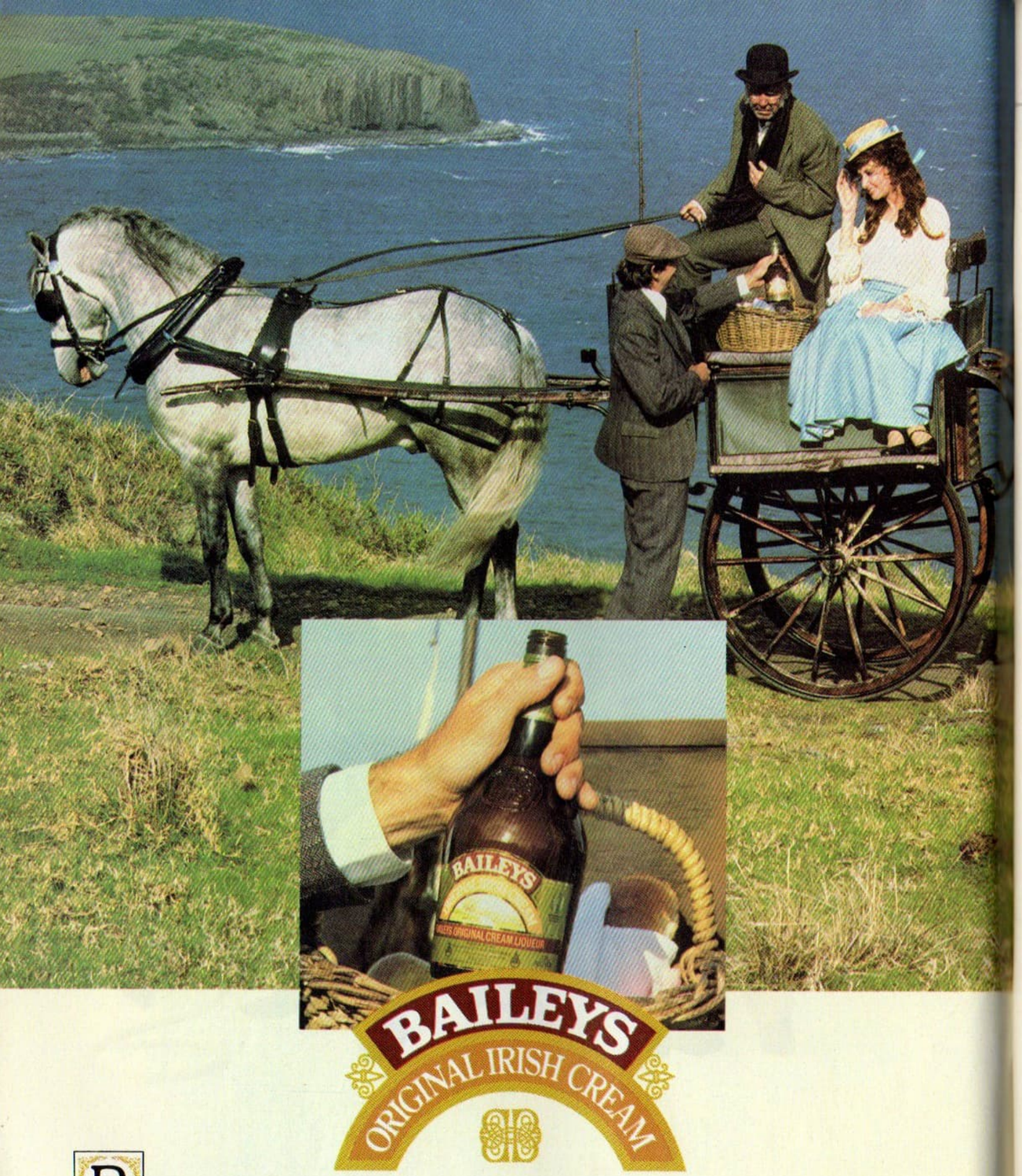

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PSYCHOGRAPH

that 62% of all crimes committed by women took place during this week.

7. (b) The levels of several sex hormones, such as estrogen, appear to affect feelings of hostility and anxiety in women. The contraceptive pill keeps hormones at relatively constant levels. Consequently, her mood swings are less dramatic.

8. (a) Research indicates that women consistently prefer warm hues to cool ones, both as background colors and as colors of specific objects.

9. (b) Just as some men like women with big breasts while others prefer flat-chested, willowy types, so women vary widely in their tastes in male physiques. Psychologist Paul Lavarkas of Loyola University in Chicago performed an interesting experiment in which he showed 19 different silhouettes of male body types to women aged between 18 and 30. His findings were both fascinating and curious. Here are some examples: women who smoke cigarettes like men with thin legs; women who smoke a lot of marijuana dislike men with broad torsos; "liberated" women dislike men with narrow shoulders.

Lavarkas concludes: "The picture emerging from the experiment suggests that women prefer males who are similar in physical proportions to themselves."

10. (b) This question focuses on one of the most complex differences between men and women. Men think of sex as playful, pleasant, and warm. Women — even those who are most liberated — tend to see sex as serious business. They may enjoy sex immensely, but they do not see it as playful. Consequently, any gesture with sexual overtones — such as touching their breasts or genitals — cannot, by their definition, be playful. Researchers concluded: "Males considered pleasantness, sexual desire, and warmth/love to form a cluster. For females, the more a touch was associated with sexual desire, the less it was considered to mean playfulness, warmth/love, and pleasantness.

"Thus when a close male touches a woman in an area which communicates sexual desire to her, she is less likely to consider the touch pleasant and indicative of warmth. To add to the irony, the more *she* touches *him* in ways that indicate sexual desire, the more loving, warm, and pleasant he interprets it to be [when, in reality, it just means she's horny]. The same touch to an area that signifies sexual desire to the man is seen by the woman as unpleasant and lacking in playfulness, warmth, and friendship; a touch to an area that communicates warmth to him conveys nothing more than sexual desire to her.

11. (d) Psychologists found that depressed women "were characterised by indecisiveness and self-dislike. Depressed men were more likely to report an inability to cry, loss of social interest, a sense of failure, and somatic complaints."

12. (b) Juanita Williams of the University of South Florida says: "Simply stated, women can learn to have orgasms. An important factor in female eroticism is experience. The ability to have orgasms is latent in all females and responds to cultivation." Since sex may be a learning experience for a woman, it's important for a man to reinforce her good sexual feelings by being considerate.

13. (a) In *Interpersonal Sexuality*, psychologist D. F. Shope notes that 92% of all highly orgasmic women surveyed like sexual activity to continue after coitus. And even among women who rarely or never achieve orgasm, 65% said that they preferred sexual activity to continue after the man had his orgasm.

14. (b) A survey of 500 American and British students found that women were most comfortable with a man when he looked at them about 50% of the time. Continual, sexy staring did little for them.

15. (c) Researchers constructed a list of 139 kinds of nonverbal behavior that women use when conversing with men. After an enormous amount of experimenting the researchers were able to reduce the list to 34 key types of behavior. Half of them were signs that the woman is attracted to the man; the other half are cold signs, indicating lack of attraction. These experiments provided the basis for this question and for questions 16 and 17.

16. (c) See explanation for question 15.

17. (a) See explanation for question 15.

18. (a) Researchers compiled a list of 48 words with sexual connotations. They gave the list to more than 150 women and asked which terms were most offensive. The women chose the words we listed in group (a) as most objectionable. The women weren't particularly enamored of the words in group (b) either, but those words finished well down on the charts.

19. (c) Tulips have virtually no scent while the common varieties of the other flowers we listed all have relatively strong fragrances. Women generally have a better sense of smell than men, and scents tend to be an important part of a woman's environment. Biologists think that estrogen regulates the sense of smell. Since women have more of that hormone than men, women are more sensitive to good and bad odors, especially at times of the month when their estrogen levels are highest. If you give a woman flowers with no scent, you are ignoring one of her most receptive senses.

20. (b) California psychologist Allan Gerson has gathered information about the sexual behavior of several hundred women. He found that promiscuous women tended to dislike their fathers. (Gerson uses the word *promiscuous* not as a moral judgment but as a purely clinical term meaning women who have sexual intercourse at least once a week with a different partner at least every third time.) Reporting his results in the journal *Psychological Reports*, Gerson said that promiscuous women "characterised their fathers significantly as being dominant, forceful, tyrannical, hateful, unlikable, dishonest and serious.

SCORING

Give yourself five points for each correct answer.

If you scored *70-100 points:*

Congratulations. You seem to understand women intimately. You sense what a woman wants. You may be either a man who's truly sympathetic and in tune with women or just a manipulative Casanova. But in either case you'll never want for female company.

35-65 points:

You're like most men: sometimes you score, sometimes you don't. You occasionally pick up the hidden clues conveyed in any meeting with a woman, but just as often you fail to comprehend the subtle information she's imparting. If you pay closer attention to the women you come in contact with and if you assimilate some of the facts in this psychograph, you can probably take a step forward in your understanding of women.

0-30 points:

If this score reflects reality, you are a complete dummy. Compared with you, Godzilla seems like Cary Grant, Robert Redford, and Don Juan all rolled into one. You probably approach women with preconceived notions of what they will and will not like. It wouldn't be so bad to operate that way if these notions were generally correct, but in your case they apparently are not. Try not to fit every woman you meet into a predetermined slot. Even though women differ from men in many ways, there are plenty of similarities. Like you and me, they want to be treated as individuals.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

"You would be doing both of you a favor if you cooled it for a while and each played the field."

I am 20 years old and I've been in love for almost three years. The problem is that the boy I'm in love with is only 17. We met when I was 17 and he was 14. We were working together at the time. Gradually we started getting serious about one another. We began meeting at places and getting it on. Unfortunately, someone always knew what we did. Finally his parents, who were my bosses, found out. Boy, oh boy, were they upset. There was hell to pay. They sent him away to his grandmother's for the summer. Before he was sent away we slept together every chance we got. I loved it. I just couldn't get enough and he felt the same way. Now his parents won't even let us talk to each other. It's especially frustrating because we happen to live next door. We haven't been able to get it on in almost three months and it's driving me up the wall. His folks think I'm insane with lots of screws loose. I think there's nothing wrong with what we've done. My friends don't see anything wrong or any harm it's done, either. However, I'm starting to have doubts about myself.

Do you think I need treatment? If not, what could I do to make his parents understand that there's nothing really wrong in loving someone who's three years younger than you are? Or should I just forget him and let him live his own life — which means forgetting the happiest moments in my life? — S.V.

Taken at face value, the statement "there is nothing really wrong in loving someone who is three years younger than you" is both reasonable and valid. However, your circumstances are more complicated. While there is usually not a very significant difference in maturity between a woman of 30 and a man of 27, there is usually a large difference between a 20-year-old girl and a 17-year-old boy, and a larger difference between a 17-year-old girl and a 14-year-old boy.

Your lover is the boy next door, with whom you began having sex quite openly when he was only 14, and while you were working for his parents. Their reaction and concern at the time is not entirely unreasonable, and they obviously have long memories.

It has now reached the point where you are not wanted in their home, and are not allowed to see him. This is obviously causing you considerable anguish. Nowhere, however, do you tell me about his feelings and attitudes toward the entire situation. Is he also upset? Or is he relieved?

I can't make any judgments about your mental health from what you've told me. After all, that's not my specialty, but there is nothing in your letter to lead me to suspect that you are a seriously disturbed individual. Just because your boyfriend's parents feel you have "screws loose" is no reason to think you do. However, not being "insane" doesn't mean that you are problem-free.

You seem to have begun to question your own behavior. I think it is certainly wise to examine your judgment in this whole matter. Your boyfriend was very young at the time your affair began and is still very young. I think you would be doing both of you a favor if you cooled it for awhile and each played the field. I feel this would be especially valuable for your boyfriend. If withdrawing, at least temporarily, is impossible for you and if your self-doubts continue, you may want to seek counselling or psychotherapy.

HORNY HUBBY

I don't know if you will be able to handle this question, even though you certainly seem to be well qualified. It concerns my wife, Ruth, and her attitude toward sex. We have five children, so we did have some sex life, but Ruth has always felt that sex is something you have maybe once a month and that I must always take the initiative. I realise that most people feel this is normal, but it would be a pleasant change to have the woman take the initiative once in a while.

I am of average height and weight, and I guess I'm a little

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above average in equipment. I shower regularly and brush my teeth and try to keep in good physical condition. I have played around and am still on the prowl. I enjoy sex and would like it at least twice a week, maybe more often. But as it is now, I can only guess at how much sex I could stand.

But how do I handle this undersexed-wife problem? I have talked to her about it and suggested we contact a doctor, but she refuses. Ruth does enjoy sex once we get down to it, and I know she doesn't have a lover, male or female. Living with her is so frustrating that I'm afraid I might eventually become violent. How can I get Ruth to loosen up?—D.D.

I suggest you try the marriage counsellor or doctor solution again. But this time try a different slant. Instead of making it her problem, say you want to go because *you* are oversexed and need help. Okay, we know you're not a satyr, but it might get her there. She just might be more willing to go if the pressure doesn't seem to be on her. It's worth a try.

Women of your wife's age experience menopause. It can sometimes drastically change sex drive for a year or two, or maybe longer — or even forever. People change, and sometimes our partners don't change with us. Perhaps you can be somewhat more considerate with your wife. Spend 10 or 15 minutes warming her up to intercourse, — some kissing, some petting, some oral sex. It need not always end in orgasm.

If you and your wife truly have different sex drives, I suggest you try masturbation *and* another woman. You may not like the idea of extramarital sex, but it beats physical violence.

SHE'S A TEASER

I am a 20-year-old male and I have a problem with my girlfriend, Sara. We have a good sex life except for one thing. Sara enjoys lying on top of me with my penis between her legs. She moves herself back and forth on top of me, and this is how she reaches orgasm. By the time she is done, she's too tired to have me enter her and let me make love to her. When I finally do mount her, she acts bored, as if she's not satisfied. It seems to me that Sara doesn't like it when I'm on top of her, because when I try to hold her after we've come, she gets angry and gets back on top of me. I'm definitely not satisfied. What should I do?—E.G.

Rather than have her climb on top of you immediately, why not spend more time on foreplay? Though she is young, you may try to turn her on to oral sex.

It is quite obvious that she rubs the base of your penis against her clitoris and thus achieves a clitoral orgasm. But why not have your penis inside her vagina while it rubs against her? Sex is for two people. If you can't convince Sara that this is true, I suggest you change girlfriends. The world is full of hot-blooded women, and you'll have no problem finding one.

BABE IN TOYLAND

I would like to introduce the use of vibrators into my wife's and my lovemaking, but I'm not sure how to get started. I fantasise about it all and wish I had the nerve to do something about it. I would like to order from a magazine or go directly to a shop and buy one to avert the embarrassment of my wife opening the mail before me. I'm looking more for true sensuality than for something corny or too kinky. Thanks for the advice.—R.S.

Almost any producer of erotic aids has a catalogue that details a number of items. I suggest you write to a reliable producer of erotic aids, and they should be able to meet your every need.

The thing is: once you open Pandora's box, it's sometimes difficult to get it shut — if you want it shut.

BEDROOM BUDDY

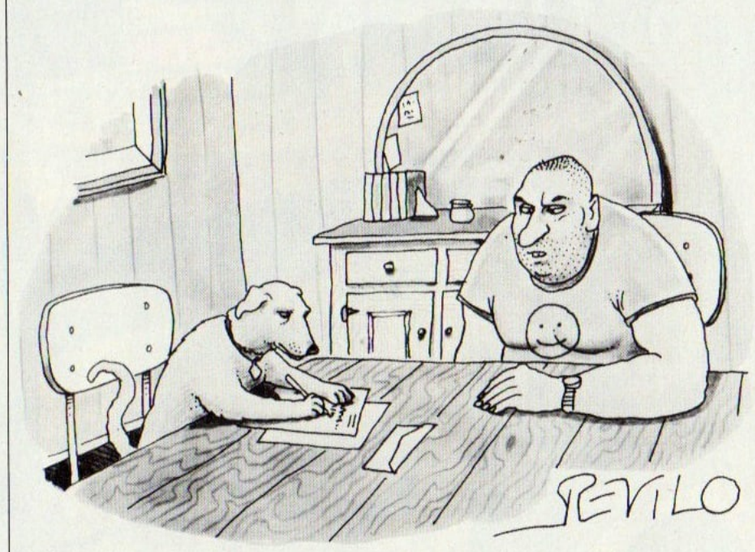
I'm 20 years old and I really need advice. My boyfriend, Charles, and I have been having a lot of sexual problems. I love making love to Charlie, and since we live together we can hop into bed whenever we want. Recently, Charlie, who's also 20, has been saying he's too tired or too sick to please me. This happens about 10 per cent of the time, and when we discussed it he told me he thought sex was boring.

Charles is very well equipped and can really turn on a woman, but he has no imagination. He just directs it into me and expects it to do all the work for him. But 12 out of 14 times that we get into bed, he says he wants to go right to sleep.

I've had sex with one other man since I started living with Charlie. Things were just going so poorly that I didn't know how to cope, so I ended up in Eddie's bed, and I really enjoyed myself. When I was with Eddie for the first time in months I felt like a woman. He's married now and loves his wife and won't screw around. Charlie has no idea that I've slept with Eddie and I know he would leave me if he did.

We plan to marry soon, and I do love him, but I can't cope with his attitude toward sex. As far as I'm concerned, it's not normal for someone his age to be bored with sex, especially when he has a girlfriend who will do anything sexually. How can I get the man I love interested in my body?—T.M.

If things are wrong now, why in the world would you want to marry him? Read some of the other letters in this column. If your sex life is rotten now, it will probably be less than ashes 10 years from now. Sex isn't everything, but please don't let your man turn it into nothing for you.



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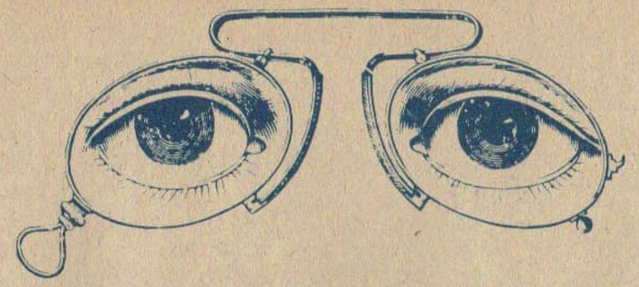


VIEW FROM THE TOP

MAKING A JOB OF UNEMPLOYMENT

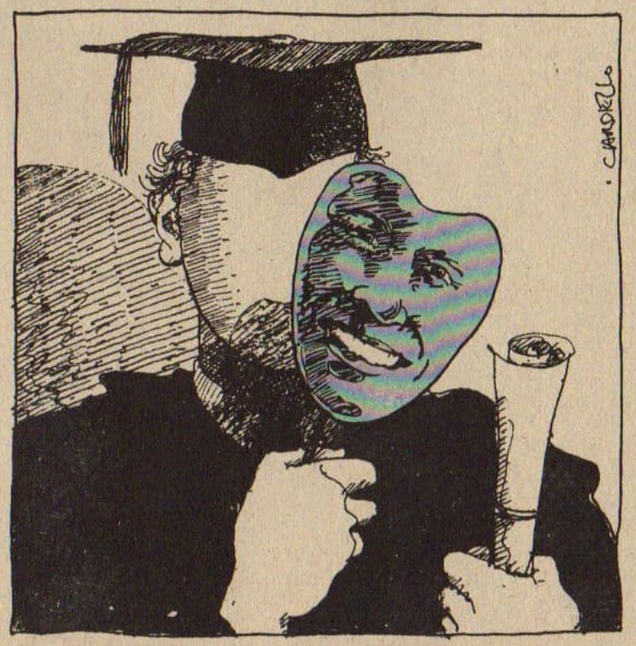
Bob Hawke, the brilliant beer drinking champion (*Guinness Book of Records* 1972, Page 180) received his B.Litt. from Oxford in 1953. John Milton, the brilliant, if boring, poet, received his MA from Cambridge in 1632. Bob recently complained that Australians had to accept a new concept of unemployment because traditional jobs are rare in this age of computers, and becoming more so. Bob was just 321 years behind Milton who, in his pamphlet *Of Education,* complained that professors taught their students little more than "ragged notions and babblements". These students, he said, went on to become either ignorant clergymen, greedy lawyers, crooked politicians or indolent noblemen.

As Bob says, as long as technology stays, a depleted workforce stays. Not even all Milton's career opportunities are available. Bob is only stating the obvious. A university or college degree is no longer a guarantee of finding work. The time is fast approaching when students will have to choose one of two fields: computer technology or unemployment. Those of us either unable or unwilling to learn COBOL, algorithms, buffering and lexical analysis to become computer technologists have that choice narrowed somewhat. As the Foundation for Australian Resources reports, computers are expected to replace more than 30% of office jobs.

So if you must pursue tertiary kudos, don't fall for any of those boring courses offering promise of a productive life in the here-after. The mine of knowledge to be tapped within the spacious environs of Australia's higher education institutions can instill in you the wisdom of Moses. But what does that mean out there in the real world as you wait in line to receive your dole cheque?

The student best prepared for his jobless future is he who is well versed in the liberal arts. There was a time, not too long ago, when a liberal arts student could actually proceed to make a living — as a liberal arts teacher, if nothing else. No more are the fields so green. Education is high on the government's "we're gonna getcha!" list. But those who anticipate a future of jobless groping, and who chose their courses accordingly, will not only endure but also prevail. He who is lettered in Arts Inertia is lettered in life.

People without jobs have a lot of time on their hands. What to do with that time? Walk, read, watch television, eat, drink. Try to get laid. Contemplate suicide, maybe. To the layman, simple tasks, but to the more perceptive, feats requiring ingenuity, cunning — despite what any mere computer technologist might try to tell differently. Our universities and colleges manufacture the educated, credentialled, tertiaried flotsam around the nation's unemployment offices. Tens of thousands of extremely literate and equally unemployable young people are being sent out, awesome in their extreme lack of relevance to the working world. You, too, can join the ranks. By using the current Australian Department of Education Directory of Higher Education Courses as a springboard, one will encounter no difficulty in planning a satisfactory curriculum in the Mastering of Unemployment. For instance, the art of ambling aimlessly about through city streets or across barren countryside is catered for. A proliferation of *Architectural* courses or *General Ecology* ("functional organisation of ecosystems") suit the urban temperament, allowing flights of fancy as to how one could make the environment uglier than it already is. While you're at it, why not get off on the passing parade of animal and floral life? *Physiology* fits the bill with these. People too? *Anthropology* and *Anatomy*, a double header, gives you clues as to where they came from and what they're made of. After completing these courses, you will be able to perform footpath ichnology with grace and erudition. Those eager to tread in the jeep tracks of the Leyland Brothers can satisfy their real outdoors bent with an anthropological course that places "traditional aboriginal life in its remote ecological context and also



explores some of the theoretical issues of concern to hunter-gathering studies".

The task of reading and trying to get laid require much the same training, but energies can be conserved by opting for *English Medieval Literature* ("study of the major English poetry of the 14th century — Langman's Piers Plowman, Chaucer's Troilus and Criseyde and the anonymous Sir Gawain and the Green Knight",) and *Librarianship.* These courses not only assist in formulating creative reading (and showing you how to put one's hands on it), but help in the matter of talking pretentious bullshit, to the end of picking up members of the opposite sex.

Many students of unemployment, after graduating, decide to specialise in trying to get laid. The hormone-fuelled student would be wise to sign up for *Signs, Symbols in Society* which "will exemplify multi-disciplinary work by considering contributions to the general theory of signs" by a whole clutter of educated wizards. Upon finishing the course, the graduate should be able to bullshit his way into the pants of whomever he pleases.

Film Stylistics ("Hollywood realism and Italian neo-realism", "excess and redundancy: personal style, connective movement and genre") will help transform the candidate into a refined daytime moviegoer, or connoisseur of the "midday movie".

Artful inertia can be time consuming, it's true, more so when dealing with bureaucracy — trying to get a job, collect the dole, or the like. Going into battle with the bureaucrats, one must be prepared to fight double-talk with double-talk. A fine introductory course is to be found in *Bureaucracy and Public Policy,* after which the student will be ready for the intricacies of *Issues of Political Sociology* ("is there an authoritarian personality?") having also boned up on *1984,* the appendix — *The Principle of Newspeak.* Coherent in Orwell's language of "doublethink", one can look to an unemployed future with all the nous of a public servant.

The self-respecting unemployed person will never totally forsake the pursuit of honest work. To acquaint himself with this elusive entity, the student should not ignore the multitude of *Industrial Relations* courses that will bring him into the philosophies of fellow unemployeds of a different ilk. They have jobs, but refuse to work them because of ... well, unsettled industrial relations. The more wily unemployed in this area is actually being paid for *not* working. To better understand how these people arrived at this equitable position, *Theories of Economy* ("puts theories of economy into a context which shows the relationship between the intellectual and practical concerns that constitute the world we know") is worth a look-see, as is *History of Economic Thought* ("radical opinion in Britain after 1815").

Although it isn't a pleasant subject, it is true that every jobless person will, at one time or another, believe he is going mad — and may contemplate suicide. If this happens, unfortunate is he who has nothing to babble about. *Abnormal Psychology,* covering everything from anti-social behavior to sexual anomalies (throwing a droop into the trying-to-get-laid plans), schizophrenia, and so on ... enough to enhance the repertoire of the publicly demented gentleman.

Unemployed you may be, but never admit to being without profession, as this results in a severe social demotion, (not to mention undermining one's chances of getting laid — psychological "droop" not withstanding). Many of the movement have found it expedient to proclaim themselves writers. A somewhat impressive vocation, the tools (pen, paper and a dog-eared paperback edition of Patrick White's *Voss*) are cheap and easy to carry about. A course in *Professional Writing & Journalism* will teach you the rudiments of bad writing. One fancying the more glamorous aspect of the literary life should not ignore *Advertising & Public Relations,* sure to fill the cranium with mostly outdated and useless information.

When you step through the gateway of your higher education institution for the last time into the cold, jobless world outside, walk with surety and the confidence of the just. Cherish always the example of John Milton, educated and unemployable. Perhaps they'll someday teach courses about you too, you brilliant, boring, unemployed bastard, you.

SCENES

ACTION STATIONS

We've all done it, — or, as Jolly John would have said, if we haven't done it we've thought about doing it, or at least we've seen it done on those old B-grade movies. That is, we've lobbed into some virgin territory, hopped into a taxi and muttered to the hopefully helpful hack: "Where's the action in this town?"

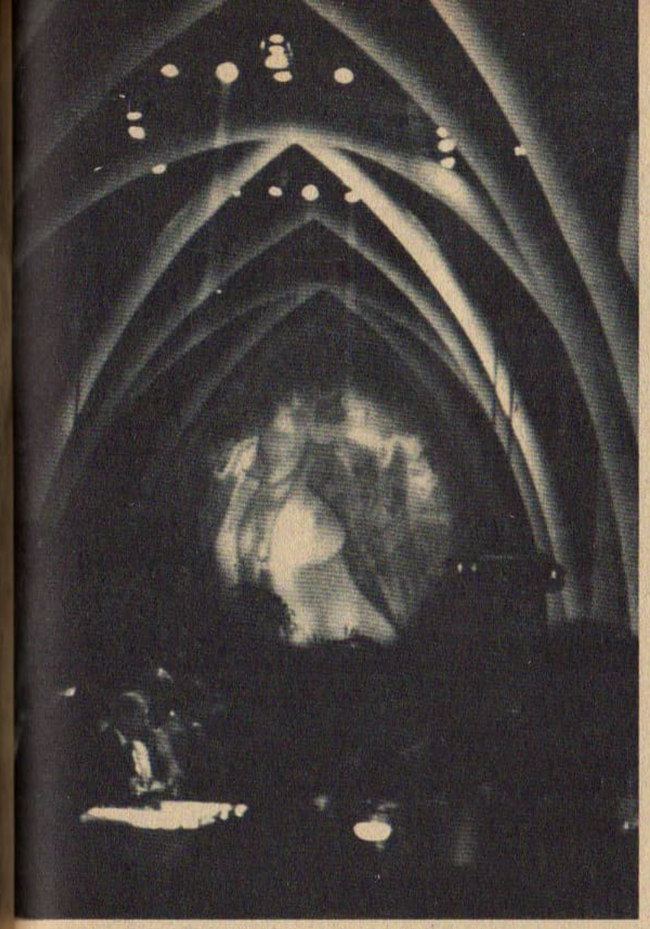
Ah, the action. In New York it has to be Studio 54 or Plato's Retreat. In London and Paris it's Regine's. In Bangkok it's Patpong Road. And unless you've been living under a rock you probably know the worthwhile spots in your home town. But what if you find yourself in a sinful new city chewing an ear of wheat and looking to hit the high spots? Second-hand knowledge about New York or London is not going to help at all.

So what do you do? Read on for an edifying look at a couple of the nation's more far-flung and interesting hangouts where you can get fed, entertained, and maybe strike it lucky. Or ask a cabbie.

Colonel William Light was obviously a man with a very orderly mind. He planned Adelaide in straight lines, with wide streets forming a noughts and crosses plan within boundaries a mile square. Some say it is so well laid out it is dead. Not any more. In the square which bears his name, side by side, in two magnificent old buildings, sit ***Regine's*** and ***The After Dark Club.*** Regine's is in an old church, and the ADC is in a colonial company headquarters now bearing a National Trust classification.

Regine's has no relationship with its more famous namesakes in Paris and New York, other than managing director Manfred Schier's stated aim of providing a first class venue for fun. Adelaide's Regine's is a restaurant and a disco. The idea is to have all the preliminary activities of the night under one roof. Schier's happy with the standard he and his less visible partners have reached. "People are able to eat here, and bounce afterwards," he said.

The restaurant is open on two levels from 7pm. The body of the church, which has been a mission soup kitchen and a warehouse, has tables and comfortable dining car-style seating encircling a large square of a bar and disco dance floor. The lighting is a mixture of subtlety



Regine's: new life for old church.

— with corners dark enough to hide most dalliances — and the color and pulse of the dance beat.

In the back in what once was the vestry, there's a more conventional dining room — wooden chairs and tables, polished sideboards and silver service. This seats 45 people, along with the 120 in the larger room. The dance floor is open to all of them.

The mood changes at 10.30. The tape moves up from dinner music to Donna Summer and her discofied colleagues, and the place starts to jump. Schier, who has a 24-hour licence, says: "It's up to my discretion when I close the bar." There's also a slide show, right above where the altar was in the old building's more sanctified days. Gentle scenes of intertwined naked bodies cross-fade with soft core shots of attractive young women — sometimes head to toe, sometimes with lingering attention to details of their splendor. Men tend to outnumber women during the early part of the week, and the slide show holds the eyes of many a bar-prop. But the percentages tip the other way from Thursday to Saturday, and the women seem as interested in the slides as their male friends and admirers.

The crowd covers the typical spectrum — young professionals to the nouveau riche — seen so often in the Next Big Thing places, plus a few familiar faces. Rod Stewart spent three consecutive nights in the place and had only one complaint: "There were no drugs." Which the management didn't mind at all. Politicians and entertainers enjoy the fine food, smooth bar service and music, as do many others who can pass their time in greater anonymity.

Next door at The After Dark, there's a more varied fare: eating, drinking and dancing, sure, but the bonus is the sports complex upstairs — with facilities for both competitive and contact sports. There's a place for boxing, tanning, squash, gym workouts and saunas. There are separate saunas for men and women, but on Saturday afternoons the boundaries are relaxed. And we're assured by the management that a sauna for two can be arranged any evening at the conclusion of a meal in Cobb's Restaurant, downstairs in the complex.

Cobb's boasts Adelaide's strongest lunch trade, and several young ladies unclad from the navel north may have something to do with it. In the evenings, dinner is accompanied by gentle music which gains strength in a floor show later. Ricki May, The Platters, The Diamonds, The Drifters, Tiny Tim and Freddie Paris have played here.

There's a piano bar in the next room, gratis to anyone who has eaten at Cobb's and asking a small cover charge from those who haven't. The music and the dancing go on until the patrons tire. And upstairs, just over from that enticing sports area, there's the disco, available at half price to people coming up from the restaurant. At least 200 bouncing bodies can fit here, with dimly-lit nooks for those who prefer to concentrate more on watching or discussing the affairs of the world. Again, there's bar service for as long as there are drinkers.

The name, The After Dark Club, implies membership, and while this isn't necessary to gain entry, it's a worthwhile facility for the regular visitor: $50 a year gets you a 10% discount on all meals and sports complex charges, plus free access to the disco and piano bar. Membership has been growing slowly since the club opened 18 months ago — during the 1978 Adelaide Festival of Arts, when some cultural attractions were featured there.

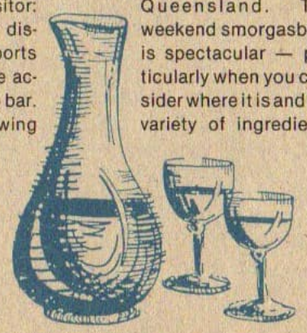
Of course, after a night at Regine's or The After Dark Club, the lush lawns of Light Square cater admirably for a quiet turn in the park.

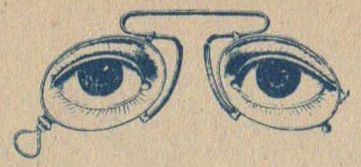
There you are up in sunny north Queensland after a hard day behind the reel chasing the elusive black marlin, and where can you go with your mates Lee Marvin, Robert Redford and the Shah of Iran for a meal? Now a jetsetter like you can hardly slip them into the public bar at Hides for a counter tea. There is really only one place — the ***Outrigger Restaurant*** at the Tradewinds Motel.

Cairns is a funny place — it is so Australian, yet wonderfully cosmopolitan. It has access to some of the best seafood and steak in Australia (considerable exports go through Cairns), yet few restaurants do much with them. The Kamsler family, which has owned the Tradewinds and Islander Motels since 1963, are now building a multi-story international class hotel near the beachfront to cater for the pleasure-seekers of the '80s. They already look after international sportsmen, royalty and movie stars, so you should be a breeze.

Young Paul (the bar manager) and Mark (the catering manager), ably assisted by enthusiastic and knowledgable chef Ken Hutton, are setting a new standard for tropical climate restaurants with their approach to Australian cuisine.

The use of fresh, local produce makes the Outrigger a gastronomic oasis in north Queensland. The weekend smorgasbord is spectacular — particularly when you consider where it is and the variety of ingredients





used. There is hardly a salami to be seen. A 10m array of various cold roast meats (pork, beef, tongue, lamb etc), fish and vegetables meet the discerning eye. Each platter is beautifully arranged, and the meat is coated with chaud-froid sauce and well decorated with tropical flowers, and fruit.

The cold buffet presentation is enhanced by the use of effective props — ships' bells, diving gear, signal lamps, wheelhouse paraphenalia and lots of brass, wooden carvings, bales of hay, and so on. Tropical plants, shells and reef debris maintain a relaxed exotic atmosphere, which is so desired after a dreary winter in the south. The chaud-froid-coated and decorated wooden penis from New Guinea makes an intriguing centre piece for the right occasion.

A penchant for the innovative approach has lead to cold avocado soup; panfried barramundi coated in crushed nuts with a light honey sauce; Morton Bay bug tails marinated in soy sauce, ginger and sesame or a garlic-ginger-mint butter sauce, pan fried and served over coconut rice; whole reef fish stuffed with minced prawns and spring onions and cooked in foil with coconut milk; and calamari and prawns, lemon juice and spring onions wrapped in banana leaves and steamed. They even serve scallops in the shell! A simple panfried or barbecued steak or reef fish is also available. Dinner for two is about $33 with a bottle of wine.

Besides good food, the cocktail bar contains some of the best talent in town on busy nights, but watch out, they might turn out to be off-duty Ansett hostesses, and you know what they are like. They remind us of the widely-found north Queensland bird, the Scrounging Galah *(Pteasus hornii)*, whose plaintiff "Gimme, gimme, gimme" echoes throughout the bars, which form its natural habitat. Although not naturally shy when a public good time is to be had, they are shy nocturnal creatures when faced with a private pubic good time. Nevertheless, there are the better value types to choose from: off-duty nurses or your high class hippie (daddy does understand and sends cheques, but not often enough to overcome the habits of Vaucluse, Toorak or Dalkeith).

The words "theatre restaurant" have become an euphemism in Melbourne for a good night out. And not only a good night out, but a unique experience can be had at the ***Last Laugh Theatre Restaurant*** in suburban Collingwood.

The current show at the Last Laugh is Circus Oz, an eccentric ensemble of aerialists, jugglers, acrobats, clowns, and a pantomine of pederastic kangaroos.

As interesting as the show is the audience, which ranges from Carlton hippies to Toorak trendies with a smattering of gays, geriatrics, interstate and international visitors.

How this diversity of people co-exist is a matter of astonishment to both the customers and the proprietors, but the seemingly cultural clash gives the Last Laugh an energy and attractiveness not found in many other nightspots.

The inner sanctum of the Last Laugh also includes the exclusive late-night (3am closing) Piano Bar. Its show changes weekly, with comedy nights on Wednesdays.

While in Melbourne, film star David Hemmings turned it into his regular late-night hang-out.

But if you can't get past the doorman at the Last Laugh to the bar (and actress Kate Fitzpatrick didn't make it), there is a variety of other late-night spots.

Ashleys Disco, a short walk from the Last Laugh, is open until 3am, and Countdown's Molly Meldrum is a regular patron. Other discos are the ***Melbourne Underground,*** frequented by the Toorak set, or ***Chasers*** in Prahran. If your taste is rock 'n' roll, there is always ***Bombay Rock*** in Brunswick.

Melbourne also has an abundance of two other types of night entertainment — restaurants and massage parlors. If your taste is for the latter, then one of the most luxurious is the ***Daily Planet*** in, of all streets, Horne Street, Elsternwick.

The Daily Planet is a two-storey building of mirrors, blue carpets and subdued lighting. Pool, pinball machines, video games and sauna are available.

House specialities are the Grecian Room, for bubble baths, and the heated Roman Pool — a tiled and mirrored room in which it is possible to have a mixed conversation with a couple of friends and three ladies while relaxing in the pool.

The Planet has expanded into the building next door, and a new giant heated spa room is almost completed.

Like the Last Laugh, the management suggests you book.

At the door, the new arrivals were staring like idiots. She had on one of those dresses where you couldn't tell whether she was putting it on or taking it off. Her girlfriend was also stunning in an arctic fox battle jacket over flesh-colored lurex leotards and the sort of sensuous lips you don't get from sucking ice blocks. They did attract attention, but this was Sydney's ***Rogues,*** and they were par for the course.

The beautiful ones were beginning to arrive for Saturday night frolics — or animal night, as one cynic called it. The smart ones had booked for the excellent food and would push on after feeding the body to feed the ego or other desires. It's that sort of place, with great food (cuisine nouvelle) top laidback music and a bar.

Owners Peter Simpson and Gary Szillich have got a good act together with barman Steve Trego and manager Paul Roberts, and the brilliant Greg Doyle in the kitchen.

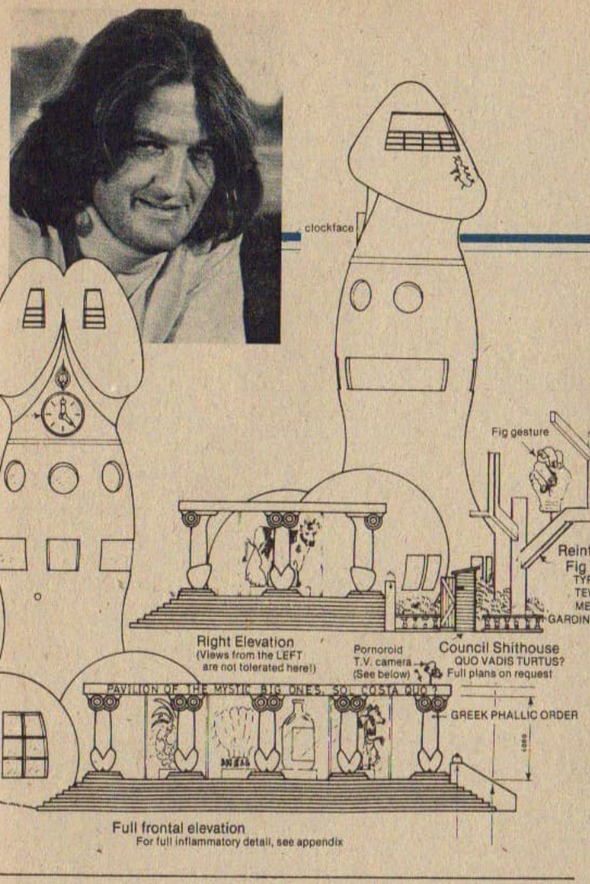
Rogues could succeed on its food alone. Under Greg's watchful eye, the place is fast gaining a reputation for gourmet cuisine. Examples from his menu, which changes weekly, are: duck liver mousse with yabbie sauce; veal kidney and juniper berry terrine; pigeons stuffed with dates and apples; whole boned bream stuffed with prawns; lambs brain souffle and tomato-chive demi-glace; and avocado and smoked eel with a basil vinaigrette. Slurp!

Rogues: hang-out for the beautiful ones.

In the bar area, hordes of nubile folk of both sexes check out the scene in their outrageous gear, as they bop to the recorded music. Thursday to Sunday offers reasonable possibilities from enthusiastic boppers to bored wives. Mostly class talent, though, who are very trendy dressers — lots of cleavage, leg slits in dresses and lots of flesh.

Rogues is one of the few places serving a gourmet meal on Sunday night. It closes Tuesday evenings, but rages every other night, and meals can still be obtained until around 11.30.

To find it, drive up Riley Street from William Street and opposite Ansett's terminal, just before you hit the lights at Oxford Street, you'll see a small lane on your right. It's at the end of the lane. Just ask a cabbie.



Kees Pel's Mystic Big One

MONUMENTAL PLAN

National route No 1 — the road which winds around Australia's coast masquerading in some States as a highway — inflicts many hideous sights on innocent passers-by. While some may argue the downtown slums of Newtown, Sydney, or the paint-peeling suburbs of Brisbane take the cake, there are others who would vote for the Big Banana and other 12m fibreglass cows, ferro-cement pineapples and two-storey beer bottles which disgrace the roadside under the guise of advertising.

From the day Dutch artist ***Kees Pel*** moved to Queensland his sensibilities were outraged by the roadside monuments. Lesser men might have fled back to the Netherlands, but to Pel the kitsch tourist leviathans called for a social comment — straight from the nether regions. Pel knew the Noosa Shire Council was about to construct a new $1.3 million administration building, so he worked feverishly to complete plans for a 50m concrete penis, incorporating a civic ballroom and internal semen-driven lift. A local architect checked the plans and declared them professionally perfect — work on Kees Pel's Mystic Big One could commence immediately. But the council, although progressive, did not want to hold all future meetings in the revolving knob of the world's biggest phallus and with discreet chuckles they returned the masterplan to Pel, keeping a copy for the scrapbooks.

What they have missed includes such engineering firsts as a voyeur (foyer) manned by a laser operated SER (Stimulated Erotic Receptionist) and security provided by Pornoroid TV cameras.

VCR BOOM

The demise of *No. 96* sounded the deathknell for sex on television. Magic images of Abigail's bountiful protuberance seemed to be lost forever. Adult television entertainment had taken a body-blow. Viewers appeared destined for such kindergarten-erotica as *Charlie's Angels, Cop Shop* and *Skyways*, a prospect feared by many professional Norms accustomed to relaxing at home in front of the box, hoping for something life-like and female to leap from the screen. But because of modern technology, options for television audiences are suddenly opening up . . . and how!

Good clean dirty fun has arrived. Films featuring everything from hard porn to Rod Stewart in concert, surfing spectaculars and *Superman* can now be yours . . . in your own living room . . . ready for a thrill-seeking night with the right crowd. It's all part of the video-cassette boom sweeping the world. They're the latest technological "must have". Demand for VCRs (Video Cassette Recorders) is skyrocketing. Some 35,000 VCRs have been installed in Australia, with industry representatives assuring massive growth as "viewers" see the endless possibilities of do-it-yourself TV. A recent US survey estimates the size of the VCR market is less than 1% of total TV homes, but with current demand, this figure will soar.

The range of films available for hire or sale is big, and getting bigger. All operate on standard VCRs, produced for Australian and New Zealand TV. Several outlets have sprung up to capture the VCR movie market, and one of the newer VCR companies is Video Classics. Based in Sydney, the firm markets some of the more popular cinema greats, at prices claimed to be "within reach of even the burdened pocket". Video Classics has also made a VCR movie breakthrough by marketing its products through some of Australia's leading retail stores. Over-the-counter sales is the key, says Video's manager, Walter Lehne. "This is the booming industry of the next decade," said Lehne, smiling as he prepared to unveil secrets of an American classic for which he secured exclusive Australian rights for five years.

The film is *Secrets,* thought to be the only movie in which that stunning lady of the celluloid screen, Jacqueline Bisset, unzipped her night attire for two long minutes of naked delight. Lehne expects *Secrets* — available at around $100 — to be his big seller for the next couple of months. The Australian box

office hit, *The Case Of The Smiling Stiffs,* is also on offer, along with The Happy Hooker, My *Pleasure Is My Business, Fantasm, Spermula* and *Vampyres.* The balance of these tongue-in-cheek sexual gymnastics and drive-in fares comprises rock concerts, comedy and sports shows.

For the video cassette industry, the smell is one of sweet success. Booming sales mean consumers are being wooed with low prices for celluloid classics once the exclusive domain of Hollywood movie giants and television networks.

And it is these low-priced celluloid classics which are in demand. A recent survey by an American broadcast ratings company, Arbitron, showed more than 80% of television taped on VCRs comprised classic movies and high-rating series shows. Consumers want movies. And more than half surveyed by Arbitron told of building up home VCR libraries — two-thirds of which were exclusively "favorite movies".

The prospect of most homes having their own uncensored cinema classics stored for the right occasion is very real and not too far away.

JOHNNY WHO?

October 6 is the first anniversary of the death of ***Johnny O'Keefe,*** who died from the "self-ingestion of prescribed armylobarbitone tablets". A nation's obituary reenforced the belief of two decades. He was Johnny O'Keefe! Australia's King of Rock 'n' Roll! Johnny O'Keefe! The Wild One! The Legendary J.O'K!

Enough of a legend that we have successfully managed to erase him from our minds in 12 months.

On radio he rates a "golden oldie" classification with programmers. Of 500 tracks recorded during his career, only five albums are still on release from Festival, his record company of 22 years. Demand for his records in stores is meager to non-existant.

We have shown him he was no more than a name to be lumped in with all the other worn out rock and roll larrikins. Along with the remnants of a past that is now so far behind it returns to us as a pallid memory of a visit to a foreign land.

"The '50s? Oh, yeah, I was there once. Nice place to visit, mate . . . but, you wouldn't want to live there!"

But live there O'Keefe did, and seizing emerging forces of a cultural upheaval, hammered himself out a 21-year career, sending up enough smoke screens along the way to make it difficult to separate his real achievement from the output of public relations imagery — self-inflicted and otherwise.

From the outset, one motto stayed with him: "If they want me they're going to get me as a star."

He arose out of a strange, disquieting time. A time of imported influences running through all stratas of our society. If it was British or American it must be good. Anything Australian was suspect.

With the arrival of Bill Haley's Rock Around The Clock, parental controlled tradition got junked out of the home.

And right here, on the blessed Australian turf, young Johnny O'Keefe made himself the leading force of the local rock movement by the simple fact that no one else was doing it.

In 12 months since his death the J. O'K memory has been given a good kick by the lot of us.

Do we admit his achievements account for very little?

He just lucked into a cultural mood swing? Saw how pliable kids could be and how someone with push and hustle could convince them to buy just about anything — and get into an orgasmic frenzy over it?

Once he had his foot in the door, it was a matter of keeping the hype working overtime while staying one step ahead of the shrinks?

Is that what Johnny O'Keefe was all about?

If it was, then it says a lot about all of us — that we let him get away with the scam for as long as he did.

If not, he deserves better than we have given him.

He deserves historical recognition from his record company, not some flimsy compilation of tracks, but a biographed, annotated, meaning to a career placed in perspective.

No doubt a proliferation of sentiment will flow from our national radio stations when the anniversary comes around, appeasing our conscience.

The promised film biography planned by Reg Grundy Productions — a "dignified" approach — has the chance to set the record straight, but don't hold your breath. The same rose-colored glasses with which most film biographies are approached, are expected to be brought to the cinema by audiences who want it that way.

Life on the Australian rock and roll route was a side show, a carnival to which everyone was attracted — the kids, radio and record people, the press.

In a very short time, The Wild One carved out his domain. As star of records, concerts, radio and television — fronting the national *Six O'clock Rock* show — he just had to be better than everyone else, one jump ahead of the competition. What better way to achieve this than taking on the Yanks on their own ground?

Walking into a five-year contract with Liberty Records in Los Angeles, he found himself steam-rolling across the States banging his drum for She's My Baby (one of a number of tracks he recorded in Los Angeles), watching payolla pour into the hands of disc jockies while payolla inquiries into the record industry were in progress in Washington.

The record went to No 1 in New Orleans, No 2 in New York, No. 3 in Philadelphia, No 4 in Miami, selling 184,000 singles. Good, but not enough to break him across the States. He returned to Australia, not wanting us to know his tour had been a disaster.

To pull the wool over our eyes he bought a bloody great red Plymouth Belvedere (on hire purchase) and hit the road again — only to be brought down by a car accident.

Impressed by Lee Gordon that every disadvantage had to be turned into an advantage, he showed off his plastic surgery-in-progress, scarred features to national television audiences for four months, winning huge ratings and new popularity.

The real damage from the accident and his frantic few years at the top was yet to surface. For now, he had resolved one fact — he was a survivor.

He may have escaped it physically, but mentally it was a different story. A death fixation pursued him. He tried to drink it away, bottle by bottle of cognac, night by sleepless night, until a mental collapse in London.

Our king of rock was 26. Six months later, sanity regained, he was back on the charts with a subdued, apologetic song, I'm Counting On You.

Back in stride on television with a weekly show, the potent forces had him by the short and curlies and there was no letting go as he fought for the prominence he believed was his.

Within the year he was back in hospital with another mental collapse.

He was given a maximum dose of shock treatment; Pentathol, the truth drug, to numb him into a void; a stimulant to open long-closed doors, causing him to talk freely, tranquillisers and group therapy. And he came back to the bright lights again.

What was O'Keefe's supreme creation?

The act of being Johnny O'Keefe.

Booked to appear at the Sunbury rock festival in Victoria in 1973, O'Keefe had to play to an audience of young people, many of whom had not been born when he first played the Sydney Stadium 16 years earlier. The moment he walked on stage, he was faced with an angry reception. The cry to get lost and let someone decent play ripped across the grassy amphitheatre as he slipped into his pose — one foot forward, a hand clasped behind his back, other reaching for the microphone — his stance saying it all.

"Here I am, you little bastards — and I ain't going away, so you'd better swallow your prejudices and make room for me."

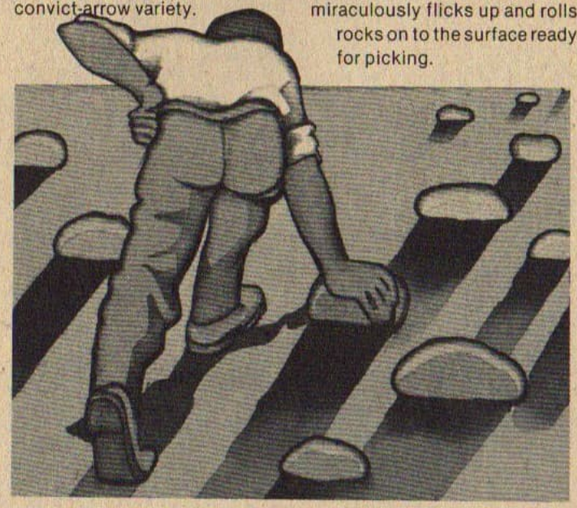
He stuck it up them. Royally. So that by the time he left the stage, another screaming roar was hot on his sweating heels.

More! More! More!

Up 'em! He'd made his point.

FOR ROCKY HORRORS

You can't keep a good entrepreneur down. Just when Harry M. Miller's luck looked a little bleak, what with the Computicket crash and the attendant harsh publicity, the little New Zealand battler started promoting rockpickers. They have nothing to do with rock, as in *Hair* or *Jesus Christ Superstar,* or with the pick and convict-arrow variety.



Harry M. has used all his considerable promotional ability to sing the praises of the $6900 Dunmore Rockpicker — an agricultural implement designed to turn waste fields of rock into productive paddocks. On country TV commercials he has elevated the humble rockpicker to the status of the latest model Jag or Bentley — you've just got to have one.

He tells his audience: "Look, you're mad if you don't have a rockpicker. It's a real winner. I recommend it." The farmers have to believe Harry because he's one of them. With his veterinary surgeon wife Wendy, he operates one of Australia's top cattle stations, Dunmore Manilla, near Scone in NSW.

Harry says he searched the world to find his rockpicker, which in one efficient "picking" should rid the land of 90% of rocks. The rockpicker can collect anything from pebbles to rocks weighing in at 75kg. And the happy farmer can pick up four-tonne loads before having to dump the waste. But there is one hitch — the rocks have to be loose and on a firm surface. So for all you farmers with serious rock problems, Harry M. also markets the $2300 Dunmore Cultiflex, a machine which miraculously flicks up and rolls rocks on to the surface ready for picking.

CELLAR SELECTIONS

Every young blade about town needs the necessities of life. A swish car, a discreet doctor, a fancy-footed lawyer, and a good liquor shop. While the first necessities obviously relate to girl traps, girl tramps and being trapped by girls, the liquor shop is vital for one's inner being. It can also be a bloody good investment. Several hundred dollars spent today on good wines will repay itself over and over. Your cellared selections will not only increase in value, but also improve in quality so when you look at them in five or 10 years, their purchase price today will be a mere inflationary memory.

But what to buy? It helps if you read what various wine writers and wine and spirit magazines have to say, try their selections and establish a useful correlation between your taste and theirs. One chap we know would choose a trochenbeere nauslese as the wine he would buy if he were allowed only one wine in the world. We would select a big Barossa red of the Grange style. Someone else might choose a great Krug Vintage Champagne. We all have different basic preferences, so each wine writer must reflect his own prejudices. Nevertheless, we have here attempted to put together a selection of wines which should repay cellaring and be utterly inflation-proof.

We have excluded wines not available nationally or of such a limited bottling that they are only able to be obtained by the cognoscenti.

Wine is an individual product and different ones will mature at slightly different rates, even given that they are rather similar in their need for maturation. Your cellar conditions, particularly temperature control, are critical. Wine should be stored at an even temperature of around 10°-13°C, with constancy being the key, rather than the temperature. Light and vibration should be avoided and bottles should be kept dry and left lying on their side so that the cork doesn't dry out. They should also be kept away from strong odors.

Whites are mostly bought to drink young, especially the rhine rieslings, but Hunter Valley semillons (particularly from Lindemans, Tyrrells and Rothbury Individual Paddock) do show that rich straw-like flavor concentration, a little reminiscent of French white burgundies (after five to seven years' aging). The success of Lindemans' and Burings' regular releases of premium aged whites proves that it can be worth cellaring whites. Current

drinking whites with limited cellaring potential include the Stanley Leasingham Bin 7 (or 5) Rhine Riesling 1978 ($3.90), Hardys Sigersdorf Rhine Riesling 1979 ($4.30), Penfolds Traminer Bin 202 1978 ($2.95) and Saxonvale Pinot Chardonnay Bin 1 1977 ($3.87) or their more readily available Semillon Chardonnay 1978 ($3.35).

For sweet whites look for Brown Bros. Milawa Spaetlese Rhine Riesling 1973 or 1975 ($7.50), and watch for the release of the 1978 vintage; and Orlando Blue Ribbon Spaetlese Frontignac 1978 ($4.10). For a rose try Reynella vintage 1978 ($2.50), but don't keep it too long as it is best drunk young and fresh on a hot day.

No cellar is complete without Penfolds Grange 1973 ($11.87), Kalimna Bin 28 1974 ($3.19), Koonunga Hill 1977 ($2.90), or the newly released Bin 707 Cabernet Sauvignon 1976 ($6.50). Most premium Coonawarra reds are a good cellaring proposition: Laira Cabernet Sauvignon 1977 ($3.95), Redman Cabernet Sauvignon 1977 Magnums ($11.96) and Wynns 1974 Cabernet Sauvignon ($6.22). From the Hunter, Tyrrells 1978 Pinot Noir ($5.00) and Bin 5 or 9 Hermitage 1978 ($3.50) are good propositions for long cellaring. Lindemans Hunter River Burgundy Bin 4700 1972 or Bin 4800 1973 ($3.80), and Bin 4000 1970 ($4.95) are excellent purchases. The Clare Valley reds, particularly from the Stanley Wine Company, are big, full-flavored wines which appeal to many. Try the Bin 49 Cabernet Sauvignon 1976 ($6.75) and Bin 56 Cabernet Malbec 1977 ($3.80).

Champagne can only get dearer, its aquisition is purely one of beating inflation, not especially hoping for an increase in value. The Bollinger Tradition R.D. 1970 is a must for champagne lovers, but it's not really cheap at $21.90. Charles Heidseick 1973 Brut ($13.10) is a good alternative when French champagners is required but doesn't have to be of top quality. The Bollinger R.D. is for those who love big, yeasty, golden champagnes with small, tight bubbles and a rich but clean finish. The best Australian champers is Lindemans Grand Imperator Brut 1976 ($4.80), but look for the 1968 or 1970 if you can get it. Stanley Leasingham Brut ($5.75) is a good alternative.

Lindemans RF1 Tawny Port ($10.78) and Mildara Reserve Bin Tawny ($6.31) select themselves in the fortified section. Probably the best Amontillado sherry styles are the Lindemans Bin Z898 ($8.03) and Hardy's Reserve Bin ($5.28). Note that most major stockist offer considerable reductions to quoted prices, so look around before you buy. If Australia appears too small for you, lift your horizons to the wine auctions at Christies, London. There you get a pointer to the possibilities of profit in French reds, whites and vintage ports. There, the classed growths show good increases over 1977 prices as Japanese and American buyers prove economic recessions need not affect everybody. The 1966, 1962, 1961 and of course the 1970 and 1971 vintages are in good demand. A case of 1961 Lafite recently sold for a record $110 a bottle, so profits are there to be made. Future profits seem likely for those able to acquire classed growth Bordeaux of 1971/72 and 1975/76; Burgundies of 1971/72 or 1976; vintage ports of 1967 or 1970; Sauternes of 1967, 1970/71 and 1975/76; and Rhone wines of 1972-1976 are also good purchases in Australia.

The following chart is a handy reference guide to the good and not-so-good years of winegrowing in Australia's major producing districts. Dubious as we are about the thought of cutting up your first Penthouse, may we suggest you put it in your wallet and refer to it to refresh your memory when making casual purchases. If you're going into wine in a big way, make your selections after tasting rather than relying on this necessarily-general chart.

COMPARABLE QUALITIES OF AUSTRALIAN WINES

According to regions and years

	HUNTER VALLEY		COONAWARRA		CLARE VALLEY		BAROSSA VALLEY		SOUTHERN VALES		MUDGEE		N.E. VICTORIA		GOULBURN VALLEY	
	W	R	W	R	W	R	W	R	W	R	W	R	W	R	W	R
1979	G/E	E	E	E	A	G/E	G	G	G/E	G/E	G/E	A	G	G	G/E	A/E
1978	G/E	A	E	E	G/E	E	G	G	E	E	A	G/E	A	A/G	G/E	A/G
1977	G	G	G	E	A	G	A	G	A	G	G	G	A	G	G	G
1976	G/E	G	E	E	G	E	E	E	G	E	G	G	G	G	G	A/E
1975	G	E	A	G/E	A	E	A/G	G/E	E	E	G	G	G	G/E	A	A/E
1974	E	A	G/E	G/E	G	P	P	P	A	A	E	G	A	A/P	A	G/E
1973	G	E	G	G	E	A	G/E	G	G	G	E	A	G	G	G	G
1972	E	G	G	G	E	E	E	E	G	A	A	G	E	E	E	A
1971	P/A	P	G/E	G	E	E	A/G	A	E	E	A	A	G/E	E	A	E
1970	E	G/E	—	G/E	E	E	G	A/G	G	G	—	—	G	G/E	—	A/G
1969	A/G	A/G	—	G/A	A	A	A	A/P	P	P	—	—	P	P/	P	A/E
1968	A	A	—	G	E	E	E	G	A	A	—	—	P/A	P/A	—	E
1967	A/G	G	—	G/A	G/A	G/A	A	A	G	G	—	—	A	A	—	A/G
1966	G/A	G	—	G/E	E	E	G	G/E	A	G	—	—	G	G	—	G
1965	G/E	E	—	G	G/A	G/A	G	G/A	E	E	—	—	G	G	—	A/G
1964	G/E	G/E	—	G/E	G	G/E	G/E	G/E	G	G/E	—	—	G/E	G/E	—	—
1963	G/E	G	—	E	G	G/E	G	G	A	G/E	—	—	G	G	—	—
1962	G/E	G	—	E	G/E	E	E	E	G/E	E	—	—	G	G	—	—

W = White R = Red P = Poor A = Average G = Good E = Excellent

Chart reproduced by courtesy The Rothbury Estate.

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Illustration by Patrice Guilbert

Now the politicians have successfully wrecked our economy, stand by for a middle class revolt.

SEVEN WITLESS YEARS

BY MAX NEWTON

The middle classes of Australia are at last beginning to realise the gravity of Newton's first law: never put your faith in politicians.

Politicians cannot solve problems. They are not meant to. They are meant to attempt to reconcile differences and reach agreements.

They are by nature cowards. They are by nature liars. They are by nature procrastinators. Politicians react to pressure; they react to fear. And most of all they react to fear for their own jobs.

Malcolm Fraser will start cutting taxes and government spending when the wave of anger from the middle class voters of this country overwhelms the incessant pressure from the other side — the pressure from ambitious ministers and greedy civil servants for a continuance of the fantastic escalation of government spending which has brought this country to its knees in the past seven years.

It began in 1972 when Gough Whitlam told the people "It's Time." They did not believe he was telling them it was time for a disaster — and he was going to give it to them.

Today, almost seven disastrous years after that crucial election, our country is crippled and stunned, twisted and horrified, embittered and divided — as a result of the violent social revolution Whitlam tried to bring about.

Whitlam promised a new deal for the middle classes: bright new schools, sewerage, free health care, new roads, new suburbs, homes of their own.

This appeal to greed could not be resisted. The prosperous middle class voters of the metropolitan fringes gave Whitlam his chance, and today the whole nation is still suffering.

A feeble and divided Liberal-Country Party coalition in Canberra is reeling under the weight of the task of restoring peace and prosperity to this increasingly irascible, lawless and disillusioned nation.

Malcolm Fraser is a tough talker. But he has not started to perform. Yet there is a possibility that the rage of the middle classes will finally force him to act — and throttle the growth of the flaccid, self-indulgent public service of Australia.

This will happen for one reason — the middle classes are coming to realise that the size of the bill

for the Whitlam social revolution is too high for them to pay.

They thought someone else would pay for all the lovely things they were promised. They thought the "rich" would pay; the "big companies" would pay; or the "multinational corporations" would pay. They never thought they would be the ones to foot the bill for the revolution. They thought they were going to be the beneficiaries.

In revolutionary terms, the greedy, salaried middle classes have lost.

Whitlam set out to make a revolution. He set out to enrich the salaried urban middle classes at the expense of the self-employed, the farmers and the corporations. The revolution was to be accomplished through a frantic expansion of government spending, notably on health and education. While the Whitlamite rhetoric gave some intimations of concern for the so-called underprivileged, the principal thrust of his policies was to benefit the well-off middle classes. There was an appeal to their cupidity, to their resentments and to their credibility.

To date, Malcolm Fraser has only tinkered with these policies. He has made some token moves to restrain the headlong growth of government spending, while no doubt waiting for the build up of fear, disillusionment, rage and frustration to give him more political clout for truly vigorous counter-revolutionary policies.

Meanwhile, every day brings more evidence of the extent of the disaster which has overwhelmed the nation.

The broad consequences of the policies of the past seven years are:

1. A stagnation of output.
2. A collapse of private investment in buildings, housing and new productive plant and equipment.
3. An unprecedented toll of unemployment, particularly among the nation's young people.
4. Inflation unrivalled in the nation's history — or indeed the history of most of the advanced, civilised, industrial nations. In the 40 years between Federation and 1941 prices doubled; between 1941 and 1951 they doubled again because of the war; in the 20 years between 1951 and 1971 they doubled again, and in the catastropic six years between 1971 and 1977 they doubled again.
5. A tide of industrial unrest, strikes, bitterness and violence.
6. A pitifully small result in terms of educational or health output from the fortune which has been lavished on these areas.
7. A bloated public service, virtually immune from any attempt to reduce its size.
8. A permanent, built-in level of government spending which dooms the nation's taxpayers to unprecedented levels of taxation for years to come.
9. A lawlessness and cynicism among the rich, the self-employed and the young.
10. The certain knowledge that the welfare state is not a healing but a terribly divisive idea. It is an idea which talks of compassion, but which appeals to greed and envy. It is an idea which in its expression encourages waste, subsidises sloth, rewards dishonesty, ignores lawlessness and diverts effort to areas where political pressure provides the guideline.

THE STAGNATION OF OUTPUT

There were five "good years" up to 1971-72 (when Billy McMahon was primarily responsible for national economic policy) and six "bad years" after 1971-72 when Whitlam and Fraser were primarily responsible. The table shows the movement in main economic aggregates.

> Every day brings more evidence of the extent of the disaster which has overwhelmed the nation.

Five Good Years and Six Bad Years For Australia
Per Cent Increase — Constant Prices

	1966-67 to 1971-72	1971-72 to 1977-78
Gross Domestic Product	32%	20%
Personal Consumption	28%	24%
Government Consumption	22%	42%
Private Fixed Capital Expenditure	36%	–3%
Government Fixed Capital Expenditure	17%	12%

During the "five good years" annual increases in national output averaged nearly 6%. In the "six bad years" annual increases in national output have averaged little more than 3%. If total output had increased in the six bad years at the same rate as in the five good years, gross domestic product in 1977-78 would have been some $17,000 million greater. This would have been enough to give every civilian employee (about 4.7 million of them) an additional amount of about $70 a week in his pay.

That is a brief indication of the cost to the Australian people of the loss of growth of output which has been such a feature of our years under the welfare state.

Not only has the growth of output dropped very severely, but the growth of personal living standards has also been sharply cut. In the five good years the average annual growth in personal consumption spending (in terms of constant prices) was more than 5%. In the six bad years, the growth was little more than 3%. In these latter years, the effect of ballooning unemployment has been to concentrate more of the gains in living standards on a narrower group in the community.

THE BUILDING DECLINE

Of very grim significance for the future wealth of our country has been the decline in the level of *private fixed investment spending* since Whitlam. In the five good years, this private investment spending—which is the source of all new building, including housing as well as new factories and plant and equipment—was growing at almost 6.5% a year. In the six bad years, this spending, the very heart and soul of future growth in our nation's output and wealth, actually fell. This is eating out the heart of our nation's future wealth and productivity.

The one boom area in the years since Whitlam has been *government consumption spending.* This is the current spending by governments of our nation's output. It is not money being invested. It is not being put away for the future. It is not creating productive assets. It is simply money being consumed, primarily on wages and on current purchases for the governments across the nation. In the five good years government consumption (in terms of constant prices) rose by 4% a year. In the six bad years, current spending by governments (in terms of constant prices) has risen by nearly 6.5% a year. This is an annual acceleration of more than 50% in the growth of government consumption of the nation's goods and services.

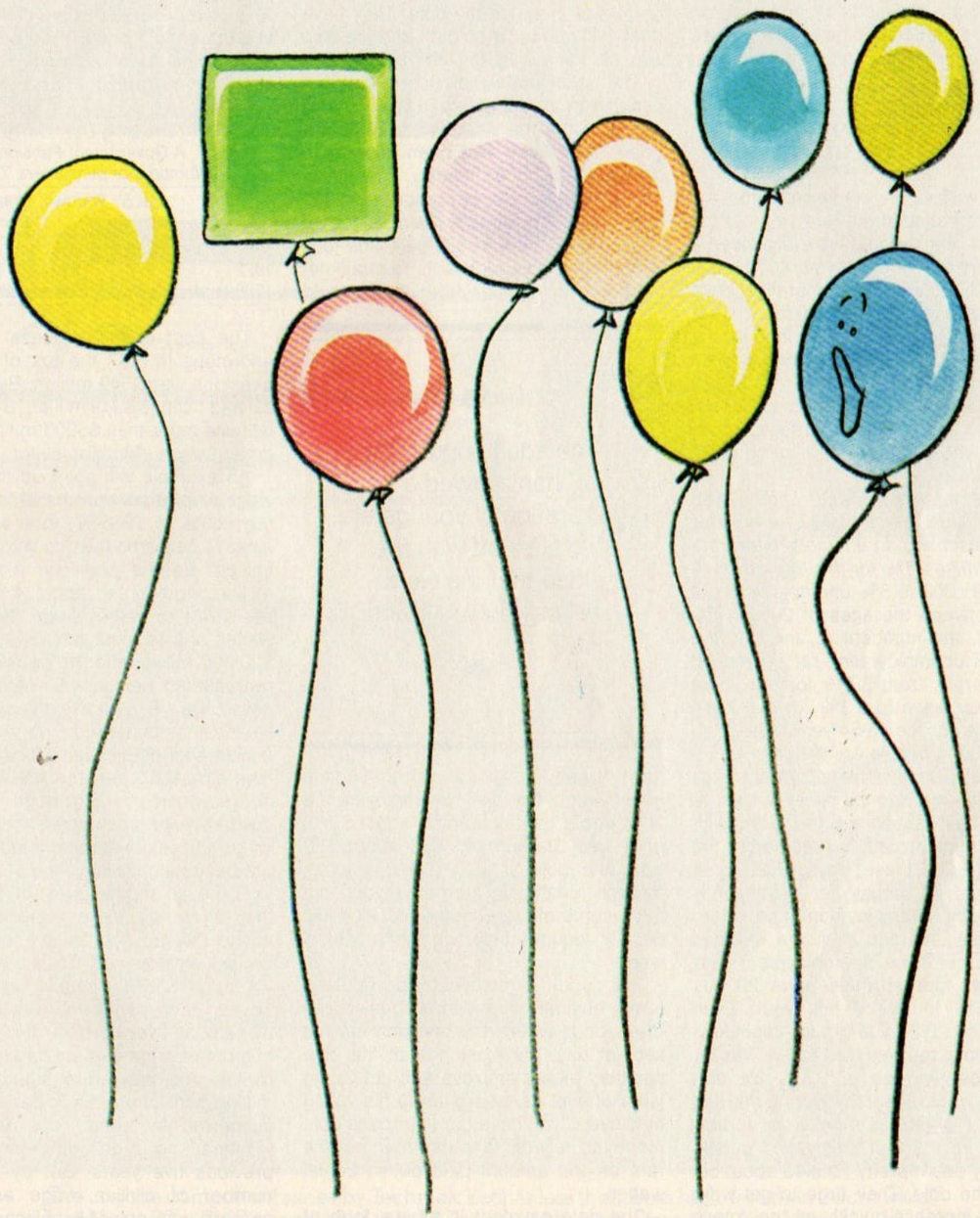
Notably, the rate of growth of government spending, in terms of constant prices, has remained very vigorous under Fraser. The average annual growth rate of real Government final consumption spending over the whole six bad years was about 6.5%. The figures for the Fraser years were:

1975-76 7.5%
1976-78 5.4%
1977-78 5.0%

Again, in terms of the rate of growth of real gross domestic product, Fraser has

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Next time let me check the guest list, okay?"

certainly been no great shakes. The average annual growth rate of real GDP in the six bad years was little more than 3%. The figures for the Fraser years were:

1975-76 2.7%
1976-77 3.9%
1977-78 1.4%

The most that can be said for Fraser is that his policies towards government spending are moving at a glacial pace in the right direction. But he is no reformer; he is no counter-revolutionary. Like most politicians, he is a window dresser.

YOUTH AND THE WELFARE STATE

Even without any other problems, the mere stagnation in the growth of output in recent years would have produced a general rise in unemployment. This is a direct reflection of the demoralisation of private business since Whitlam.

Another factor weighing heavily towards a rise in unemployment has been the extraordinary escalation in wages during these years of inflationary crisis. This problem particularly affects young people, whose wages are now so close to adult rates.

Of the total of 425,000 unemployed at March this year, 145,000 were under 20, representing an unemployment rate of a stunning 18% for this age group. A further 91,000 (9.5% unemployed rate) were between the ages of 20 and 24. Over 24, the numbers of unemployed, and the unemployment rate, dropped very sharply, from 5.4% for the 25-34 age group down to 3.3% for the 35-44 and 3.3% for the 45-54 year olds.

The young people are the ones taking the knock. The low unemployment rates among the age groups over 24 point to the primary reason for the calm with which unemployment is accepted by the voting public these days. The adult population is simply not significantly affected by unemployment and, more importantly, married men are affected hardly at all. The unemployment rate among all married males over 20 was only 2.6% in March this year. Even among the 20-24 age group, unemployment among married men at 5% was far below the average of 9.5% for that group. It would seem that young married men try a lot harder to get work, further pointing up the fact that young people generally seem pretty relaxed about being on the dole. Their urge to get work tends to increase quickly as they move up the 20-24 age bracket, when they are also, no doubt, under more parental pressure to pay their own way.

Young people have been priced out of the labor market. The continued escalation of wages ensures that young people will continue to bear the main brunt of unemployment. Adults are organised; they can use their union muscle with success; the fact that escalation in wages ensures more young people will stay unemployed does not weigh with the leaders of organised labor.

The adult population is making the young pay. But it does not follow that the young are suffering intense hardship as a result. The payoff is the dole. Young people make up the overwhelming proportion of those on the dole. They have been allowed to "drop out" and are paid consolation money for their pains.

The adult population has allowed a generation of youngsters to start off with the idea that the world will pay them a living. They have also been allowed to develop habits of dishonesty. There is no doubt that a very large number of young dole recipients already have a job of some kind. These mostly part-time jobs allow young dole recipients to attain net incomes not too far from what would

‘The adult population has allowed a generation of youngsters to start off with the idea that the world will pay them a living.’

have been achieved from full-time employment. On full-time employment a 20-year-old can take home about $140, after tax. Starting off with about $50 from the dole, it is not a long jump, through "cash only" part-time work, to a net income of more than $100. And this usually requires only two day's work a week.

For adult employers, particularly family businesses and small businesses of all kinds where the tax man can be kept at bay, the existence of the dole payment allows employers to get young labor cheap, as he argues to his young employee "you have got your base dole money to rely on" and can then cut the rate on the amount paid out in actual wages.

The dole payment is thus a form of compensation to young people so that the adult population can maintain a wages structure which is too high. This is, no doubt, a satisfactory answer for the selfish aims of the organised, unionised adult population, but when the bill to be paid, through exhorbitant taxes, continues to mount, the wage and salary earning adults are gradually, and quite clearly, beginning to wake up.

DROPPING OUT — THE WELFARE STATE GAME

Under the welfare state system now operating in Australia, one primary aim is to get on the Government payroll. The easiest thing to do is to drop straight on to a Government pension. In the past six years, about one million *additional* Australians have dropped out on to a Government pension.

"Dropping Out" On To A Government Pension
Numbers of pensioners '000

	Age & Invalid	*Widows*	*Unempl. Benefits*	*Total*
1967	*764*	*73*	*21*	*858*
1972	*972*	*93*	*29*	*1094*
1978 (end)	*1568*	*155*	*280*	*2003*

The cost of this process has been enormous. In 1967, the cost of the above pensions was $549 million. By 1972 the bill had risen to $949 million. By 1978 the bill was more than $5000 million — *five times* the pre-Whitlam level.

An example will point up the cost to wage and salary earners of these huge payments. In 1966-67, total wages and salaries paid amounted to some $12,000 million. So the pensions bill of $549 million represented about 4.5 cents in the dollar of wages paid. By 1971-72, wages and salaries amounted to some $20,000 million and the pension bill still represented about 4.5 cents in the dollar. By 1978, however, wages and salaries amounted to some $51,000 million and the pension bill had come to take almost 10 cents in the dollar. It is not surprising, when huge additional costs of government are added, that the wage and salary-earning middle classes are becoming disillusioned.

There is another way of looking at this. In 1967, there were some 3.9 million wage and salary earners in civilian employment. They were paying for about 858,000 pensioners. In other words, each pensioner was supported by almost five workers. By 1972, the number of wage earners had risen to 4.5 million and they were supporting one million pensioners. Each pensioner was supported by about four and a half workers—not much different from the previous five years. But by 1978, the number of civilian wage and salary earners was only 4.8 million. Yet they were supporting more than two million pensioners. *Each pensioner was being supported by less than two-and-a-half workers.*

The burden on the working population has thus doubled since Whitlam got in. Dropping out on to a pension is not the only form of dropping out available —

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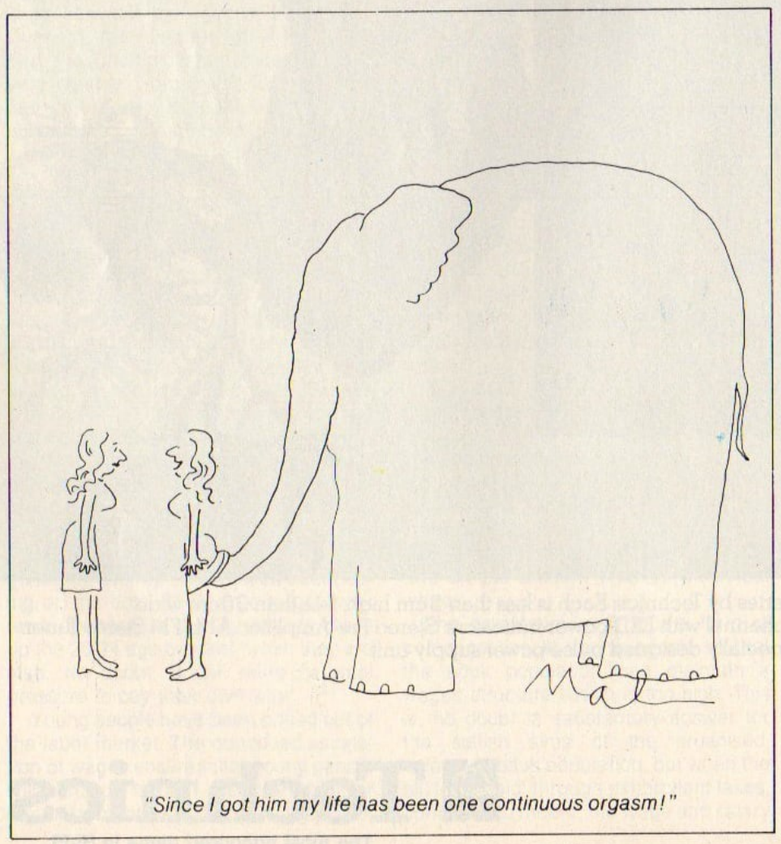
there is also the prospect of dropping out on to a government job.

"Dropping Out" On To A Government Job
Number of civilian wage and salary earners '000

	In private Jobs	*In Government Jobs*	*Total*
June 1967	*2915*	*987*	*3902*
June 1972	*3341*	*1127*	*4468*
March 1979	*3263*	*1510*	*4473*

Since Whitlam came to power there has actually been a decline in the number of people working in private industry. Over the same period there has been an increase of some 400,000 in the numbers working for the government. Most are in permanent jobs. They cannot be sacked. Their competence is certainly hardly ever an issue, their productivity is way below average, and they are immune from criticism.

The number of pensioners and government employees per employed wage and salary earner in private industry in 1967 was 0.6; in 1972 the number was 0.7, and in 1978 it was 1.1. In other words, the employed salary/wage earner in private industry is today having to give *almost twice* the share of his income to support pensioners and government employees as he did before Whitlam. This is represented by an horrendous rise in the tax burden on wage and salary earners.



"Since I got him my life has been one continuous orgasm!"

WHAT WHITLAM NEVER TALKED ABOUT — WHO PAYS?

Since Whitlam there has been a large increase in the tax paid per dollar of national income produced. The rate has gone up from less than 29 cents in the dollar in 1971-72 to more than 34 cents in 1977-78. Virtually the whole of this burden of increased taxation rate has fallen on the wage and salary earner forking out pay-as-you-earn taxation each week.

The overall rate of tax per PAYE earner has risen in the past six years from 14.4 cents in the dollar to 18.7 cents. By comparison, the overall rate of company tax paid has remained stationary at 14.5 cents in the dollar.*

To put it another way, in 1971-72 PAYE tax instalments amounted to $2.9 billion. In 1977-78 PAYE instalments amounted to $9.6 billion. If the rate of tax paid by PAYE earners had been the same in 1977-78 as in 1971-72, they would have paid $2.2 billion less in tax.

It is the PAYE earner who is making the really big contribution to funding the welfare state. There are several reasons for this:

1. The PAYE earner cannot fiddle his tax. He is the ultimate mug in the current income tax system. His money is taken out of his pay packet each week. He gets few "fringe benefits"; he gets few or no superannuation fiddles if he is privately employed; he cannot deduct normal family expenses as "business expenses". He pays top price.

Thus, in the 10 years to 1977-78 the total GDP at factor cost (a measure of national income) rose by 230%, while total PAYE taxation collections rose by 410% — nearly twice as fast. Between 1971-72 and 1977-78 the trend was just as marked — GDP up 140% and PAYE collections up 220%. The Taxation Commissioner and every time-serving public servant must lay awake at night and say a prayer for the PAYE mug.

2. Other taxpayers are not upping their tax payments by anything like the speed attained by the diligent PAYE wage and salary mug.

Companies in particular are far behind the rate of increase of PAYE payers. Between 1971-72 and 1978-79 company taxation payments rose by only 110% as against 220% for PAYE.

One reason for this is the inability of companies to earn profits in the socialist environment in which we now operate in Australia. Hence they cannot pay tax. There are some other explanations, notable among them the acquisition by companies of skills in modifying taxation payments by diligent use of tax loopholes.

3. In the last couple of years another trend has become evident. Individuals who pay income tax by assessment (not by PAYE — and this category presumably includes most of the self-employed) have had marked success in reducing their tax payments. In the two years ended 1977-78, while PAYE collections continued their strong uptrend — rising 37% — income tax collections from individuals who pay on assessment rose by only 13%. This indicates the success of the "underground" individuals who inhabit the "cash only" part of our economic system.

The loss to revenue from tax avoidance and tax evasion has been widely discussed, and the proportion of national income going unreported in advanced Western economies has been put as high as 7-10%. While it is obviously very difficult to document,

*The rates quoted here no doubt sound unfamiliar. They are derived by taking the ratio of tax collected to the relevant national income aggregates. Thus, overall tax rate is derived by applying total taxation collections to the value of gross domestic product at factor cost. For companies, the rate is total company tax collections to incorporated and unincorporated trading enterprises' operating surpluses. For individuals, the ratio is PAYE instalments (from Taxation Commissioner's Reports) to wages, salaries and supplements from National Income Statistics.

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ordinary daily experience reveals the widespread occurrence of "cash only" transactions.

4. Overall, the proportion of income tax paid by PAYE earners has risen sharply, up from 52% in 1970-71 to 63% in 1977-78. If PAYE earners had paid in 1977-78 the same proportion of all income tax collected as they did in 1970-71, their tax payments overall would have been reduced by $1.8 billion a year. Translated into weekly tax reductions for the 4.5 million civilian wage and salary earners, this would yield a feasible reduction in tax payable of some $8 per week for everyone.

So the welfare state is working out in this way: the supposed beneficiaries, the ordinary wage and salary-earning middle classes of Australia, are turning out to be the mugs who are paying for it all. Their tax payments are going up much faster than national income; their tax rate paid is going up much faster than that of companies or the self-employed; they are paying more than their share of the cost to support a huge ramshackle and uncontrollable government apparatus.

THE STRUGGLE TO AVOID PAYING FOR THE WELFARE STATE

Not surprisingly, the wage and salaried middle classes are coming to realise that the welfare state dream has turned out to be a big joke — on them. They have only one direction in which they can move in the short term to try to remedy their plight. They can strike.

In the five years before 1971, the average number of working days lost in Australia due to industrial disputes was little more than one million a year. In the six years since 1971, the average was more than three million. [As these were "Hawke years", when R. J. Hawke dominated the industrial scene, one could be excused for asking whether Hawke's pretensions to the role of The Great Peacemaker — a role assiduously cultivated by his public relations apparatus — have any foundation in fact. The Hawke years in industrial relations in Australia have been among the most violent and disruptive we have ever known. Like all politicians, Hawke is primarily concerned with appearance rather than substance.]

The existence of high rates of personal income tax has inflamed demands for higher wages. Outrageous demands for increases in nominal wages are put forward as the ordinary employees of corporations and governments realise what a big hole marginal tax rates put in successfully won increases in nominal money wages. Take home pay is now more important than gross earnings.

Apart from striking for higher wages — a largely futile procedure — the ordinary worker does not have any real alternative to taking the punishment handed out to him by the tax collector. Working as he does for a corporation or a government, this worker is stuck without any significant "lurks". Having family responsibilities, he cannot improve his position by dropping out of the cash society altogether.

He has an additional problem; he tends to be more honest on average than the society in which he lives. He is thus easy pickings for the thugs who inhabit the various Taxation departments. He is not likely to know how little he actually has to tell the Taxation Department bullies when they get him in a corner. He is unlikely to get professional advice in filling in his return. He is unlikely to be awake to the possibilities available for reducing taxable income.

Like all police the world over, the taxation department uses fear as a prime weapon. Very few people realise how easy it is to tell tax inspectors to get out of their premises. Most are fearful of the reprisals threatened. I had the experience of being investigated by the tax department. For two years they had two officials investigating my affairs. The total cost of the exercise must have been of the order of $100,000. Yet they got nothing — not a cent.

In the course of their activities they, like other policemen, offered me a deal. "Tell us all you know," they said, "and we will come to a settlement with you." My lawyer asked them what would happen if we continued to tell them nothing (which is what happened). The clear intimation was that if we didn't help, life could be made more difficult for us. I have heard similar words from the mouths of a dozen police bully boys in Melbourne and Canberra. They never cease to make me feel disgusted.

Yet so many innocents fall into the trap. They do not realise that most people are convicted because they feel they have to tell the police. It is not necessary to tell the tax thugs so much as the time of day.

HORROR OF HEALTH AND EDUCATION WASTE

The frantic escalation of government spending in the past seven years is at the heart of inflation, the increases in tax burdens, the unrest and the disorder. Yet this explosion of spending has been concentrated on a very narrow area — primarily health and education, as well as handouts to pensioners of all kinds (including the unemployed).

Since 1971-72, "real" spending by governments on health and education has risen enormously.

Had it not been for the fantastic rise in government spending on health and

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education over that period, many of our economic problems would have been greatly simplified. As is obvious from the table, the growth in government demands on national resources would have been drastically reduced. Our problems would have been vastly more manageable.

Government Final Consumption Expenditure
At 1974-75 prices $million

	1971-72	1976-77	% Increase
Education	*1971*	*3167*	*61%*
Health	*1267*	*2373*	*87%*
All other	*4386*	*4827*	*10%*
TOTAL	*7624*	*10376*	*36%*

Instead, we have experienced a huge rise in the demands made by education and health, as part of a dream to give security to Australians from the cradle to the grave. It is already evident that very little has been gained by this wild episode.

In the field of health, it is now clear that the governments have had little knowledge of how to evaluate the enormous growth in their spending. It is now recognised that the spending of huge sums on hospital construction has been largely ill-conceived. The result is that Australia now has a preponderance of hospital beds, with occupancy rates below 70% on average.

Many hospitals will have to close in the years to come. Hospital construction will have to be drastically curtailed. It is also evident that much of the expenditure on increased health care has simply gone to line the pockets of the greatly inflated army of doctors now practising in this country, as well as to establish work standards and income expectations among the hospital and medical staff which simply cannot be afforded.

The Federal Government has already begun to recognise these facts and expenditure on health capital works is to be curtailed. Unfortunately, a level of national expenditure on health has been achieved which is simply insupportable if the country is ever to begin again spending large additional sums needed to modernise productive industry.

In the six years ended 1976-77, the proportion of GDP spent on health increased from 2% to nearly 4%. The vast proportion of these increased outlays has yielded little evident improvement in the nation's health. Not only can the level of health expenditure in relation to gross domestic product not be maintained, (without further endangering the nation's economic strength, through penalising taxpayers and corporate efficiency alike) but it is already evident that the hospital and medical benefits schemes are at or approaching bankruptcy. This is because the fit and the single are opting out of the schemes and because the two million-odd pensioners know they are going to be looked after without any effort on their part.

The same sort of disaster has occurred in education. Between 1971-72 and 1977-78, the proportion of GDP spent on education increased from 4% to nearly 6%. Yet there is little evidence of any but a derisory increase in output from the educational field. While real government current spending on education rose by about 60% in the past seven years the number of school students increased by only 5%; the number of university students rose by little more than 20%; and the total school and university population combined rose about 10%.

In the greatly-expanded colleges of advanced education the number of students rose from 52,000 to about 150,000, but it is depressing to observe the high proportion of students in tertiary institutions taking virtually useless liberal arts, business studies and teacher training courses. In 1978, the proportion of students at colleges of advanced education taking these practically unusable courses was 67%. These courses are a catch-all for students who can't think of anything better to do with their time at tertiary level.

> A huge spending program was undertaken from which the results are meagre in the extreme.

In other words, a program of spending on health and education was embarked on without any strong policy direction. Goals were not firmly established. Results were not evaluated and in many cases in the health field information is lacking so they cannot be assessed.

A huge spending program was undertaken from which the results are meagre in the extreme. There is little evidence of any improvement in output or quality in either health or education institutions after such a massive commitment of money. It was an unprecedented disaster.

It was in line with the whole of our experience with the welfare state in the past decade.

CAN WE TRUST THE POLITICIANS TO SAVE US?

I have already said we can't. Politicians by nature are a fearful lot, and their greatest fear is for their jobs. Let me give a personal example.

In the 1958 federal elections, in conjunction with Cyril Wyndham, (then Private Secretary to Dr Bert Evatt) and Horrie Brown (of the Australian National University) I wrote many of the Doc's speeches. It is a fact that the Doc, then aspiring to be Prime Minister, had virtually no knowledge of economic affairs and wanted to know little or nothing about it. He said what we told him to say.

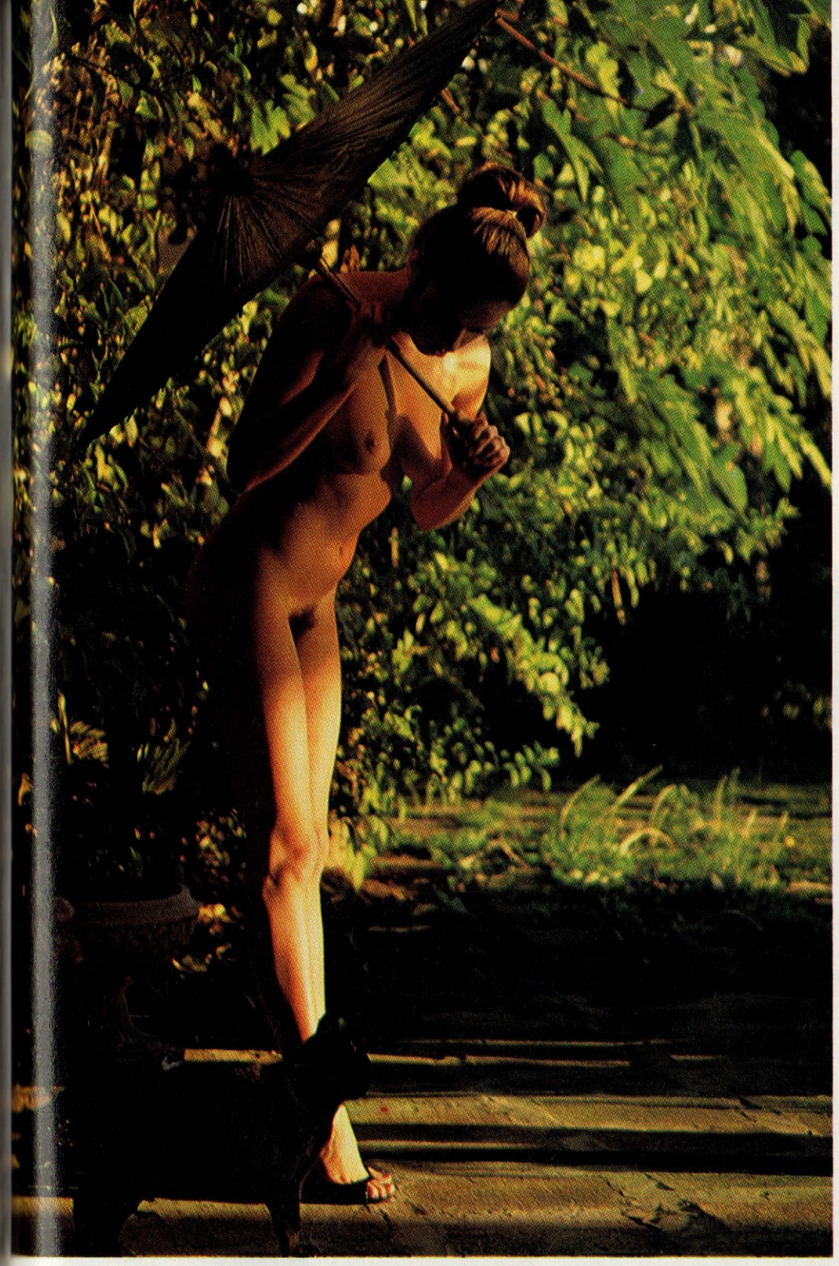
In the 1961 and 1963 federal elections, I wrote (in conjunction with the same team) many of Arthur Calwell's major speeches. He was aspiring to be Prime Minister. Yet again, he said what he was told to say. In fact, Mr Rupert Henderson, then managing director of John Fairfax Limited, (and grand architect of the 1961 and 1963 ALP election campaigns) said: "If I told Arthur Calwell to stand on his head in the corner, he would, he would stand on his head in the corner."

The Doc and Arthur wanted one thing — to be Prime Minister. The words which needed to be said to achieve that weighed little with them.

Again, when I was co-operating with Billy McMahon to down Jack McEwen during the '60s, Billy showed distress after failing to stand up in Cabinet for a cause the Treasury believed in. Much of Billy's dirty work was done for him, by people such as myself. We were happy to be able to play a part in bringing down the enemies of the Treasury's policies which were, and are, the best available expression of policies for individual freedom and economic efficiency.

Yet when Gorton and Jack McEwen put the Commonwealth Police on to the job of putting me into jail during the late '60s, little Billy was nowhere to be seen. I well remember Billy ringing me at my home in Canberra the day after Harold Holt drowned to tell me that Jack McEwen had stated he would not serve under Billy as Prime Minister because I was supposed to be controlling Billy's every thought and action. Billy pleaded with me never to ring him again.

Politicians are, by nature and training, fearful, egotistical, sly. They have their important role to play. But in giving them, as we have done in recent times, such enormous power to manage our nation's economic affairs, we are necessarily ensuring that the emphasis of all decisions will be towards the soft option — which is, of course, the inflationary option.

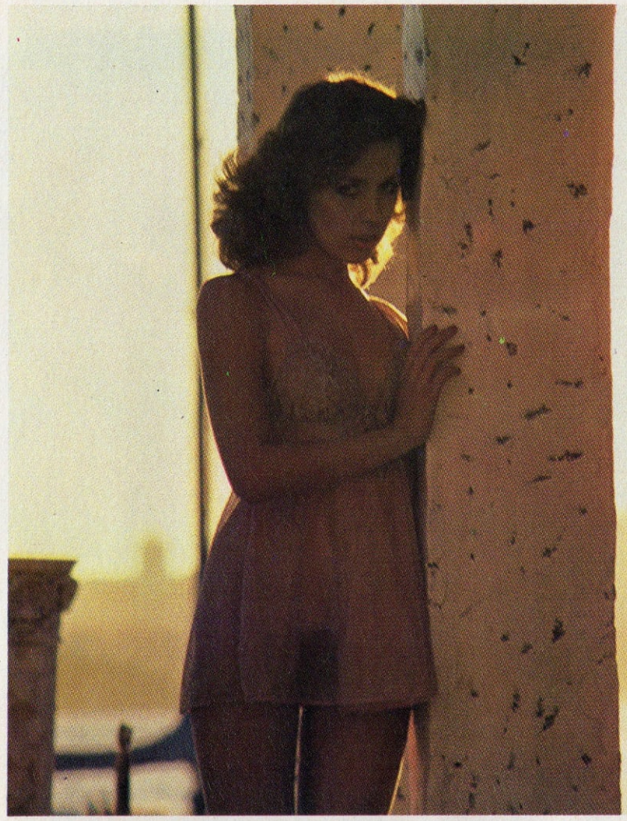


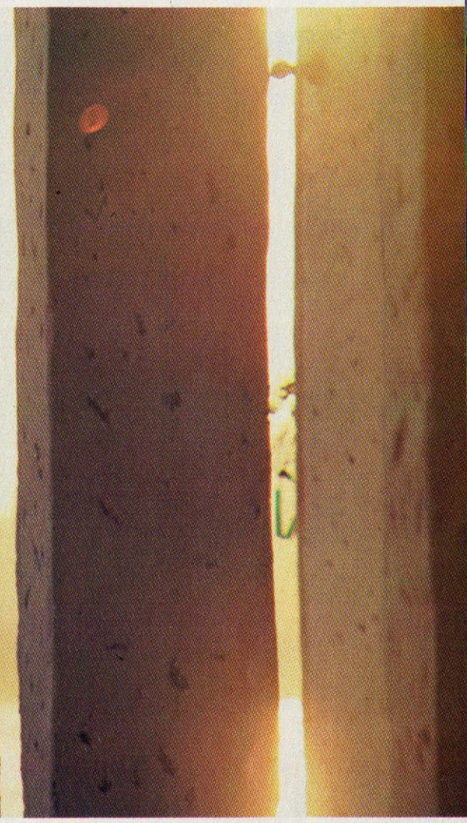
VERITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CARRETTE

"I love Sydney. It's big, bold and beautiful — just like its men."

Taking life as it comes and getting the most out of each day is the philosophy which made Verity Hamilton leave the quiet of the country for the excitement of the city. "I love living in Sydney," she says. "It's big, bold and beautiful — just like its men." While she obviously doesn't lack for suitors, Verity is strictly a one-man woman. "Going out with several men is fun for a while," she says, "but a real relationship needs to be developed, and you can't do that if your energy is being diverted into too many channels. To me, love is two people sharing themselves intensely . . . completely . . . so that they're together even when they are apart. And most of all, really caring about each other. Not that I think love should be totally serious — it has to be funny and crazy, too, otherwise it's not the real thing. I'm a romantic. The way to win my heart is with a dinner by candlelight, a warm fire, and a fur rug to curl up on," she says with just the trace of a purr in her voice.





Day by day, I'm enjoying my life more and more.

"Give me dinner by candlelight, a fire, and a fur rug to curl up on."

Verity has plans for the future, but says: "Right now I've got time to squander. And I like it that way." She fills her days as she pleases and lives each one as it comes. "For me, there's only now, and what happens happens. Day by day, I'm enjoying my life more and more. Some day I'd like to be successful — financially independent. If I had enough money, I'd buy a restored MG TC, get number plates that say PET-001, and buy a house way up on the north Queensland coast." When that day comes, Verity, we hope you'll send us a postcard with your return address. After all, we'd hate to lose track of you.

"Love is people sharing themselves intensely . . . completely . . . so that they're together even when they're apart."

America's ears in space make Australia a prime nuclear target, but don't expect the CIA to admit it.

THE SECRETS OF PINE GAP

BY WILLIAM PINWILL

The school in the Alice Springs suburb of Mt Gillen looks much like any other school in a thriving outback town. There are two important differences. Most of the pupils are Americans, known to the local Alice residents as the "space base" kids. And it can be converted to a field hospital or fallout shelter in the event of nuclear attack.

The space base is Pine Gap, or in official parlance the Joint Defence Space Research Facility (JDSRF). It's the single most secret defence installation in Australia and one of the most secret in the non-communist world.

In the words of James Angleton, who was chief of counter-intelligence for the Central Intelligence Agency for 20 years, Pine Gap is "unlike any other similar installation that may be in any other place in the free world". He says it's so important "it represents one of the greatest bonanzas to Australia".

Angleton should know. One of the best kept secrets about the JDSRF, until November 1975, was that it is really a CIA operation. The US and Australian Governments have always claimed it was run by their Departments of Defence. Officially they still claim it, even though that fiction was exposed by Canberra's best investigative reporter, Brian Toohey, in the first week of November 1975. The exposure followed a chance remark by the Prime Minister, Gough Whitlam, about the CIA — and a week later he and his government were sacked. The

Laser images by J.S. Ostoja Kotkowski

Pine Gap mystery is important not only for the role it played in the lead-up to Whitlam's dismissal, as we shall see later. It is a bigger issue than party politics or the ancient history of past elections. The questions it raises affect all Australians, and indeed all Americans who value the alliances and international friendships by which the reputation of their government is judged.

One side of the Pine Gap story is a saga of technological genius, a brilliant scientific breakthrough by CIA experts which gave the US a vital lead in the perpetual strategic contest with the Soviet Union. The other side is a sordid tale of deception, half-truths and disinformation peddled to the people of Australia by a succession of governments in Washington and Canberra.

At the outset, two points must be made about my own position. First, although I worked as press secretary for two Members of Parliament who received the top secret briefing from the Defence Department on Pine Gap (Bill Morrison, Science Minister and later Defence Minister in the Labor Government, and Gough Whitlam when he was Opposition Leader in 1976-77), I was never present at those briefings and none of the information published here was learnt during that time. Defence authorities don't trust journalists, so those of us who go to work for politicians are kept at a safe distance from what the Defence Department regards as the big secrets.

Ironically, if I had been officially briefed on Pine Gap I would not now be able to write about it without facing prosecution under the Crimes Act.

The facts and ideas reported here have been gathered in places as far apart as Alice Springs and New York City, and in interviews in such contrasting locations as the plush meeting room of the US House of Representatives Select Committee on Intelligence on Washington's Capitol Hill, and a federal jail in San Diego, California. To a large extent it has been a matter of piecing together material from hundreds of different public sources.

The second point to be made is that some people will find this article offensive, accusing us of endangering national security and aiding the Soviet Union. People who say this usually believe the media should report only what the government of the day wants them to report, a repugnant philosophy which happens to be policy in those totalitarian countries such people regard as the enemy.

Further, there is nothing in this article that Soviet Intelligence would not already know. It is only the Australian and the American public who have been kept in the dark about Pine Gap.

Both the Australian and American governments, and both sides of politics, have contributed to the myths about Pine Gap. These are some of the lies the public has been told:

- It is not a nuclear target;
- It is not a CIA facility;
- It is purely a research station;
- It is a joint facility operated equally by Australia and the US;
- The US Government shares with Australia all the information gained via Pine Gap;
- The Australian Government knows everything that goes on there;
- It has no attack role.

In addition, the US Government, often with Canberra's knowledge, continually breaks Australian law and the terms of the agreement under which the JDSRF was set up. Among these breaches:

- Americans enter Australia to work at Pine Gap without proper Customs, health or immigration clearances;
- Australians are paid less than Americans to do the same work;
- The base has been steadily and secretly expanded in size;
- Less than 0.1 percent of the cost of Pine Gap has been spent in Australia, despite an undertaking to use local materials "wherever appropriate and practicable".

Even more seriously, several authoritative sources allege:

- The CIA has deliberately concealed some of Pine Gap's activities from Australian defence and intelligence officials;
- Pine Gap is used to eavesdrop on Australian Government communications.

> Even Cabinet ministers are shown only what the Americans want them to see.

No government has ever revealed the purpose or function of Pine Gap. The same secrecy applies to another US installation in Australia, the Joint Defence Space Communications Station (JDSCS) near Woomera, 480km from Adelaide. The JDSCS, commonly known as Nurrungar, in fact has a much less secret role in American defence strategy, but it has suited the authorities to throw the same blanket of secrecy and silence over both bases. To a handful of Australians and Americans, the bases each have yet another name. The Joint Defence Space Research Facility, Pine Gap, is MERINO — the top secret cryptographic name the CIA gave it more than 10 years ago. As one US intelligence source said: "It was the most Aussie codename we could think of."

When Nurrungar came on the scene a few years later, it was given the codename CASINO, apparently as the result of some private CIA joke. The codename for the CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia, in its communications with the Australian bases, is PILOT.

These codenames have never been published before, but there is no doubt the Russians and the Chinese are aware of them.

The JDSRF is hidden in a valley called Pine Gap 18km south-west of Alice Springs. It's a strictly prohibited area as far as the public is concerned. In November 1967, a special Commonwealth Gazette declared a seven square mile buffer zone around the facility, itself about 50 acres in size. Even MPs are denied entry, except in special circumstances and, according to an Australian who has worked at Pine Gap, even Cabinet ministers are shown only what the Americans want them to see.

It's surrounded by foothills on the McDonnell Ranges, with two security fences patrolled around the clock by Commonwealth Police and security guards. Department of Transport regulations forbid any private or commercial aircraft from flying within a radius of 4km of the base. Owners of the properties adjoining the base, Owen Springs and Hamilton Downs, are officially discouraged from having visitors who may want to try to get a look at Pine Gap.

A few journalists and citizens of Alice Springs have accepted the challenge to penetrate the security cordon. In 1977, two adventurers who sneaked into the buffer zone were nabbed by Commonwealth Police on motorcycles, who promptly seized their cameras and confiscated all the film in the car. To the intruders' surprise and relief, the law-enforcement officers were supremely uninterested in the marijuana stashed in the vehicle.

Others have been more successful and students of the Pine Gap mystery now have an interesting collection of photographs showing the development of the complex over the years. A unique selection of these pictures will appear next year in a book prepared by Dr Desmond Ball, a Canberra academic who has unravelled many of the secrets of US bases in Australia. I am indebted to Dr Ball for some of the technical information in this article, although of course he bears no responsibility for my conclusions.

A bird's eye-view of the space base today shows a set of six "radomes", white spheres of hardened perspex moored like giant balloons to the valley floor. Ranging from 33.5m to about 5.5m in diameter, these are the eyes and ears of Pine Gap. Actually, the radomes themselves are only protective coverings. Beneath them are six delicate antennae, each worth more than $20 million, so sensitive that the perspex skins are needed to protect them against the dust and wind of the Northern Territory.

If the antenna radomes are the eyes and ears, then the brain of the multi-million dollar facility is its computer room. According to one of the few Australians who has been allowed to work there, it is so large headphones are needed to communicate from one side of the room to another.

Among the other electronic installations at Pine Gap are a high-frequency dipole array, various towers for checking the beam patterns of the antennae and some of the most sophisticated radio transmitters in the world. There are about 20 other buildings, all single-storey, concrete blocks, for equipment storage and maintenance, air-conditioning plant, offices and luxury accomodation. There are believed to be underground corridors linking the buildings.

The JDSRF also has its own power plant. Some experts have speculated that this is a nuclear plant, partly on the basis of water consumption figures obtained by anti-base activists in Alice Springs. The US Government insisted that the site for the JDSRF should be close to unlimited water supplies and, according to Noel Gee, construction supervisor of the first bore dug at Pine Gap, the Americans originally wanted 4.5 million litres a day. They settled for considerably less, about 900,000 litres, ranging up to 1.8 million litres in summer.

Other experts believe the vast air conditioning requirements of the base, not to mention the lush and spacious gardens, would use as much water. Certainly, the Australian Government has never been told of the existence of a nuclear power plant (which would be the first in the country), but that doesn't disprove the theory. When I put the question formally to the Defence Department, a spokesman rang back the next day with a negative answer. I'm inclined to accept that, although as one government minister said: "We wouldn't bloody well know."

Whatever the source of Pine Gap's power, the significant thing is that there's lots of it, and it's entirely self-contained. The rest of Australia could be switched off by a national strike, but the JDSRF would keep on functioning.

Put simply, Pine Gap and Nurrungar are ground stations for spy satellites.

No government — Australian, American, Soviet or Chinese — has ever gone so far as to say this in an official statement, although it's been published dozens of times in journals as diverse as the US Aviation Week and Space Technology and Sydney's Sunday Telegraph. The kind of satellites they are linked with, and the information they obtain, are more complex and fascinating questions, but for the moment let's look at the two bases broadly as command and control stations for US spy satellites.

Government spokesmen and apologists for the defence community like to say that the Russians know all about the West's spy satellites and don't really object to them. That's not what the Russians say. An authoritative Soviet book on space law, The Cosmos and International Law, edited by Y. E. Korovin, declares in unequivocal language: "The right of a state to destroy a satellite spy and in general every space device whatever interfering with the security of this state is indisputable."

In 1968, while Pine Gap was being built, the Russians conducted their first successful "killer satellite" test. An interceptor satellite, named Cosmos 249, was launched into an orbit that brought it within range of a target satellite. The "killer" exploded successfully, leaving 71 pieces of debris in space. The tests have continued. The Russians have also been working on a laser beam system intended to knock out US communications and reconnaissance satellites. The laser

weapons — the factual versions of science fiction's death rays — can effectively blind a satellite.

Only last year, President Carter acknowledged the threat from Soviet activities aimed at US satellites. A White House statement said: "While the United States seeks verifiable, comprehensive limits on anti-satellite capabilities and use, in the absence of such an agreement the United States will vigorously pursue development of its own capabilities." Carter added that the US space defence program included a "contingency reaction capability which can effectively detect and react to threats to US space systems". In plain language, this means that Washington believes Moscow is serious about knocking out US satellites, and the Americans are prepared to retaliate. This makes a mockery of official claims that the ground stations like Pine Gap are not potential nuclear targets.

Even Pentagon officials were privately embarrassed when Deputy Defence Secretary Packard told a news conference on November 16, 1971: "In a nuclear war, Pine Gap is one of the places I'd like to be."

Without ground stations, the spy satellites are so much junk in space. The stations receive the data gathered by the sensors on board the satellites, and retransmit to the various defence and intelligence centres in the US: the North American Air Defence Command centre near Colorado Springs; CIA headquarters at Langley, Virginia; the National Security Agency at Fort Meade, Maryland; the National Military Command Centre in Washington; the Strategic Air Command headquarters near Omaha, Nebraska; and the National Reconnaissance Office in the Department of the Air Force.

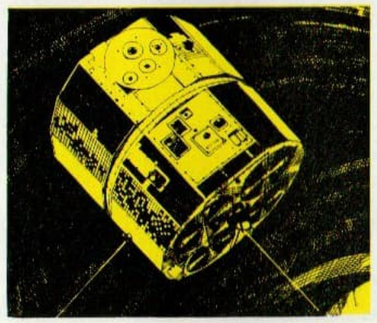
An equally vital function of the ground stations is to transmit orders to the satellites — to modify orbit or angle, to concentrate on a particular area of interest, or even to cease transmission while a Soviet satellite passes nearby.

The military significance of even "non-spy" satellites is growing year by year. Meteorological satellites can be used to predict weather for bombing raids, communication satellites link military forces on opposite sides of the globe, navigation satellites can direct ships, submarines, aircraft and missiles to their targets. Spy satellites, with their ability to report the minutest detail of enemy force disposition and the launching of weapons, are infinitely more valuable in time of war or the lead up to war.

If there were any doubt about Pine Gap, a Soviet diplomat in Canberra (believed by Australian intelligence to be a senior KGB officer) dispelled it when he told me recently that the Alice Springs base would be "a prime nuclear target".

Right from the start, there was something about Pine Gap which set it apart from other US satellite facilities. An atmosphere of super-secrecy surrounded the first visit by American engineers to survey the valley in 1965. The next thing the inhabitants of the Alice knew was that an access road to the Mereenie water bores, which they had been demanding for years, was begun. To the locals' surprise, in 1966 it continued on to Temple Bar Creek and the entrance to what was to become the "space base".

It was not until mid-1966 that the first firm proposal for the facility was made to the Australian Government, when Harold Holt visited Washington and the then Secretary of State Dean Rusk came out to



> Without ground stations the spy satellites are so much junk in space.

Canberra for a meeting of the South East Asia Treaty Organisation. We will not know until the Cabinet documents are published in 30 years how the Americans sold the idea to the government, but it probably wasn't difficult. This was the year of Holt's vow to go "all the way with LBJ". There's little doubt the new satellite ground station was proposed in the context of the global struggle against communism and Australia's responsibility to help her ANZUS partner.

The proposal was kept secret from the Australian people until after the November election, which Holt won handsomely. On December 9, 1966, the Pine Gap treaty was signed by the Minister for External Affairs, Paul Hasluck, and the American charge d'affaires, Edwin Cronk.

The treaty enshrined several of the big lies about Pine Gap. For instance, Article Three reads:

"The facility shall be established, maintained and operated by the co-operating agencies of the two governments, and information derived from the research programs conducted at the facility shall be shared by the two governments. These agencies are the Australian Department of Defence and the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) of the United States Department of Defense."

From the start, ARPA was simply a cover for the CIA.

It's interesting that when the treaty was renewed in 1977, the US co-operating agency became simply "the Department of Defense" — which is still a lie.

Former senior CIA officer Victor Marchetti, at the time special assistant to the CIA Deputy Director, confirms that Pine Gap was set up by and for the CIA. The agreement signed by Hasluck and Cronk was designed to fool the enemy, and to conceal from the Australian public that a top-secret CIA base was to operate on Australian soil. Marchetti himself and the first commander of Pine Gap, another CIA officer named Dick Stallings, were instructed to draw up a second, secret treaty which spelled out the real situation. This treaty has never been made public and Marchetti believes it is probably illegal, since it was never submitted to the US Senate for ratification.

Victor Marchetti lives in a very comfortable three-level house in Vienna, Virginia, not far from the CIA's sprawling headquarters at Langley. In fact the bus I caught from Washington to Vienna took me on an unexpected tour through the agency's grounds — even intelligence officers travel to work by bus in these days of the energy crisis. For more than 14 years Marchetti reported for duty at Langley, passing the biblical inscription on the marble wall of the entrance lobby: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

But as he began to learn the truth about the CIA's covert activities, Marchetti became more and more disillusioned. He was not a covert operative (a "spy" in the correct sense), but an analyst who specialised in Soviet affairs. In 1969 he quit the agency and published (with former State Department officer John Marks) the first book by an insider to blow the whistle on the nation's intelligence services. The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence is still the best book on the subject and still a best-seller, and these days Marchetti lives by writing and lecturing.

Not surprisingly, many of the men and women who stayed in "the Company" (as employees call it) regard him as a turncoat. But Victor Marchetti, unlike other defectors who have since gone public, has never endangered CIA personnel by publicising their names, and for this he retains the respect of many former colleagues. Former CIA Director William Colby, who also works the lecture circuit these days, is quite happy to appear on the same platform, although the two men totally disagree in public and in private.

As we sat in his spacious but lived-in basement study, Marchetti made it clear why he was prepared to talk about the CIA's activities at Pine Gap. First, he said, there was little or nothing the Russians and the Chinese did not know about the satellite stations. The only reason for continued government secrecy was to keep the Australian Parliament and public ignorant so they wouldn't rock the boat. Second, he believes the CIA should have to justify what it's doing. Finally, it was time to speak out because the Pine Gap issue has "spilled over into Australia's internal politics".

We talked for several hours, first at his home and then over a Chinese meal at his favorite local restaurant. His manner is quiet but firm and, despite threats against his life and his family, he is unremitting and remorseless in his condemnation of the CIA's excesses and illegalities.

Pine Gap, he says, became part of a "screw-the-Aussies project", designed to deceive and destabilise the Whitlam Government.

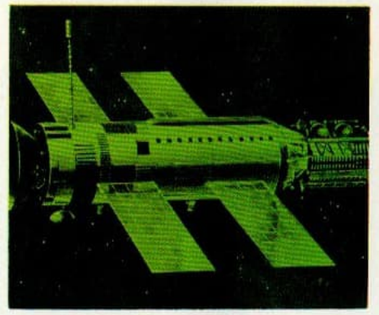
It didn't begin that way. Back in the mid-1960s, the CIA's scientists and engineers made a momentous technological breakthrough. They discovered a way of using a satellite 35,680km up in space to intercept microwave and millimetre wavelength radio signals emitted by Soviet transmitters. These included radar installations, and the signals emitted by Russian missiles as they were launched from hidden sites in the Soviet Union. This kind of signals intelligence (or SIGINT) was known to be possible from ground receivers within line of sight of the transmitter, or from U-2 spy planes passing over the area, but no one believed it possible from a satellite so deep in space.

The key point about a satellite at 35,200km is that it can be held in geostationary orbit, so that it keeps pace with the rotation of the earth and hence is permanently stationed over the same spot. Orbiting reconnaissance satellites at lower altitudes only pass over the Soviet Union at fixed intervals, so the Russians can time their missile launches to take place between passes.

The CIA codenamed the new breakthrough Project Rhyolite. The ideal location for the Rhyolite satellite was over Borneo, and for its ground station — Central Australia.

Interviews with experts in space science confirm that Project Rhyolite's capabilities made it a unique development. Some still find it hard to believe. The CIA guarded its secret very jealously and insisted on retaining control of the system, including Pine Gap. Some technical aspects of the project were handed over to other agencies, including the National Reconnaissance Office (NRO), the top-secret US Air Force intelligence unit which operates satellite programs for the rest of the intelligence community. The NRO is so secret its existence has never been officially acknowledged by the US Government, although William Colby commits a "breach of security" by naming it in his recently-published autobiography.

One major achievement of the CIA's new discovery was that the Rhyolite satellite gave 24-hour monitoring of the radio signals called telemetry which missiles and spacecraft transmit back to their command centres. Telemetry signals are like the nerve signals which tell your brain how the body is functioning — whether you are feeling heat, cold, pain, thirst and so on. In a sophisticated



> Pine Gap became part of a project to screw the Aussies.

missile — one that could reach the US — there are more than 50 telemetry channels reporting on every aspect of the missile's performance: its speed, direction, fuel consumption, temperature etc. Analysis of these signals tells the CIA the number of warheads and their probable targets.

This vital intelligence means it is the CIA rather than the Pentagon or any other agency which gets first warning of a nuclear attack on the United States and, in the atmosphere of fierce inter-agency rivalry within the US bureaucracy, that means the CIA retains its supremacy as the President's watchdog.

As Rhyolite developed it became, in Marchetti's words, a "a multi-purpose vacuum cleaner", sucking electronic signals 35,000km into space and feeding them to the enormous computer complex at Pine Gap. It was also able to eavesdrop on telephones, on communications between Russian tank commanders on manoeuvres and even reportedly on the car radio used by a top member of the Politburo driving through Moscow's streets. Its capacity was extended to China and more satellites were put in geostationary orbit.

The key to Rhyolite's continued success lay in concealing its existence from the Russians, who didn't believe the technology was possible. This is where the bright boys of the Company dreamed up a cover story which was so clever it fooled even America's best-informed writers on defence and space electronics. It was also the cover story told to some Australian Government people who were allegedly fully briefed on the functions of Pine Gap.

One big problem the CIA faced was that there is no such thing as a secret satellite launching. Every space vehicle put into orbit is noticed by friend and foe alike, and details are published regularly by organisations such as the International Telecommunications Union, the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough and NASA.

The method the Americans chose to disguise the Rhyolite launchings has not been revealed in print before. There was a semi-secret project for early warning satellites, which detected the blast-off of an enemy missile by infra-red photography. Now known by the designation Program 647, this infra-red process has been described in detail in technical journals and, because it also uses a geostationary satellite, expert commentators worked out Pine Gap must be a ground station for Program 647 satellites. The important Aviation Week and Space Technology magazine has often put forward this explanation and of course the CIA has not corrected it.

The truth is that the 647 satellites are linked not to Pine Gap, but to Nurrungar, which is operated by the US Air Force. It's almost certain the Russians were equally confused, until one day in 1975. The source of their enlightenment was a young American communications clerk, Christopher John Boyce, who worked for the company which made the satellites for Project Rhyolite *and* Program 647.

There's a seedy cinema in downtown San Diego, California, called The Tower. Last June it was showing My Secret Life, with a lurid poster proclaiming Hard Core to the Max!

A few blocks away, at 808 Union Street, is a modern 24-storey building. It could be an office block but for the fact there are no windows visible from the outside. This is the Metropolitan Correctional Center, San Diego, which opened its doors about the same time that Christopher Boyce began his secret life in the code room of TRW Inc, a Californian aerospace firm.

The entrance lobby is austere but carpeted, with comfortable lounge chairs for visitors. The first thing that makes you realise you're not in an ordinary office building is a metal detector archway, not unlike the latest models at airports.

Beside it is a warning sign, in English and Spanish: X-RAY WILL DETONATE ANY EXPLOSIVE DEVICE PLACED IN THIS MACHINE.

A closed-circuit TV camera observed us as we sat, otherwise alone, at a formica-top table in the visiting room on the 22nd floor, and I suppose our conversation was recorded. Nevertheless, he talked freely about his crime, about Pine Gap, and about the CIA and Australia. Because he is appealing against his sentence of 40 years imprisonment, much of what Boyce said must remain — for the present — unpublished.

Now aged 26, Boyce is very articulate and intelligent. Tested at college, his IQ was 145. He seemed to know more about the present Australian political scene than any other American I met outside the ranks of professional diplomats. He expressed the view that Fraser was in trouble handling the economy and asked how Hayden was settling in to the Labor Party leadership.

According to Boyce's evidence at his trial in April 1977, it was the Australian connection which led the TRW code clerk into a short-lived career of espionage. He testified that he learnt from secret messages sent from the CIA that the agency was "deceiving Australia", and what it was doing in 1975 was "worse than in Chile", where it had helped to overthrow the elected Allende government. Boyce gave evidence that he tried to make this public through a friend, Daulton Lee, but instead of getting it published anonymously Lee sold the information to the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City. From then on, Boyce testified, he was obliged to supply defence secrets to the Russians for nearly two years.

Whatever the merits of the evidence he gave at the trial, Boyce remains to this day convinced that the CIA deceived and destabilised the Whitlam Government. As one example he cited a Pine Gap satellite project introduced in 1975 codenamed Argus, the details of which were deliberately kept from the Australian Government. He described Argus as "a bigger and better Rhyolite" which was used "to cut the Australians out of certain information which should have gone to them".

Boyce also says that Pine Gap has the capacity to monitor Australian domestic communications.

The Rhyolite and Argus satellites operate by picking up all transmissions on certain frequencies. Unwanted data is sifted out by computers on the ground.

These frequencies include the microwave band which in Australia carries much of the Telex and STD phone traffic. Any communications sent via OTC satellites — which include the government's secret cables to diplomatic posts abroad — are also snared in the Rhyolite/Argus net.

The CIA says this material is weeded out as a matter of policy. A former top CIA officer has said it is not Pine Gap's mission to monitor Australian communications but, the agency man added, in proof of its capacity, "if by hazard it picked up domestic conversations, it would get no further than the responsible Australian desk officer". We only have the CIA's word for that, and US congressional inquiries in 1974 and 1975 have established that the CIA was systematically lying to its own government.

As Victor Marchetti put it: "By God, the CIA has been spying on us, the American people, and trying to play games in this country. So why wouldn't they do something to Australia if they felt it was in their best interests?"

When Boyce's allegations of CIA deception made headlines in 1977, they inevitably resurrected the circumstances of the Whitlam Government's dismissal in November 1975. In the first week of November Whitlam caused an almighty flap at Langley, which led to an amazing message from the CIA to the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation, threatening to cut intelligence links with Australia.

> The CIA has been spying on the American people. Why wouldn't they do something to Australia?

On November 2, at the height of the political crisis caused by the Liberal/NCP-dominated Senate's blocking of the Budget, Whitlam made an electioneering-type remark accusing the National Country Party of accepting CIA money. The basis of his statement was that NCP leader Doug Anthony had rented his Canberra house to a CIA officer, Richard Lee Stallings, the first chief of Pine Gap. Whitlam did not name Stallings (it was the Australian Financial Review's Brian Toohey who revealed his name) but the CIA blamed Whitlam. It was even more angry when the well-informed weekly, Nation Review, published the names of Stallings' successors and the then CIA station chief in Canberra.

On November 8 the government's chief defence scientist, Dr John Farrands, told Sir John Kerr of the CIA's panic over the Stallings-Pine Gap disclosures. Attempts were made to persuade Whitlam to declare that Stallings was simply another Pentagon employee and thus preserve the secret that MERINO was really a CIA installation.

On November 10, the CIA told ASIO (in a telegram later leaked to the press) that Whitlam's behavior threatened to "blow the lid off those installations in Australia" where the CIA was working "which are vital to both our services and countries, particularly the installation at Alice Springs". The statement that Pine Gap is essential to ASIO reinforced speculation that the base has a role in monitoring domestic communications. Whether that role is passive or active is another question. There are also those who believe that the news of the CIA's panic over Whitlam was a factor in Kerr's decision to sack the Prime Minister. The Governor-General, with his own background in intelligence work during World War II valued the CIA's links with Canberra and the significance of its threat would not have been lost on him.

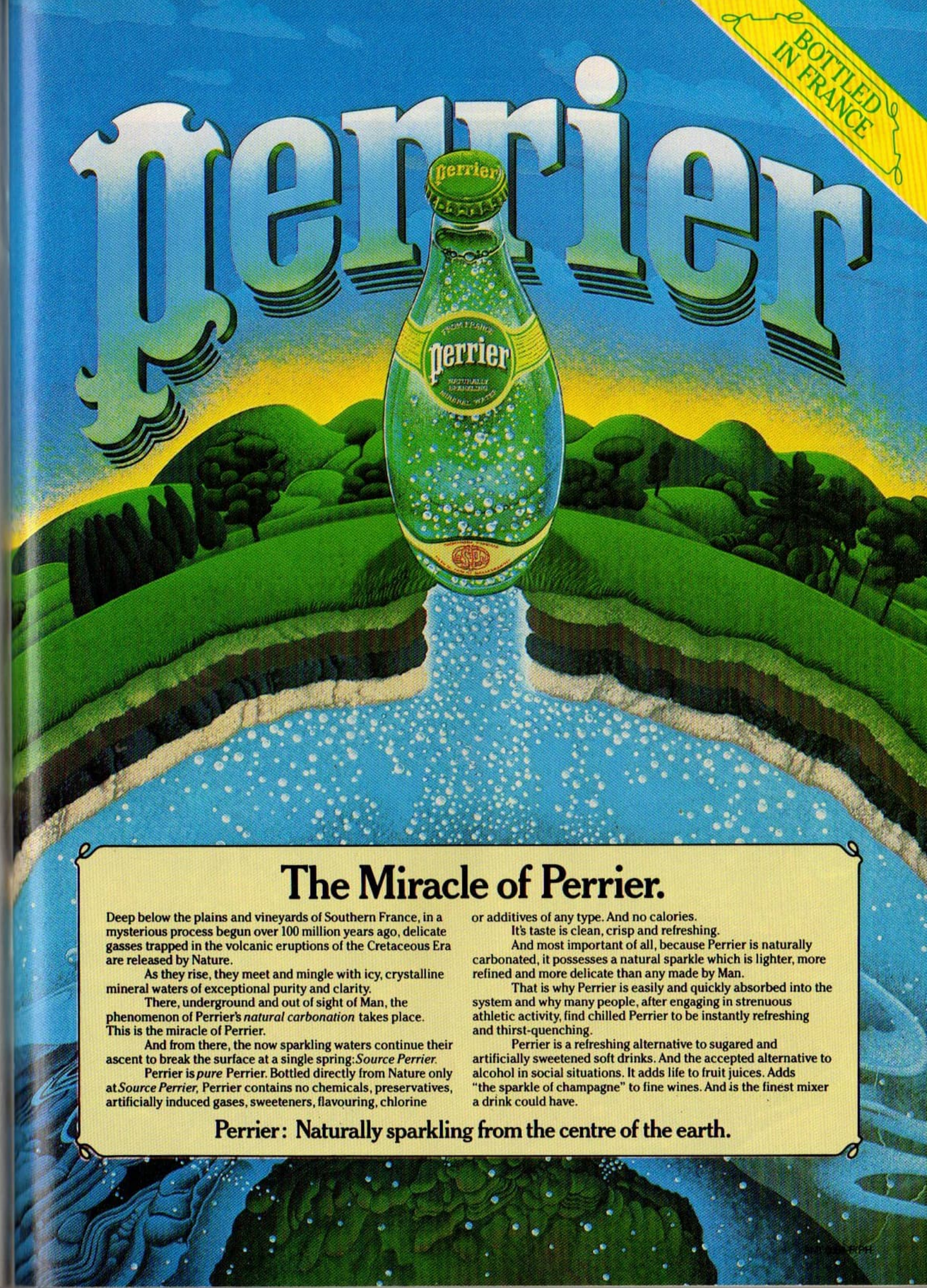
Pine Gap, the mystery space base, has cut a track through Australian politics since its inception. Two Liberal Prime Ministers, Sir John Gorton and Sir William McMahon, have admitted since leaving office that they were not fully aware of what went on there. Whitlam said the same in 1977. Earlier, he had disclosed that Pine Gap, with Nurrungar and North West Cape, were placed on a war alert footing during the 1973 Middle East conflict without the Australian Government being advised.

It is beyond question that the JDSRF plays an important role in preserving the strategic balance between the superpowers — for example, as a means of verifying the SALT agreement. Apart from its ability to monitor telemetry and radar through Rhyolite, it is also a ground station for two orbiting reconnaissance satellite systems, Big Bird and Keyhole, which photograph and eavesdrop on the Soviets and Chinese.

There is also some evidence that Pine Gap is one link in a secret communications system codenamed Pyramider, a plan of which Boyce also sold to the Russians. This technique enables the CIA to communicate via an orbitting satellite with agents and fixed transmitters in "denied areas", i.e. behind enemy lines.

The question that must be asked is whether the importance of the base to the US justifies the loss of Australian sovereignty. How much does the Australian Government know about its functions? Most importantly, if it has been used to eavesdrop on our government, have the Americans given a watertight undertaking not to do it again?

And if they have, how would we know if they were sticking to it?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Perrier: Naturally sparkling from the centre of the earth.

YABBIES

The little Aussie crawler is coming out of the kero tin and on to the silver platters of ritzy restaurants.

We were walking around the border of a lake near a small Victorian country town, two gentlemen on a leisurely stroll discussing the whys and wherefores of life, when suddenly the Frenchman went mad.

"Les ecrevisses, les ecrevisses," he shouted, first at me and then at a group of kids huddled by the lakeside. He ran towards a young girl and, mon dieu!, gesticulated manically, waving a five-dollar note in her face.

I'd seen him do the same to little girls in certain parts of South-East Asia (where I met and travelled with him), and I'd heard his breathless descriptions of the revelries he and the oriental nymphets pursued during those steamy Asian nights. But here in Victoria? Australia!

I knew if he even tried it we'd both be in the merde, so I yelled, "You Gallic gonad, you can't do that . . . ," but before I could finish he ran back to me clutching a dripping hessian bag, opened it for my inspection, and sighed triumphantly: "Les ecrevisses, I 'ave zem."

I looked into the bag and saw a wriggling, writhing mess of crustaceans.

"Yabbies," I said.

"Yab-bees? Non, les ecrevisses!"

As it turned out we were both right for what, roughly speaking, is called a yabby in Australia, is called l'ecrevisse in France. What most Australians regard as an ignominious, dirty little crustacean is, to the French, a delicate gourmet food, and an expensive and increasingly rare one at that.

If Australians deigned to catch and eat this freshwater crayfish (for that is what a yabbie actually is), they did so with a minimum of preparation, the usual recipe being: boil for 5-10 minutes in an old kero tin with plenty of salt — eat with bread and butter. But the French agonise over yabby cuisine and have devised a multitude of recipes created to accentuate and enhance the subtle flavor.

At this point it might be prudent to define "the yabby". Distinctions aren't important to the man-in-the-street, but to the true yabbaficionado they're worth an all-night argument. Australia and North America have the most species and the largest populations of freshwater crayfish. North America has a few more species, but Australia is home to the biggest, and the smallest, yabbies in the world, ranging from a 2cm Queensland nipper to a mind-boggling 4kg monster found only in northern Tasmania.

Slightly smaller than the Tasmanian cray, but still larger than any others in the world, are the spiny Murray Cray and the succulent West Australian Marron, regarded by connoisseurs as the sweetest tasting of them all. While these crays usually inhabit running water, the most prolific species are denizens of murky dams, and it is usually one of the many types of dam dwellers that is dubbed the yabby, an Aboriginal term.

To make matters confusing, various regions within Australia have adopted provincial terms — you will find a yabby being called a crawbob (similar to the American term, crawdad), crawlie, crawler, crawchie, gilgie and lobbie. Lobbie is the term often used by Queenslanders because they have a creature called a yabby which isn't a yabby at all — it's a seawater shrimp and not a freshwater crayfish.

Here, to avoid taxonomical trauma, yabby means any freshwater cray.

In terms of image, the little Aussie crawler is now being paid its dues and, in some circles, it is even becoming "up market". Slowly the yabby is coming out of the

BY PETER OLSZEWSKI

kero tin and on to the polished silver platters of our ritzy restaurants.

The yabby even had the honor of being immortalised in sterling silver — a company advertised offering for sale 1000 only solid silver "beautifully detailed representations of Australia's famous freshwater crustacean in a kid leather bag for the remarkable price of $29".

Yabby recipes and yarns are starting to appear in newspaper columns and the electronic media. Radio man Bob Rogers recently informed his listeners that he had just discovered them; gourmand Len Evans and cooking character Peter Russell-Clarke have featured yabbies in their writings; Margaret Fulton has prepared yabby recipes for the Australian Government.

Bob Menzies is reported to have loved yabbies. So, too, does Malcolm Fraser who, according to eye-witness accounts, exacts a levy of about half of the net catch from youngsters fishing on his property and, perhaps, instilling in the kids his "Life wasn't meant to be easy" ethos.

The yabby has been poorly done by in the annals of Australian literature. Humorist Jim Oram recently wrote: "Patrick White, for instance, has not devoted long and bewildering pages to the yabby, nor has Thomas Kenneally probed the agony of its tortured soul."

The yabby is most often celebrated in prose, or verse, or worse in the outback. The *Wilcannia Paddle Wheel,* described as "the most unusual newspaper in Australia", featured a serial called Yabby Man, which was, of course, about a man with superhuman powers who, as a child, had been thrown into the Darling River and had been saved and reared by yabbies.

In the US, particularly in the Louisiana area, commercial "crawdad" farming is a well-established and profitable industry, but a process for commercial cultivation has not yet been developed in Australia.

There are quite a few would-be commercial cultivators, but no one has been able to harvest crops (herds?) large enough to be feasible for export. But not for want of trying, mind you. Yabby breeders have devised some wacky, ingenious methods to raise their clawed crop. An expatriate Scot, Ian Carstairs, developed a farm in Victoria and raised his 40,000 head of yabbies inside empty beer cans. A manufacturer supplied him with reject bottomless cans and Carstairs claimed that these, tied to the bottom of dams with plastic weed, promoted food growth and increased production.

Carstairs received a grant enabling him to travel throughout South-East Asia to study the feasibility of establishing yabby farms in impoverished areas. At present he is studying crayfish culture at a Scottish university.

Several growers around Griffith in NSW raise yabbies in turkey-nest dams, and a Wagga Murray cod farmer, Pat McLaren, believes that yabbies can be bred and reared like chickens. Tanks inside a building the size of a poultry shed would be the only way to raise yabbies, says McLaren. Tanks solve the problem of yabbies burrowing in the mud or going walkabout.

McLaren claims "a terrific breakthrough on the breeding side". Wild yabbies bear eggs (berry) once or twice a year, but McLaren says that in his laboratory he has been able to berry a female four times a year — without harming her health.

His next problem is to eliminate cannibalism, which is at its worst during the breeding season. In fact, if I were a feminist I'd get rid of the appellation, male chauvinist pig — male chauvinist yabby is much more apt. When it comes to lovemaking, the male yabby is brutal.

French naturalist Marc Andre studied

> The males actively woo the females and often, in their ardour, kill them. Coupling brings on the death of a large number of females.

the sex life of a yabby and reported: "The males actively woo the females and often, in their ardour, kill them. The coupling act often brings on the death of a large number of females." Hmmmm.

CATCHING AND PREPARING YABBIES FOR THE POT

You can catch yabbies in summer and the Murray Cray variety in winter. Simply get about a metre of thick cotton, tie one end to a stick and bash the stick into the dam bank. Tie a piece of meat (if it's a bit "off", all the better) to the other end of the cotton and throw into the water. When the line tugs, you have a "bite". Carefully draw the meat through the water towards you. Bring a small net (a kitchen strainer will do) up behind the meat, scoop, and you should have a yabby in the bag. You can also use drop nets (available at most sports stores) baited with meat.

To transport your catch, place the yabbies in a wet hessian bag and keep the bag moist. *Never* cook and eat a yabby that's dead before it hits the pot. To rid the yabby of the muddy flavor it sometimes has (particularly if it came from a very muddy hole), place it in fresh water for a few hours. Note: you only eat the tail, as with a prawn, and the claws if they are large enough to bother with.

Cooking is simple, too. Boil 'em in salted water for 5-10 minutes, until they turn bright red. But if you have a more adventurous palate, I've selected some recipes for you.

One more preparation hint: you have to remove the intestine which runs the length of the tail. Cut open the tail and remove the intestine after the yabby is cooked. If you keep yabbies in water and starve them for a few days, the intestine will empty itself.

THE RECIPES

Casseroled Yabbies With Cheese

Ingredients: 24-36 yabbies boiled and shelled, mashed potato, 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese, 2 tablespoons fine soft white breadcrumbs.

Ingredients for sauce: 28g butter, 28g flour, cooked yabby shells, 1 cup yabby boiling water, salt and pepper.

Prepare yabbies and mashed potato. To make yabby sauce: Melt butter in a small saucepan, stir in flour and cook 2-3 minutes. Add yabby shells, ground in a mortar or blender to a fine powder, and 1 cup water from boiling yabbies. Cook over a low heat, stirring continuously, until smooth and thickened. Season to taste.

Mix yabbies with the sauce, place in an ovenproof casserole, pipe a border of mashed potato around the edge. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese and breadcrumbs mixed together. Cook in a hot oven for 15-20 minutes or until golden brown. Serves 4-6.

Neunhoffen Yabbies

Pour a litre of dry white wine and 2-3 glasses of water into a pot. Add 3 shallots, 2 big onions, and 2 cloves of garlic, all thickly sliced, 3 shredded carrots, the white part of a leek, a *bouquet garni,* a clove, 6-8 grains of ground pepper and 3 small spoons of salt.

Boil for 30 minutes on a high flame. Throw in 50 live yabbies and let them boil for 20 minutes. Remove from the flame, add a small glass of cognac, 2 lumps of sugar and a little butter, and leave for 30 minutes. Remove the yabbies, drain them, and arrange them on a plate decorated with parsley.

Swedish Yabbies

Ingredients: yabbies, 1 litre salted water, dried dill weed, cold vodka, buttered rye bread.

Bring salted water to the boil in a big pot, then add copious quantities of dried dill weed. Drop in live yabbies at rate that allows the water to return to boil quickly. Boil for 10 minutes after final batch is in pot. Allow to cool overnight, then remove and drain yabbies. Serve with cold vodka and buttered rye bread.

The real test of a good scotch.

The real test of a good scotch is to taste it, not knowing which brand it is, mixed 50-50 with water. And then to compare it with some others, similarly unidentified.

Every popular scotch whisky is made by blending pure malt whiskies with other less expensive grain whiskies. The malt whisky moulds the character and the personality of the blend. The more there is, the smoother and more distinctive the taste.

Malt whisky, however, is expensive; at least twice the price of grain whiskies. Perhaps because of this, most other brands tend to be more than a little sparing with it.

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Teachers has an unusually high proportion of pure malt whiskies in its blend. We believe that this is the only way to blend a great whisky.

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Teacher's.
In a class of its own.
Established 1830.

*National Opinion Poll, January 1978.

Dailey/TW91

If you fret about who polices the police, you'll flip over the activities of Australia's twilight cops.

THE NARCS: A POLITICAL TIMEBOMB

BY JOHN HALPIN

A multi-State police inquiry is probing accusations of a leak within the Federal Narcotics Bureau — a leak which allegedly led to the brutal gangland executions of members of an international drug trafficking syndicate.

The inquiry members, representatives of the Commonwealth, Victorian, NSW and Queensland police forces, would do well to expand their horizons to look into wider questions of the bureau's political activities, and operating methods which are socially questionable and may be, at times, illegal. And they should seek to establish the level of corruption which exists in the bureau.

Investigations by *Penthouse* reveal a series of new allegations concerning the activities of the bureau which should be the subject of a Royal Commission.

They are:

- The Narcotics Bureau has compiled files on Federal politicians and their families. Included are Senator Don Chipp and at least one other politician.
- Vital evidence — an agent's notebook — in a trial of a former narcotics agent was in the bureau's possession although it claimed it was missing. The notebook allegedly contained "incriminating remarks" which the bureau did not want aired in court.
- The Narcotics Bureau and the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation have formed a close relationship.
- Registered informers for the Narcotics Bureau receive up to 25% of seized hauls and are allowed to traffic in drugs with impunity.

Attempts to verify these allegations with the Narcotics Bureau were met with a terse "no comment". Deputy director Brian Bates, brother of director Harvey Bates, said: "You surely wouldn't want me to comment to you on matters like that." Asked if that meant he wouldn't answer any questions, Bates said: "I am not saying that at all. But if you expect me to make a comment to you over the telephone on something like that . . . dear, dear, me, what's the world coming to." Bates continued: "I deal with matters of fact over the telephone." And when it was suggested to him that he was saying I had no factual basis for my inquiries, he said: "I am not telling you anything at all."

Bates' reaction is typical of the bureau's attitude to making public many aspects of its affairs. In six years of reporting bureau activities, I have found the only source of substantial information has been through the courts. The trials in 1977 and 1978 of former narcotics agent Ian Ramsay Brown provided the first public evidence to substantiate long-standing allegations against the bureau. Even defence counsel found answers on oath eye-opening surprises.

With Australian libel laws providing protection for wrongdoers — and many courts assisting them by prohibiting publication of proceedings — I am not able to name in this report as many names as I would like. In America, investigative journalism has been greatly enhanced by almost total freedom of the press. An investigator probing public figures or institutions needs only to have information corroborated by two sources and he must *believe* the information to be correct (even if it isn't) to be immune from a successful libel suit. In Australia, information must be backed by evidence which will stand up in court, and even if the information is true, truth alone is not a defence against libel in some States, such as NSW.

For these reasons, much of what follows can be — and probably will be — denied. Without the privileged protection of court evidence or a Royal Commission, those who wish to hide the truth are likely to get away with it.

The Federal Narcotics Bureau was established in 1969. Concerned with the growing drug problem, and anticipating its rapid growth on international trends, the Liberal Minister for Customs and Excise, now Senator Don Chipp, set up the bureau as a national law enforcement agency specifically to stop the importation of drugs into Australia. Its role also included the task of stopping the export of drugs from Australia.

When the bureau was formed, the Vietnam war was raging and the Golden Triangle area near northern Thailand had become a major source of drug supply.

With the co-operation and exchange of information from other international drug law enforcement agencies, such as the American Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (now the Drug Enforcement Agency), it was intended for the Narcotics Bureau to break up drug trafficking syndicates bringing drugs into Australia both for the domestic market and transhipment to other countries, mainly the US.

From the outset, law enforcement agencies, primarily the Commonwealth Police, opposed the bureau. The opposition

saw the elite Narcotics Bureau as both unnecessary and unsuitable for the task.

The Commonwealth Police considered themselves the logical agency to do the job, while State police forces felt that they, together with Interpol, could handle the situation.

However, under the control of the then head of the Customs Department, the late Sir Alan Carmody, the Narcotics Bureau went into operation with Harvey Bates as its director.

Personnel for the new agency were drawn from the Customs Department and State police forces. The legal powers for the bureau were derived from the Customs Act. This had certain advantages, such as not needing specific search warrants to carry out raids.

Under the Act, officers have an open warrant to search for and seize goods suspected of being illegally imported.

The Commonwealth and State police forces were jealous of these powers and were persistent in their criticism of the bureau's lack of investigative skills.

But the Narcotics Bureau possessed more sophisticated equipment — such as electronic listening devices — and took on an elitist view of itself as the agency capable of doing the job.

In the initial years, the bureau conducted joint operations with State police, but as its confidence and the underlying friction grew, it dispensed with them.

One of the main reasons for friction and lack of co-operation between the bureau and the NSW police is an incident which occurred in the late '60s. A senior bureau officer, working in Sydney, didn't hesitate to express his contempt for the methods used by the NSW police in the detection of drug offences.

This officer was apprehended on charges of allegedly driving negligently and offensive behavior. Two days later, according to my sources, the home of the arresting NSW police officer was raided by bureau agents. They allegedly found a quantity of drugs in the cop's possession and, surprise surprise, no evidence was given on the driving charge — and the drug possession charge was never proceeded with.

The story goes that the drugs were planted to impress on the NSW force the stupidity of pressing charges against bureau officers.

The bureau's methods were simple — infiltrate the suspected drug rings with undercover agents and obtain information which could lead to arrests and drug seizures. But the difficulties experienced by undercover agents in gaining the trust of those using drugs meant the Narcotics Bureau had to build up a network of informers.

Ten years after its formation the bureau's effectiveness can be measured. While it has been able to penetrate the middle levels of the drug trafficking echelon, it has failed to stop the large-scale importations of drugs and arrest any of the big syndicate leaders.

This is best indicated by the formation of a new task force, set up to come to grips with the big operators in the drug trade, which was jointly announced by Prime Minister Fraser and NSW Premier Wran on May 5 this year.

This task force is drawn from the Commonwealth Police Force, the Federal Narcotics Bureau, and the NSW Police Force.

This group is working on confidential evidence gathered by the Commonwealth and NSW Royal Commissions, together with leads sifted by Commonwealth police.

The new task force has been deliberately formed to overcome criticism that, with some exceptions, the Narcotics Bureau has only been successful against small-time drug pushers and couriers.

Under the Customs Act, officers have an open warrant to search for and seize goods suspected of being illegally imported.

The bureau is also plagued with the same problem that has affected all drug law enforcement agencies throughout the world — corruption. Information indicates the Narcotics Bureau has found seven corrupt agents within its ranks since its inception. But the Brown case and the recent allegations of an agent leaking information from the computer suggest it is more widespread.

With the enormous profits made in the illegal drug trafficking business, it is understandable how agents are bought. The temptations are simply too strong.

Rumors and continuing allegations make the clandestine operations of the Federal Narcotics Bureau a potential political timebomb.

THE DOSSIERS

Strong evidence suggests the Federal Narcotics Bureau has conducted covert surveillance, and compiled dossiers, on Federal politicians to be used when the bureau feels it is necessary.

These clandestine spyforce-style operations have been undertaken in a sinister atmosphere of secrecy. The information obtained gives the bureau a powerful political base in the tough infighting which goes on among the Canberra bureaucracy.

For reasons of security, the bureau's operations are internally compartmented so that one agent hasn't a clue as to what another may be doing. This policy of giving information out only on a "need to know" basis is common to all the bureau's operations.

Tipped off that the bureau has kept files on politicians, I sought verification from a former senior agent, Peter Yeates, a highly skilled investigator with the Narcotics Bureau in Melbourne. He left the bureau in 1975, disenchanted and disgusted with the bureau's failure to charge Ian Ramsay Brown in 1974.

Yeates claimed that, in 1973, he and Senior Narcotics Agent Bruce Dixon had followed and kept surveillance on Senator Chipp's eldest daughter, Deborah, for three weeks. A large file of photographs and written reports was compiled.

In 1973, 17-year-old Deborah Chipp was engaged in the first year of a course at Melbourne University, having completed her secondary education at one of Melbourne's exclusive girls' schools.

Her father, now leader of the Australian Democrats, was the Liberal Party shadow Minister for Health and Social Security.

On a Sunday afternoon in 1973, agents Yeates and Dixon were called to the house of the bureau deputy director, Brian Bates, and given the top secret assignment of placing surveillance on Deborah Chipp. At the time, Brian Bates was Chief Narcotics Agent (Operations) stationed in Melbourne.

Yeates and Dixon were told by Brian Bates that Deborah Chipp had a minor association with an American male student. Their thorough surveillance and investigation disclosed no evidence of any involvement at all with drugs. And there were never any charges made.

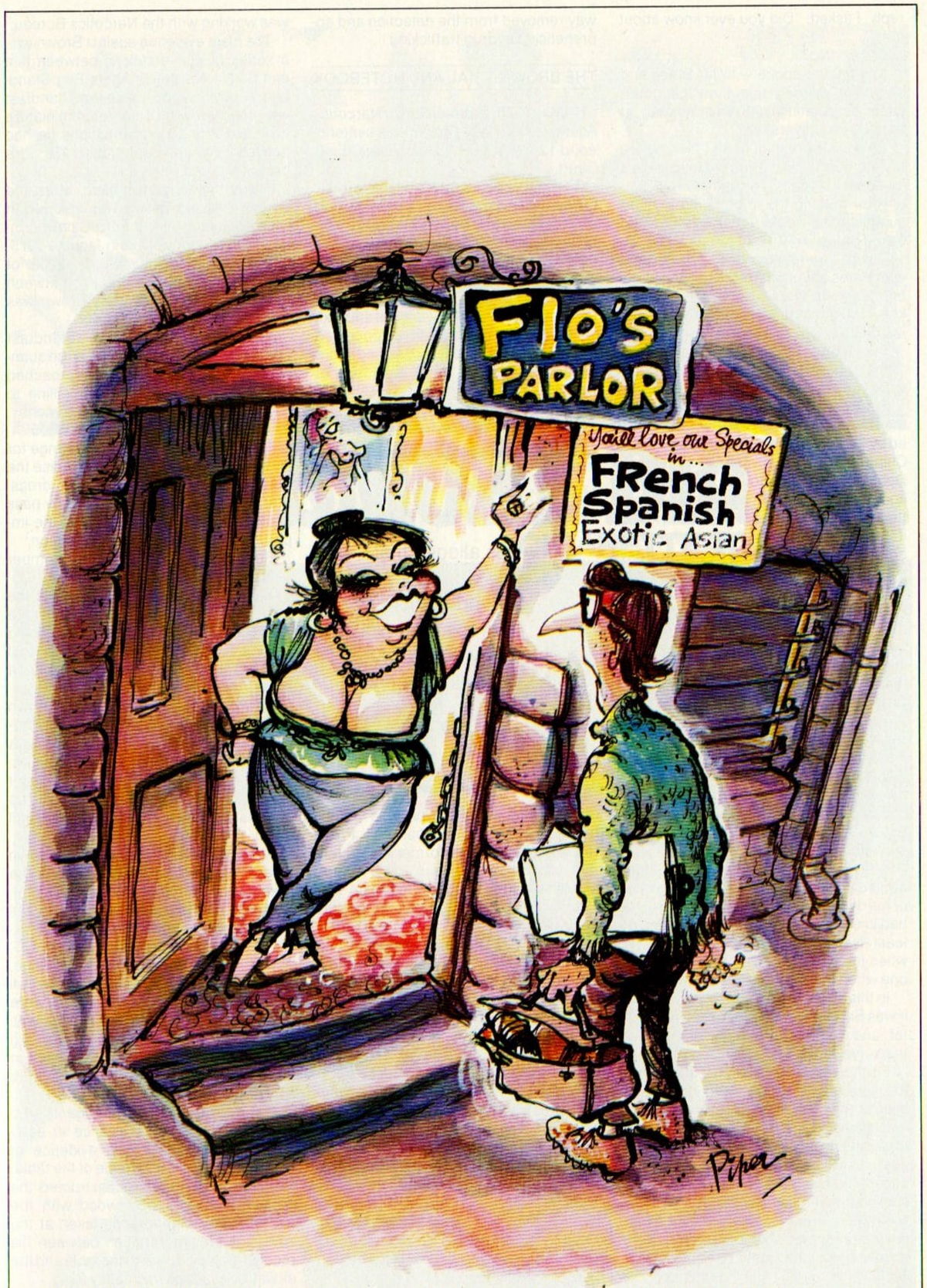
Yeates said he thought at the time the operation was being done by bureau director Harvey Bates as a personal favor for his former Minister, who may have been concerned that his daughter was associating with drug users.

But he said: "Now, in retrospect, I do not know if Chipp asked for it at all. We were given very little information from the start, which was unusual."

I called on Senator Chipp and asked: "Do you think that at any stage the bureau has conducted any kind of covert surveillance on politicians?" He replied: "I've got no evidence of it and I wouldn't believe it."

I asked: "What would you say to the proposition that two Narcotics agents, somewhere in the years 1969 to 1973, had your daughter under surveillance at Melbourne University?"

After a pause in which Chipp did not



"Post grad Latin roots? That's a newy on me, luv . . . but I'll guarantee to straighten you out in French!"

reply, I asked: "Did you ever know about that?"

Chipp: "No."

"You never spoke with Mr Bates and said 'I'm worried about my daughter, she's associating with an American at Melbourne University.'?"

Chipp: "There was one . . . let me jog my memory . . . Well, you seem to know a lot about it, you jog my memory."

After relating the information to him I suggested he would remember if he had asked Bates to carry out the surveillance.

Chipp: "I remember I had a discussion with Bates about an American who knew my daughter. Now why I did . . . I don't know whether he raised it or whether I raised it."

Pressed for more details, Chipp said: "What's the significance of this? I don't want you bringing my daughter into it."

Put to him that the agents believed at the time the operation had been authorised by him and had he given that authority, Chipp said: "No. I vaguely remember Debbie went out a couple of times with some fellow. I don't even remember how that information came to me. I don't know if the information came from the Narcotics Bureau or whether it came from another souce."

Chipp had no knowledge of whether the American had ever been charged with any offence. The subject of bureau surveillance of his daughter was terminated when I asked: "Were you aware that the Narcotics Bureau held any files on politicians, including the Minister?"

He replied tersely: "You seem to be following a course which denigrates the Narcotics Bureau, and I put it to you, and I want to be quoted, if you've got hard evidence that the Narcotics Bureau has covered up corruption in its own ranks you've got a duty to disclose that evidence."

Clearly, from my interview with Chipp, he had no knowledge of the surveillance of his daughter. It's logical, because if he had known he would have to have had at least two conversations about it. One when the surveillance was arranged and one when the results were known.

In this case the only mystery is whether it was Bates or Chipp who raised the matter, and whether this was before or after the surveillance.

Further inquiries disclose that a former top ranking Commonwealth policeman alleges that the bureau holds a file on at least one other Federal politician. It is not under the politician's own name. We suggest a check on the dossier filed under the codename Harry Banes (which could be spelled Bains).

If the bureau is engaged in these political activities — unless there is some unknown reason to justify them — then it is clear the bureau has overstepped the mark and is operating in an unauthorised, and probably illegal, manner. It is a long way removed from the detection and apprehension of drug trafficking.

THE BROWN TRIAL AND NOTEBOOK

In May 1978, a former Senior Narcotics Agent, Ian Ramsay Brown, was sentenced to 12 years' jail by Melbourne County Court.

The 40-year-old mastermind of a multi-million dollar international drug trafficking syndicate is now head botanist at Melbourne's Pentridge jail (probably in charge of pot plants!).

Brown was convicted of being knowingly concerned in the importation of 137lb of buddha sticks (valued at approximately $250,000) which were concealed in a Ford Galaxy car consigned from Bangkok, and also the theft of 35lb of lebanese gold hashish (valued at $35,000) from the Narcotics Bureau.

Brown was acquitted of a third charge of conspiring with Robert Harold Leith, a former Victorian policeman, Peter Dawson, (registered informer No 553 with the Narcotics Bureau) and Lance McMillan, former backing musician with Johnny Farnham, to import drugs into Australia.

> It was alleged that Brown had facilitated the importation of drugs while he was working with the Narcotics Bureau.

In August 1977, Leith pleaded guilty to the conspiracy and being involved in the importation of the buddha sticks in the Galaxy. He was jailed for seven years.

In October 1977, Dawson and McMillan were acquitted after a jury deliberated for 31 hours.

Brown was arrested in Surfers Paradise on August 23, 1977, after he failed to appear at his trial earlier that month.

Ian Ramsay Brown had joined the Federal Narcotics Bureau in 1970. Previously he had been a senior detective with the Victoria police. After displaying large amounts of unexplained wealth in 1974, Brown was investigated by the bureau. In July 1974, Brown resigned from the bureau and worked in a series of used car yards.

It was alleged that Brown had facilitated the importation of drugs while he was working with the Narcotics Bureau.

The main evidence against Brown was a series of conversations between him and Senior Narcotics Agent Reg Standfast. Brown did not realise that Standfast was equipped with a secreted miniature tape and that 18 conversations he had between May and September 1975 were being recorded.

These tapes were made after the bureau realised Brown was involved in the importation of the Ford Galaxy containing the buddha sticks in January 1975.

It was alleged that at least 220lb of drugs came into the country between March and June 1974 while Brown was still with the bureau.

The conversations with Standfast revealed other plans to import large quantities of drugs. Standfast had approached Brown and indicated he was willing to become involved to make some money. Brown promised him at least $50,000.

The plan was for Brown to arrange for Dawson to fly to Bangkok to organise the purchase and shipping of the drugs. Standfast was to collect them and by-pass customs. Brown was to finance the importation and arrange the distribution.

But Brown was arrested in September 1975.

After his arrest, Brown boasted to the other defendants and his friends that the matter would never get to trial as it would be "fixed" by friends. And during the trial of Leith, Dawson, and McMillan some of the evidence went missing.

For example, in March 1974 Brown went out to Melbourne's Tullamarine airport and collected a crate containing a coffee table sent from South-East Asia. Although he picked it up at 8am, he didn't get back to the Narcotics Bureau offices in William Street (a 30-minute drive) until nearly 11.30am.

At the Narcotics Bureau offices, Brown smashed open the crate and found, in the presence of another Narcotics Agent, Kerry Hill, only four small packets of grass in a huge space under the table top.

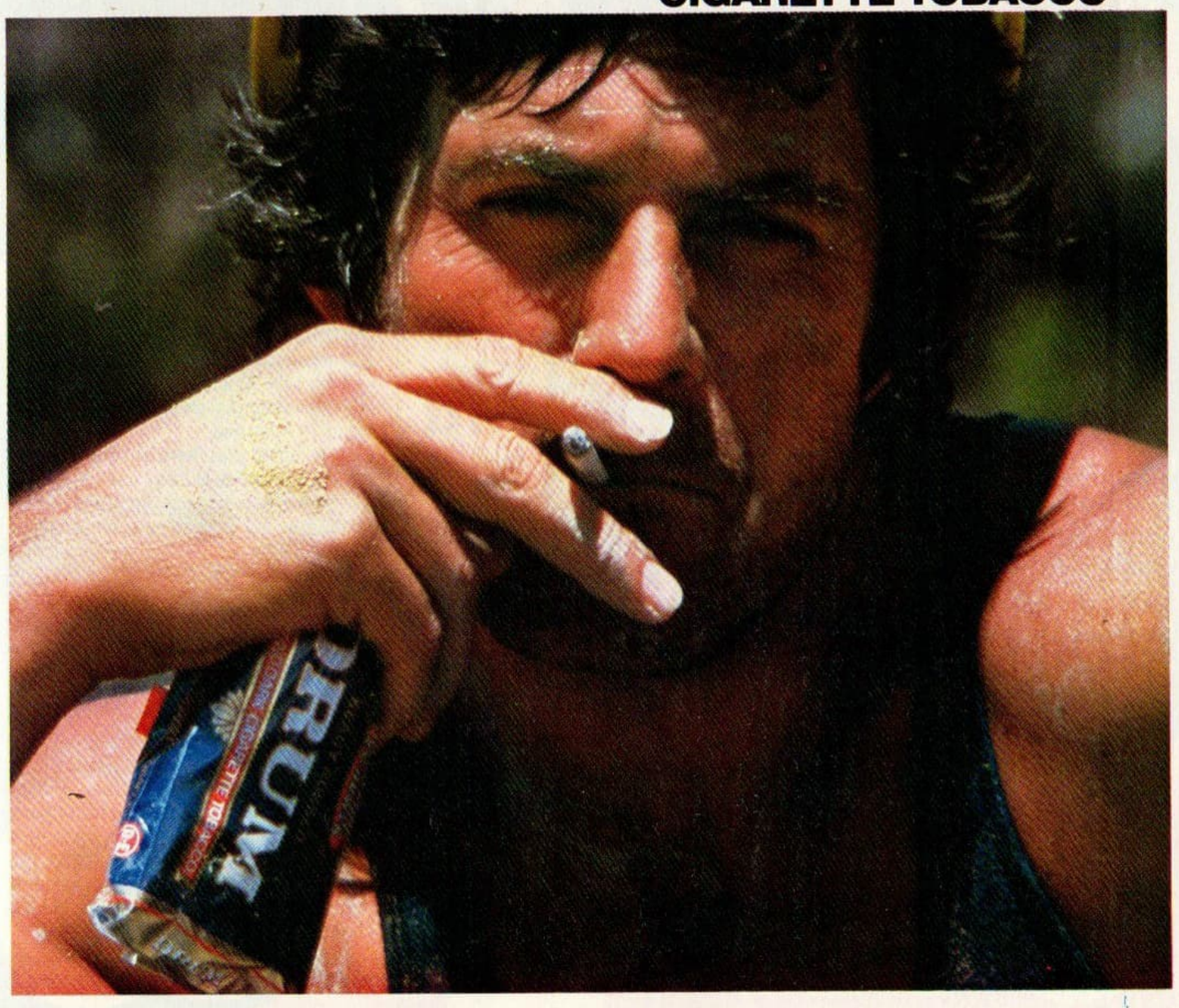
Crown prosecutor Barry Beach, QC, now a Victorian Supreme Court judge, alleged that the empty space had been full of grass and the four small packets were left to cover up the smell. Evidence was called to establish there was up to a 30kg weight difference between the weight at the airport and when the table and crate arrived at the Narcotics Bureau.

Peter Yeates, one of the agents who had Brown under surveillance in early 1974, was called to give evidence of measurements he had made of the table. He told the court he reconstructed the crate from samples of wood with the assistance of photographs taken at the time. The weight variation between his reconstructed crate with the table and the airway bill was approximately 23kg.

But this critical evidence was weak because the bureau claimed it had lost

MEN SMOKE DRUM

CIGARETTE TOBACCO



Yeates' notebook with the precise measurements and calculations he made when he had reconstructed the crate. This missing notebook gave defence counsel the opportunity to create doubts in the mind of the jury.

If the notebook had been presented at the trial there would have been no doubt as to the importation of drugs. With it missing, there was no real proof.

Yeates now claims he sent the notebook to bureau headquarters in Canberra. "I put it in an envelope, sealed it, and addressed it to Harvey Bates," he told me. He also said he saw the notebook in the hands of the prosecution at the trial when he gave evidence, but claimed it was not used in evidence because it contained other incriminating remarks.

A source in the bureau said it was not possible to determine how many times Brown had used this method to import. It was hard to detect and the evidence did not remain in existence for very long. When a search discloses there is only a small amount of grass hidden in furniture, it is placed in a Government bond store. If someone comes to pick it up the bureau is notified. But if it isn't, the furniture is destroyed after three months.

This then provided a foolproof method for someone in Brown's position because there could be no way of comparing the furniture's weight with that on the airway bill after the furniture's destruction.

ASIO AND THE NARC BUREAU

A close relationship between the Federal Narcotics Bureau and ASIO is being formalised by legislation presently before Federal Parliament.

The Customs Amendment Act 1979 (1 and 2) grant extensive powers to the bureau for electronic eavesdropping on suspected drug traffickers.

Powers for the bureau to listen to and record private telephone conversations are contained in another piece of legislation — the ASIO Bill 1979.

With these unprecedented powers, the bureau can place electronic listening devices in premises and also tap telephones. The information gained can then be used as evidence in court.

The problem for civil liberties caused by this legislation is not only the primary invasion of privacy, but also the purposes for which the information can be used if no drug trafficking offences are disclosed.

The Customs Amendment Act 1979 makes it an offence, carrying a fine of $1000 or two years' jail, for divulging information obtained by listening devices other than for the purposes of narcotics investigation, with an exception being, "Where the information relates or appears to relate to activities that constitute, or to intended activities that would constitute activities prejudicial to security, within the meaning of the Australian Security Intelligence Act 1979 — the information may be communicated to the person holding, or performing the duties of, the office of Director General of Security under that Act".

This section of the new Customs Amendment Act extends the Narcotics Bureau's powers outside the area of drug trafficking and into the sensitive area of politics, and formalises an exchange of information between the two agencies.

Similarly, under the definitions of subversion as laid out in the ASIO Bill 1979, it could be argued that drug trafficking is "prejudicial to national security" and thus a legitimate area of ASIO activity and surveillance.

In the US, there have been a series of revelations — and criticisms — of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) using the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) as a cover for covert political activities.

The new Customs Amendment and ASIO Bills suggest similar operations may occur in Australia.

By alleging that there are drugs involved, the Narcotics Bureau can be used to carry out surveillance in areas where ASIO does not want to be seen as having an interest.

ASIO already trains bureau personnel and assists in other areas of the bureau's operations, such as the use of electronic equipment. It is only to be expected that its listening devices and telephone tapping equipment will also be used.

The Narcotics Bureau has been using sophisticated electronic equipment in surveillance for the past 10 years. It is not widely known that the bureau makes video films of suspected drug traffickers' movements and also records raids. It is apparent that with the legislative formalisation of the two agencies' relations, that there will be an increase in the exchange of information.

But all may not be plain sailing. An agent told me how he had attended a

"Okay, let's see if I've got this right . . . two missionaries, two blowjobs, one golden shower, and one around-the-world — hold the balls . . ."

CINZANO

surveillance course run by ASIO at the Commonwealth Police Training School at South Head in Sydney.

He said that in one exercise ASIO personnel gave instructions for the agents to follow their car and made a location for the agents to meet after ASIO had lost them. But the ASIO agents didn't manage to throw off the Narcs nor did they realise they had failed! The Narcotics agent said: "ASIO ran the course, but it was ratshit."

INFORMERS — A LICENCE TO DEAL

A controversial area of the Narcotics Bureau's operations is the use of registered informers.

Registered informers are people who provide information on drug trafficking to the Narcotics Bureau. They are paid by the bureau in return.

Investigations disclose they are paid up to 25% of seized hauls, subject to the amount of work they have had to do to locate the drugs and the people dealing them.

On receipt of information, the bureau gives these people a number to preserve their security. This is called registration. Usually they are known only to the Narcotics agent to whom they are supplying information and the bureau commander. These people are known as "dogs" in the bureau, which is why the agent who is dealing with them is referred to as the "handler".

Most of the informers are pressured into doing this work. They find themselves busted and the raiding agents put the proposition to them — either supply information or go to court.

Many are unofficially permitted to traffic without fear of prosecution in return for a steady flow of good information.

In the Brown trial, evidence was given of one registered informer whose name was supressed by court order. Under oath he said: "A man has got to be silly not to work with the Narcs. Plenty of money and no risk."

This informer was a heroin dealer who had committed armed robberies on other dealers and chemist shops without prosecution.

Other registered informers are referred to as "career intelligence gatherers". They infiltrate suspected drug rings to obtain the foundations for prosecutions of organised syndicates.

These are a rarer kind of informer. An example was Peter Dawson, who worked for Ian Brown.

As his defence counsel told the court: "He was trained by the Narcotics Bureau, paid to operate in the twilight, encouraged to operate in the grey area which may have resulted in death for him."

Dawson was practically an agent of the bureau without a title. But when he found himself charged with Ian Brown he didn't have many good words for the bureau. Dawson said: "The bureau used me like a rag. When they are finished with you, they just throw you away." He claimed he knew half a dozen people who were now dead because their covers were blown.

He told the jury: "The sort of intimidation methods and blackmail they (the bureau) used . . . it used to make me sick what they did."

Another registered informer, who was thrown out of a seventh floor window of a hotel in Bangkok and survived, was involved in sending large amounts of heroin to Australia concealed in backgammon sets.

The person receiving the heroin was eventually arrested and sentenced to six years' jail. But the registered informer, who would have made close to $50,000 from the trafficking, was allowed to return to Australia without being charged with any offence.

It is clear the bureau doesn't care what methods are used to apprehend traffickers as long as there are results on the board.

> Even with the establishment of the probe into the alleged leak from the Narcotics Bureau, many questions still remain.

THE WILSON MURDERS

In May, the bodies of Douglas and Isabel Wilson were discovered in a shallow grave at the Victorian coastal resort of Rye. They had both been shot in the head in a gangland-style execution. Initial Victorial police inquiries established that the Wilsons were from Sydney and appeared to be addicts, but little else.

But a discovery by Victorian police that the Wilsons were informers for the Federal Narcotics Bureau changed the nature of the investigation. What appeared to be a straightforward homicide investigation turned into a search for the leaders of a ruthless multi-million dollar drug trafficking syndicate. The Wilsons appear to be the eighth and ninth victims of that syndicate, and reports in July suggest their toll may now be in double figures.

The Victorian police were angered at the failure of the Federal Narcotics Bureau to inform them of the Wilsons' activities. What the bureau knew, and the Victorian police didn't, was that in June 1978 the Wilsons had been apprehended in Brisbane and had made a series of startling allegations. In a 50-page statement to the Queensland police and the Federal Narcotics Bureau, the Wilsons told of their activities as couriers for an international heroin trafficking syndicate. They claimed the syndicate had a Narcotics agent in Sydney who provided the ring with information from the bureau's computer.

They alleged this agent was paid an annual retainer of $25,000, together with receiving payments as high as $4000, for supplying other specific information. The Wilsons told police and narcotics agents of the syndicate's activities. They said four members, who they could not identify, had been murdered, and gave the names of three others who had met the same fate.

It is not known whether the Wilsons had other meetings with members of the Narcotics Bureau after June 1978, but it seems they continued to traffic in drugs to support their heroin habits and luxurious Rose Bay lifestyle.

After the deaths of the Wilsons, a New Zealand woman, Mrs Charmaine Hawira, came forward and claimed that her brother, Gregory Ollard, and his girlfriend, Julie Pheilman, who were part of the same syndicate, had also been murdered.

Ollard and his girlfriend have disappeared without trace. Charmaine Hawira is adamant they are dead, as she claims her brother would have contacted her at Christmas and on other family occasions if he were alive.

Mrs Hawira also claims she notified the New Zealand police of her brother being missing. Both the NSW and Victorian police say they didn't receive this information and didn't know of Ollard being missing until after the Wilson murders.

Even with the establishment of the multi-State police force probe into the alleged leak from the Narcotics Bureau, many questions still remain.

Perhaps the kind of inquiry being pursued is not the best one. As Senator Chipp said: "There is massive corruption in the State police forces."

Indicating the NSW Police Force in general, and the Queensland Drug Squad specifically, he continued: "When you've got a situation like that, to appoint representatives of these State police forces on an inquiry to investigate corruption in the Narcotics Bureau, seems to me to be not only an absurd proposition, but dangerous."

Senator Chipp said he felt the present Police Inquiry into the Narcotics Bureau should be confined solely to the allegation of an agent leaking information. But, he says a wider inquiry should be made by a Royal Commission.

Lillian

"What do men want? Most of all they want a woman to treat them as a man."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CAINE

From Russia with Laughter

Lillian came to us in a way that would have had Ian Fleming reaching for his pen with new inspiration. A red Venus rising from the waters of Sydney Harbor and capturing world headlines.

The high adventure surrounding our first Pet of the Month, Lillian Gasinskayay was an incident of Soviet v Western world intrigue. On January 14 this year, the young Russian stewardess squeezed through a porthole of the cruise ship, Leonid Sobinov, into the chill, dark waters of Blackwattle Bay, and within 48 hours became the Girl in the Red Bikini, a face, figure and name on the front pages of the world's newspapers.

From the age of 14, Lillian held a desire, soon to become a determination, to flee Russia. "From childhood" she says, "I say to myself: 'I don't like this system under which I live.' I love Russia, but not the system. It doesn't work because they lie to people. They say everybody lives beautifully inside Russia, but that's not true."

Leaving school at 17, she contemplated entering university until a friend returned from the Odessa Sailors School and told her of the opportunity for studying for a career on board Russian cruise ships. University meant seven years of study, and another three to five years establishing her name and trust with the authorities before the opportunity would present itself to receive an embassy posting outside Russia.

"I would have been 28 or 30 before I got to another country. Years and years of waiting. Married probably," Lillian recalls. By entering the school she was gambling on chance. To pass her course. To get visa clearance from the Russian authorities after her background had been thoroughly investigated.

Four months out of school and on her first international cruise, fate was carrying the 18-year-old girl towards a hazardous appointment which would change her life.

Although she knew she had to free herself, she had little idea of how she was going to achieve it, or whether she would have the moral strength to cut herself off from her family and friends. It was the stamina inherited from the one person she holds dear above all others, her mother, that pushed her on.

Lillian thought about escape in Fremantle and Melbourne but the opportunity did not present itself. Docking in Sydney, she realised that if she did not go through with an escape attempt then, she might never have the chance again.

Late on the Sunday night, she stripped down to a red bikini and, leaving behind her posessions, squeezed through a porthole and dropped into the harbor. Dodging the eyes of the crew on watch as they swept a light over the water, she swam for 40 minutes, trying to find a way on to land. The dank, shell-encrusted wharf blocking her way.

Cold, bruised, scratched and with a sprained ankle, the beautiful escapee managed to climb to dry land, and wandered aimlessly until she met a man walking his dog.

In broken English, Lillian conveyed that she had escaped from the Russian ship and was seeking asylum. She was taken to a nearby house and kept hidden until late on the Monday.

Lillian recalls: "When I jumped, nothing frightened me. I remember every detail — but not *how* I jumped. Afterwards I was very nervous, but now I realise what I did was very good."

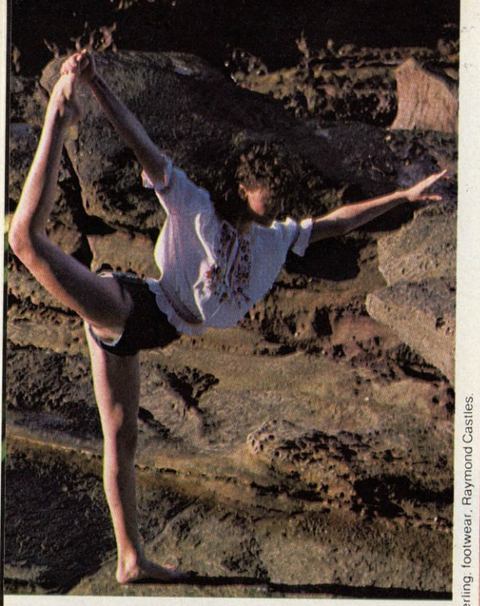
But at that stage it was by no means a *fait accompli.* What followed was a battle of wits, between Lillian, the Australian authorities, the Russian embassy and the newspapers. Detained for hours by the Department of Foreign Affairs as they debated the pros and cons of the situation, Lillian was still in a precarious position, not knowing whether or not she would be granted political asylum.

On Thursday, January 18, after withdrawing her request for asylum, the Immigration Department granted the delighted Lillian the right to stay in Australia as a refugee. That same day, she was photographed by a news cameraman, Graeme Fletcher, the man about to figure prominently in her life.

"What I did broke my heart," says Lillian. "For three months after I jumped ship, I could not sleep. Every night, a nightmare — getting up each morning with a heavy head. Graeme is important for the heart. He's been very good for me. A gentle man. Gentle for my heart."

Now settled into a life of great contrast compared with her Ukranian upbringing, Lillian has moved into the world of discos, show business and fashion. She has launched herself on a voyage of discovery, widening her knowledge of her new homeland, her grasp of English and her new career.

Before we get the idea that Lillian is any less a lady sensitive to womanly ways because of her daring-do, let it be said she is all woman. And a philosopher, too. "Beauty comes from within," she says. "But it helps to have a special person to bring it out. Any person can be beautiful with the company of the right partner. Together we must be sure within ourselves. We must say 'I am a person' — a statement from each of us . . . then we must find what we want with life together." During her time in Australia, Lillian has had to acclimatise herself to a warmer way of life in more ways than one. A summer far hotter than she has known in the Ukraine, plus the warmth of people. And discovery. All the time discovery — of a country she now feels at one with, of new career opportunities and the excitement of being known. "People must remember me," she cries. "I want people to know that Lillian is a good person." Already, as a result of disco tours through NSW and Queensland, she has made contact with hundreds of young Australians enjoying their night habitat. She hopes to become more in demand for discos.



Clothes by Mr. John-House of Merivale: lingerie, Ann Sterling; footwear, Raymond Castles.

"Any person can be beautiful with the company of the right partner."

"I want people to know that Lillian is a good person."

The things that delight Lillian are music ("Oh, I love music!"), western clothes and the all-night pulsating energy of discos. Rod Stewart, Donna Summer and British rock group Queen bop her out of the blues, while The Angels have introduced her to our own style of rock. Another artist to whom she swears allegiance is Norman Gunston. Lillian declares the anaemic one "very clever" and a delight to behold. "People need to smile. To laugh," she says. "One person smiles, two, three . . . laughter is infectious. It can help cure all ills."

"Man is man the world over. They maybe speak different languages, have different attitudes, but really they are the same."

Her contribution to curing some of our ills is a confessed ambition to one day be a great comedy actress. Raised on a menu of French film comedies and Barbara Streisand movies ("I've seen *Funny Girl* four times.") in her native Voroshilovgrad, our inaugural Pet has already taken her first step off the disco floor, furthering her thespian ambitions with appearances in *The Young Doctors.* Just as her disco activities have allowed her to explore new places and meet new people in her chosen home, Lillian wants to expand her modelling and acting work. And Australian men, we ask. "A very old question," Lillian parries. "Man is man the world over. America, England, Russia, Australia . . . they maybe speak different languages, have different attitudes, but really they are the same. What do most men want? A beautiful girl. A girl who is clever, intelligent, fun to be with . . . but most of all, they want a woman to treat them as a *man.*" Thank Russia for a little girl . . . she has grown up in a most delightful way.

MISS LILLIAN GASINSKAYAY/ PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Mexico. Land of the legendary Black Russian, Brown

While Mexico is probably better known for its ponchos, its siestas and its jumping beans, some of its finer achievements are either lost in time or shrouded in mystery.

Discover them, from left to right.

An Olmec Ceremonial Axehead.

From as far back as 1200 B.C. Olmec tribesmen carved images of a God that was half man and half jaguar. The symbol of strength and power, this god was their only recourse against the fearful spirits of the jungle.

A Black Russian.

When one part Kahlua is mixed with two parts of Vodka another supernatural union is made. Pour it over chipped ice, and sip it slowly with the reverence it deserves.

The Toltec God of Spring.

The Toltecs had four major Gods, one for each point on the compass. Xipe Toltec was formerly a lowly, insignificant God, until he sacrificed himself in fire, so that the sun would continue to shine. He became known as the God of the East.

Olmec, Toltec, Aztec, Cow and Bandit.

The Brown Cow.

A lowly bottle of milk may not by itself be very inspiring, but you'll find it too is capable of greatness. One part of Kahlua mixed with two parts of ice cold milk served on the rocks is undoubtedly a divine concoction.

An Aztec Goddess

While the Gods of War and Death were the powers most revered by the fierce, war-loving Aztecs, they still had to eat. Fortunately, Xilonen, the Goddess of young corn, was on their side.

The Bandit

Long after the proud and inventive Mexican indians were overthrown by the Spaniards, their spirit continued in the Bandidos. The most famous of these was made with half Kahlua and half Brandy poured over chipped ice.

Kahlua Coffee Liqueur has been made in Mexico for so long that its origins are a mystery.

But if legend suggests that Kahlua was made by the Gods, it wouldn't be hard to believe.

Kahlua. Liqueur of the Gods.

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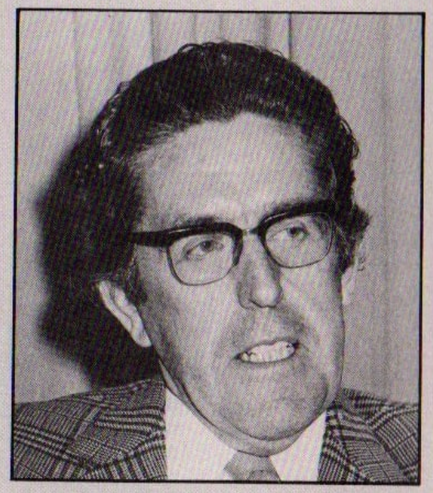


By KEP ENDERBY, QC

The author is a Queen's Council who was Federal Attorney-General from February to November 1975. His opinion on the Dugan matter was first published by INprint, a magazine produced by inmates of NSW jails for the Programs Department of the Department of Corrective Services.

A MATTER OF JUSTICE

On July 15, 1974, Darcy Dugan started legal proceedings in the Supreme Court of NSW claiming damages in respect of certain alleged defamatory statements published about him in the Sydney *Daily Mirror* newspaper.

On June 15, 1976, Mr Justice Yeldham upheld submissions by the defendant based on the ancient English doctrine of "attainder" and "corruption of the blood", that Darcy Dugan could not maintain his action. Dugan had been sentenced to death in 1950 following conviction for a capital felony. The sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment.

"Attainder" meant, in essence, that Dugan, although alive, was civilly dead and had no rights. There were other defence submissions, the effect of which were even more serious, but the judge did not have to decide them. The defendent's submission resurrected a long overlooked and largely forgotten and misunderstood part of our law. His Honor held that Dugan having been ordered to serve a sentence of life imprisonment was, during the whole of such sentence, incapable of suing in any court.

Dugan appealed to the NSW Court of Appeal, and failed. He sought leave to appeal to the High Court of Australia and, by four judges to one, also failed.

At no stage in any of the lengthy hearings did any judge express approval of the law as it stood, and several expressed the opinion that, although it was unsatisfactory and completely out of touch with modern attitudes, it was not a matter for the Courts but was for the Parliament to change. It can be assumed all judges thought the law wrong and long overdue for reform.

On August 8, 1973, Bill Meares, who had been convicted of the same offence as Dugan back in 1950 and had received the same sentence, was injured when involved in a motor vehicle accident while walking across Victoria Road, Ryde, NSW. Meares commenced proceedings in the Supreme Court of NSW claiming damages for his injuries, and on February 28, 1979, he succeeded in a judgment given by the same Mr Justice Yeldham. Dugan sued while still in jail; he had originally been freed on license but had been taken back into custody following a later conviction. Meares sued as a person who had had his freedom since 1965.

Why did one man succeed and the other man fail?

The reason Dugan failed and Meares succeeded is not because Dugan is in jail and Meares is not. The reason is not because one man sought damages for alleged defamation and the other man sought damages because of another's negligent driving. The reason is that one defendant decided to raise the defence of "attainder" and the other did not. In Meares' case, Mr Justice Yeldham was not concerned with the fact that Meares had been convicted in 1950 of the same offence as Dugan. The consequence was that he could decide the case on its merits.

At one time during Meares' case the Government Insurance Office (GIO) did decide to plead the defence that had prevented Dugan from proceeding with his action and tried to amend its original defence. Its early attempt failed and it later decided that it would allow the case to go to trial without this defence being raised. Had the GIO persisted with its attempt to amend its defence, and succeded, it is quite possible that, like Dugan, Meares would have had his claim for damages defeated.

The judgments in Dugan's case do not make it clear how far the disability attached to people who have been convicted of felonies, capital and non capital, extends. It is quite possible for future defendants — newspapers, employers, insurance companies, or anyone else — to argue that the disability applies to all people who have been convicted of a felony and who have commenced proceedings before the term of their imprisonment, as sentenced, has expired. This would cover people who have been sentenced to a term of years and have been released after a minimum non-parole period had expired. It could defeat claims for damages in third party cases, or even worker's compensation cases. The position is still legally uncertain and any future case could see it argued afresh. It is bad enough for it to be suggested that people in jail, convicted of a felony, have no rights; it is monstrous for it to be said to apply after they have been released.

> It is bad enough for it to be suggested that people in jail, convicted of a felony, have no rights; it is monstrous for it to be said to apply after they have been released.

The whole subject cries out for intervention by the NSW Parliament, because so long as defendants are able to plead such a defence, there is a clear breach of the International Bill of Human Rights, which includes the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights and, were it applicable, of the European Convention on Human Rights.

Mr Justice Murphy, in the sole minority dissenting judgment in the High Court, put it this way: "There is an overwhelming weight of opinion against the doctrine that a convicted person should, while under sentence, be without redress for a personal wrong whether the wrong occurs before, during or after imprisonment. It is unjust that such a person injured in, for example, an ordinary road or factory accident, cannot sue."

FOOTNOTE—Dugan planned to appeal to the United Nations on the High Court ruling. He said: "If the courts are right, Darcy Dugan must be no human being. Maybe I should get a biologist to supply me with a certificate of Humanity." But Dugan was advised that an appeal to the UN could take years, and told us: "It's incredible that Australia continues to defy the UN Human Rights Charter of which it is a signatory." Mr Justice Nagle, who conducted the NSW Royal Commission into Prisons, called for the immediate repeal of the "archaic" law. But it remains, in spite of comments by the NSW Attorney-General, Frank Walker, who told a Citizens for Democracy meeting in Sydney in June: "This accident of history will have to be changed."—Editor.

HARRIGAN'S

BAWDY TALES

The bawd's chairman

If the system by you is abhorred,
With board after board after board,
Raise yourself above it
Tell 'em all to shove it
And let it just go by the bawd.

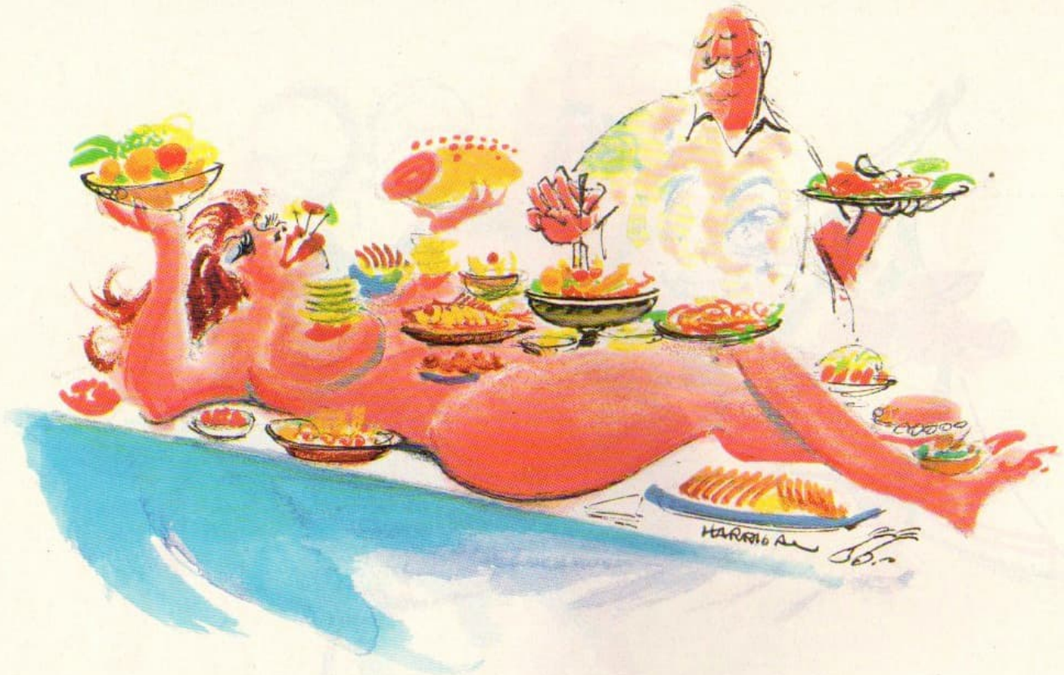
A buck bawd

The Maritime Services Bawd

Inbawd-outbawd

Groaning bawd

Egg Marketing Bawd



Smorgasbawd

Springbawd

Barley Harvesting Bawd

All above bawd

Pastures Protection Bawd

Now they're flying, but some heavy strings had to be pulled to outplay the power politicians of pop

THE RISE AND RISE OF THE ANGELS

By ROSS STAPLETON

Angels! Angels! Angels! . . ." The deafening chant is taken up by all but a few of the 3000 who have packed the union hall at Melbourne's La Trobe University to pay homage to the new ruling heavyweights of antipodean rock 'n' roll — The Angels.

As the restless request rolls on, the hall is in darkness before the triumphant appearance of a band that, 18 months ago in Melbourne and a hundred other cities, was wondering what it had to do to pull even a fraction of the bodies congregating on this June night.

For the five members of the band, but more particularly the three original members, brothers John and Rick Brewster and Doc Neeson, tonight's concert is not just redolent of the sweet smell of success. It provides the band and its management with the chance to reflect that such wild adulation has been won despite the best efforts of certain people in the rock industry to bring the band undone.

If The Angels' explosive popularity was hard-won, it wasn't because the band finally succeeded in getting its music across to the thousands who revere it, but because The Angels had to overcome the machinations of the local rock industry — and the greatest resistance to the band's climb toward the top was in Melbourne which, by tradition, has been Australia's rock 'n' roll capital. In the last year and a half there has been a dramatic shift away from the economic trough into which Melbourne is locked.

Sydney, with its booming leagues club circuit, is now the frontrunner, able to provide much more work than Melbourne. Live work is the musician's bread and butter. As Sydney's fortunes overtook

Melbourne there was a corresponding elevation in status for the bigger Sydney bands. In the past a band which hit the big money circuit in Sydney had no guarantee it would fare as well in Melbourne. There were exceptions such as Sherbert, Hush and Dragon, but through the years there have been many top Sydney bands which faded into oblivion because they failed to break in Melbourne, thereby breaking nationally.

Certainly the rise and rise of The Angels is an example of an interstate band finding Melbourne success so elusive it must have seemed like an impenetrable barrier. When The Angels took the huge stage at La Trobe University for the biggest gig of their 30-date tour, the first part of a three-phase assault planned around the best-selling third Angels album No Exit, the adulation had special meaning.

When two shy Adelaide brothers first teamed up with the son of an Irish immigrant almost eight years ago to form a jug band, no one could have predicted they would be the hardest rocking, most successful band in the country in 1979.

The Angels, although now based in Sydney, all originally came from Adelaide. The Brewster brothers, sons of a former musical director of the South Australian Symphony Orchestra, with some friends, formed themselves into the Moonshine Jug and String Band. Two months after its tentative start, Bernard "Doc" Neeson, who was attending Flinders University with John Brewster, joined the band.

Neeson, the son of a Belfast warrant officer who emigrated when Neeson was still a child, is one of a long line of children of immigrants who have risen to the top of rock 'n' roll in this country. Neeson graduated with honors from Flinders, majoring in popular performance, a useful grounding for The Angels' dynamic and charismatic front man.

The Moonshine Jug and String Band had run its course by 1974. For the three part-time musicians, it was time to take the plunge. Having decided on the precarious existence of professional musicians, they equipped themselves with the accoutrements of rock 'n' roll and became the Keystone Angels, a high energy '50s revival band — a band so far removed from The Angels of today that many people with long memories, particularly in Adelaide, refuse to accept that any good could have sprung from the Keystone Angels.

The Keystone Angels was born in May 1974 and set about its apprenticeship by playing mouldy oldies such as Dion, Fats Domino and Chuck Berry. The one highlight of that band's dubious existence was a tour with the legendary Chuck Berry, playing a support set on Berry's national tour then doubling as his backing band.

But it was another support gig that proved the turning point in the band's career, a gig with the then kings of Aussie rock, AC-DC. Three members of AC-DC took a liking to the band's energy and some of the original songs they had begun to incorporate into their set. They promised to put in a good word with their Sydney record company, Alberts. When the Keystone Angels next played Sydney Malcolm and Angus Young from AC-DC, true to their word, brought their brother George Young and Harry Vanda — Alberts' house producers and former members of Australia's greatest ever band, The Easybeats — along to see the Keystone Angels.

Vanda and Young hadn't allowed their genius of the 60s to go to waste in the 70s and were in charge of the recording careers of AC-DC, John Paul Young and Ted Mulry. They also recorded themselves as Flash And The Pan, and recently signed a multi-million dollar recording deal with CBS in America.

> It was this hard rock 'n' roll track, and we just flipped. I mean, everyone knew as soon as the take went through the studio monitors that we were on to something.

They were impressed with the band's original songs and invited them to record some demo tracks. One of the songs put down at the demo session was Am I Ever Gonna See Your Face Again. This became the band's first single after Alberts signed it to a five-year contract, a contract which expires in November next year. Am I Ever Gonna See Your Face Again peaked at 58 on the national 100 singles chart in 1976.

After signing to Alberts in November 1975, and moving to Sydney, the band had to battle to survive. With four musicians and manager John Woodruff to feed, for a long time it was a constant battle to keep income above operating expenses. Eventually, with the band unable to capitalise fully on the mild success of the first single, Woodruff decided there wasn't enough money to support the band and him and went overseas.

The release in mid-1977 of the band's self-titled debut album, like the single, hardly set the charts alight and the band's financial position was no better when Woodruff returned around that time. Once more he took the reins, but with little money being generated Woodruff accepted a job as stage manager of Reg Livermore's production of Ned Kelly. While on the road around the country for six months up until March of 1978, he continued to remain close to the band and when Ned Kelly had run its course, Woodruff was back on deck yet again.

Toward the end of 1977 the band's musical direction began to materialise through weekend studio sessions. As Mark Opitz, the band's recording engineer at those sessions, explains: "We were primarily listening to songs and waiting for a direction to pop up. No one knew which way it was going to go." Then one day the band walked into another session with a new song.

"It was this hard rock 'n' roll track, a five-minute take of I Ain't The One, and we just flipped. I mean everyone knew as soon as the take went through the studio monitors that we were on to something there, and it just progressed from that," Opitz said during a final mixing session for No Exit.

It's one thing to come up with a new musical direction that will excite live audiences. It's another to overcome the behind-the-scenes obstacles. If any band in the last decade has had to overcome widespread prejudice within the industry and the antipathy of many powerful people, The Angels is the one.

In August of 1976 The Angels replaced their original drummer with another Adelaide musician, Graham Bidstrup or Buzz Throckman as he is usually known. In early 1977 Doc Neeson, who had been playing bass, moved off that instrument to make way for yet another Adelaide recruit, Chris Bailey, which allowed Neeson to concentrate on lead vocals. It took this new combination at least six months to function smoothly.

Toward the end of 1977 the band realised it was time for a total overhaul in the image. The long hair went, the Brewster brothers started wearing shades on stage and Neeson dressed in a style not a million miles removed from the mod-punk approach that had just exploded in England.

In the months ahead this transformation was fiercely attacked and the band was accused of jumping on the punk bandwagon. This was bullshit, simply because punk's influence in Australia was so minimal, and it was generally met with such hostility, that established musicians considering hopping on to such a bandwagon could expect to wear a lot of lumps.

It was that radical image overhaul that old Keystone Angels fans find hard to stomach. The band meets resistance still, particularly in their old home town. In fact Adelaide is the last major market The Angels haven't cracked and, although the band accepts it philosophically, there is obviously a feeling of hurt that Adelaide of all places is keeping the welcome mat in

Adam's Ads

mothballs. Newcastle was probably the first major market to go overboard about The Angels early in 1978, with Sydney not far behind. Brisbane soon followed, but Melbourne and to a lesser extent the other markets, continued to slow the band's overall build. While Melbourne held out, the band's success in its adopted State was seen by many as a local aberration that would soon fizzle.

Woodruff by this time was at his wit's end and, with business partners Rod Willis and Ray Hearn, began planning how to change this view through their newly-formed Dirty Pool Artist Management, set up to handle the affairs of The Angels, Cold Chisel — whose fortunes had also improved dramatically since leaving Adelaide — and two lesser-known Sydney bands, Flowers and The Dennis Wilson Band.

On October 23 last year Dirty Pool Artist Management, at a memorable meeting in Melbourne, informed Premier Artists it had decided to pull its four bands out of Premier and book them independently through its own booker.

That booker, Richard McDonald, was previously employed by Premier and in another raid on Premier's Sydney staff, Dirty Pool also recruited the agency's office manageress, Jenny Elliott. In one swoop Dirty Pool snatched two of Premier's key Sydney people and removed Premier's two biggest grossing bands.It's fair to say Premier was aghast at this declaration of independence. One Sydney manager-promoter, Bob Yates, estimated that if Premier was operating on a weekly turnover of $40,000 it could kiss goodbye to about half that with Dirty Pool's withdrawal.

In the next couple of months the battle hotted up as Premier reacted to Dirty Pool's short-circuiting of the agency scene by booking its bands direct to promoters and venues. John Woodruff was left in no doubt that Dirty Pool could expect a fight, but as he told me during the height of Dirty Pool's battle with Premier he had seriously underestimated Premier's reaction.

As Woodruff explains it, agencies were his biggest problem in the months leading up to Dirty Pool pulling out its bands: "I was finding, as everyone else was finding, that my act was going into a venue for $2000 less than it was worth, because there were four other bum acts in that week that were going to lose them money. They were told 'you want this gig at $800 and you want this gig at a $1000, you've got to take this gig at $200 and you've got to take that band at $400' — they would lose money over the week, but would get it back on that big date with The Angels, so they'd say 'sure, we'll take it'. So I was being undersold.

"Having done the Dirty Pool scene we're no longer in a position to bitch, because it's working really well. What you've got to pick on is what was happening to Garry Morris, the manager of Midnight Oil, who a year ago could have told you some delightful stories.

"But when Dirty Pool pulled out of Premier I didn't think the shit would hit the fan as much as it did, because I didn't realise the amount of venom in the personalities involved. Finally it got to a Noddy book situation and we just started giggling about it."

Woodruff has been running between continents lately to talk turkey with record companies. There is hardly a major company overseas that isn't interested in signing The Angels.

Dirty Pool had the strength of four bands in its arsenal, but Garry Morris, manager of another hard rock act which has a sizeable following, wasn't so lucky when he parted company with Premier.

Bob Yates, as a Sydney manager-promoter, was in a unique position to witness the reaction by Premier to Morris' decision to pull out Midnight Oil: "Early in 1978 Midnight Oil had built up a big following, and on all the beaches around Sydney they were God. Within about four months they were one of the hottest bands in town. Then Garry Morris put the band with Premier (then known as Solo-Premier), which at that stage had it all sown up. They had Richard Clapton, Kevin Borich, The Angels, Cold Chisel . . . they had every band in Sydney that was anything, plus all the interstate bands.

"Garry Morris worked with them for about four or five months and a whole series of things went wrong for them, which probably go wrong for many other bands as well, but he took exception and went independent. But he found that because Premier had all the big bands, they used them against him.

"For instance, I booked Midnight Oil on various dates and Premier would see where they hadn't got their bands in on those dates. I mean they would do that with every promoter. Just zero in on every Midnight Oil booking. Premier would come in and say 'we know Midnight Oil are booked in on July 18' and they'd come back later and say 'look, we've got Cold Chisel available on that date'.

"I kept my Midnight Oil bookings in because my attitude was 'I'd never blow your bookings out, I'm not going to blow Midnight Oil's out', but of course a lot of promoters did. Many people who booked the band were offered bigger acts, probably at a keener price than they would normally get them.

"Another example of the pressure was where a promoter would say 'I don't want The Angels that night, I want to keep Midnight Oil there', so then they would come back and say — using The Angels strictly as an example — 'oh, you know that date for The Angels in two months' time, forget it, we've just blown it out, we've sold it to the Manly Flicks or sold it to somebody else', and so suddenly you found your big acts, or your acts period, being pulled out.

"You were being isolated to the point where you had Midnight Oil and your little street bands. It was all done to pull a renegade band back into line, and in fact eventually Midnight Oil did have to go back to Solo-Premier because the band was down to one or two gigs a week."

Bob Yates saw a better try at the same thing not long after: "Two or three months after Midnight Oil returned to the fold, the Dirty Pool people were able to do it because when they pulled out it wasn't just one middle-level band. They pulled out the two biggest bands in the agency, plus one middle-level band and one lower-level band.

"They had a spectrum of bands where it was very difficult for Solo-Premier to do that blocking war. Because they had four bands, they almost had what Premier had. On top of that they had such hot bands that the agency couldn't go against them and say 'oh we've got a hotter band, how about taking that?' " The loss of The Angels and Cold Chisel was enormous, not just in accountancy terms but because it threatened Premier's existence by challenging its right to act as booking agents to the cream of Australia's rock talent.

Premier certainly didn't sit back and cop it sweet, but tried its best to thwart Dirty Pool — and succeeded to the extent that at least in Melbourne, Dirty Pool found it necessary to use Premier's main rival, Nucleus, as an auxiliary agent.

This year, after the battle between Premier and Dirty Pool had reached a head, I gathered some of the principal agency characters together to discuss the unofficial war. Leading for the defence was Frank Stivala, Premier's overlord. Stivala, a chubby, balding man in his mid-20s, is a shrewd operator who manages to combine one of the toughest business minds in the rock industry with a roguish sense of humor impossible to dislike. He provided some insight into Premier's thinking at the time of the great

> The loss of The Angels and Cold Chisel was enormous, because it challenged Premier's right to book the cream of rock talent.

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split: "Let me tell you that Premier Artists supported The Angels for a long, long time and as far as I'm concerned, Premier takes The Angels and Chisel leaving as a great insult. There's nothing you can do about it, but we take it as a great slap in the face because we supported them when they were the Keystone Angels and playing '56 rock revival bullshit, and we hung in for a long time.

"But we weren't vindictive about them leaving Premier. We're a little bit hurt, disappointed, and the ego was dented, but there's no major animosity."

Bill Tharle, who is employed by Nucleus but was working with Stivala at the time, tells it differently: "After Dirty Pool happened I was working in the office and your exact words were 'those bands will never work in this town'."

"Yeah, yeah, but that was heat of the moment," Stivala said. He conceded that if Premier had wanted to, it could have made life very difficult for The Angels: "I don't think Premier went to that extreme. I know we didn't go to that extreme."

The three maverick managers who banded together to form Dirty Pool Artist Management had a profound influence on rock 'n' roll management in this country. Rod Willis brought Cold Chisel into the company, John Woodruff and Ray Hearn The Angels and Flowers, and their booker Richard McDonald brought with him The Dennis Wilson Band.

Ray Hearn says some of Dirty Pool's winning strategy in marketing their bands, particularly The Angels, came to him from reading two books on American politics. They are Dr Hunter S. Thompson's Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail and The Advance Man by Jerry Bruno.

"Basically, Dirty Pool was established as a company that could offer bands a total management service," Hearn explains, while seated at a large desk at Dirty Pool's Sydney offices. "We also wanted a tighter structure, necessary if we were to build our acts successfully, and an agency just wasn't able to accommodate our needs. They had a blanket approach to everything and if you suggested anything outside their normal experience, they said they didn't work that way and it couldn't be done."

In the past six months The Angels popularity has exploded, both in record sales and as the biggest-grossing live band in the country. Any band that can create 11 consecutive attendance records at Sydney's biggest venues in a fortnight has to be running red hot.

With sales of Face To Face now in excess of 80,000 or the equivalent of four gold records, the release of No Exit in mid-June was the lynchpin of The Angels' continuing rise. Its advance order of 20,000 is rare enough for local records, but the news at the album launch, that EMI expected the album to go platinum within a month of release, was quite staggering. There were only four local platinum rock albums (50,000 sales) recorded last year — Little River Band (2), Dragon and of course The Angels.

It took Face To Face almost six months to reach platinum status. What's more remarkable about this success is that No Exit will be a best-seller not because EMI has successfully hyped the album or the band, but because of the push via the back door. Face To Face sold because the band is such a devastating live act. Radio around the country, with the exception of Sydney and Newcastle and the alternative FM network, has not got solidly behind The Angels until fairly recently in the lead up to the release of No Exit.

No Exit was released the same day as Wings. With the possible exception of the new Little River Band album, it's likely both albums will be EMI's biggest sellers of the year.

EMI's national head of artists and repertoire and promotions, Rob Walker, didn't see the two albums competing for the same share of the market: "As long as we mount the best campaign we can, we have two albums with big volume potential."

> It's a long way from the jug band. Some say The Angels are an overnight success, but it has taken us eight years to be able to stand up here tonight.

Walker doesn't doubt that The Angels' success has come through the band's constant touring, but he agrees that the band's "big volume potential" is not now being left to chance. EMI and Alberts have worked out an extensive campaign costing around $25,000 to market the album.

Anyone who thinks The Angels might fail to consolidate their success should think twice. As nearly all of Australia's rock venues are licenced, anyone under 18 has a hard time seeing The Angels. From Rob Walker's viewpoint, there is an untapped reservoir of under-18 record buyers who are only now just starting to discover The Angels.

Initial sales of No Exit confirmed the predictions of even the wildest optimists. Not only did No Exit find itself facing the Wings album in its week of release, but another of the year's biggest potential sellers, the Electric Light Orchestra, hit the shops at the same time — while the week before the second Dire Straits album had come out and shot toward the top.

In the space of a week, No Exit found itself competing against three overseas albums which should make the list of the 10 biggest-selling albums of the year. June proved to be an extraordinarily big month for major albums, and yet not only was No Exit holding its own, but in many markets was actually outselling the others.

For the first time in local history an album came in at number one in its first week of release. Newcastle was the first market to go overboard about The Angels, where No Exit left Wings and the others sitting in the record racks to take number one spot. David Kent, who prepares the Kent Report listing which is the industry's bible, bases his chart on store sales. After the first week of release in Sydney, No Exit came in at number 5, with ELO at 7 and Wings 8. The single Shadow Boxer, also newly-released, slotted at 19.

In Melbourne, where 3XY is the crucial rock station, the album hit first week at 20. Face To Face never got past the low 30s on the XY chart. All indicators show that The Angels' record sales are about to match the band's massive live following — the final link in the chain for the strategists at Dirty Pool.

Hearn and Woodruff had formulated a three-phase live dates tie-in plan for No Exit. An initial 30-date tour took the band to the four south-eastern mainland States just before the album's release. Immediately after, another 30-date tour which quickly hit each of the markets again during the height of the promotional drive behind the album, with a third 30-date tour to follow-up a second promotional wave for No Exit. The "hit 'em and run" strategy went off like clockwork.

At the No Exit launch the managing director of EMI Australia, Stephen Shrimpton, said the nice things one expects at such functions, then Doc Neeson replied on behalf of the band: "Well, it's a long way from the jug band. Some say The Angels are an overnight success, but it has taken us eight years to be able to stand up here tonight."

Neeson finished off by taking the balloon he was holding and, after deflating it into his lungs, began delivering his parting words in a very strange voice. This was probably not unrelated to a couple of bottles of nitrous oxide standing in the kitchen.

The nitrous or laughing gas added a largely appreciated touch to the evening and by the time the last of the guests quit the reception after 3am, everyone agreed the No Exit launch had indeed been a gas. But is No Exit the hottest vinyl in town? For Alberts, who paid No Exit's recording bill, that was the $40,000 question.

A pretentious young theatrical producer who has been blackmailed into marrying a woman who turns out to be less than disappointing in bed, is discovered in the cot with his wife's best friend.

SCHULTZ

Schultz rubbing his eyes walking along a lamp-lit Charing Cross Road. Past the closed shops of this desolate deserted street. A chill rainy mist falling. Released from jail, and now getting wet. And in six bloody hours I've got to be in Court. When I should be planning every last ditch emergency strategy for the show.

Schultz sending a shrieking whistle out between his lips. A taxi stopping two blocks away, turning and coming back. At least I can still pipe out a long distance signal for a cab.

"Welcome aboard guv, where to."

Schultz alighting at number four Arabesque. Tip toeing silently in. So far his wife hasn't changed the locks on the door and stationed a policeman on the stoop to protect her life. But christ one can't avoid bitterness after what that bitch has done. Holy jeeze where will Pricilla or her mother be sleeping. And that walrus mother-in-law busting springs in some bed.

Schultz up the first flight of stairs. And up the next. Pressing the light switch. Lights still out. Go into this bedroom at the top back of the house. For peace and quiet. What a night. My head is swimming. About six hours sleep in the last two days.

Schultz wearily taking off his jacket in the dark. Holy shit sounds like there's a cat loose or something in here.

Schultz undoing his shirt, stopping listening again. I heard something move. Dear god I beg you, don't after what you've done to me make me be in the bedroom of the behemoth. Holy jeeze. There really is something in here breathing.

Schultz with shoelaces untied, trousers dropped to his ankles. Touching and feeling around him. Shit now if I move I'll fall over. Or a skeleton will drop out behind me like it did once with me getting drenched pissing all over myself. Christ I haven't recovered from that heart stopping shock. And jesus I really do feel like I'm going to shit. My nerves are shattered. I'm just not going to last the course. Escape back to America. The land of the free. The home of the brave. Uncle Werb. Here I am. I want to go into the diamond business. Ah Sigmund what a good boy. Welcome to the reality of practical sense. Here, $2 million worth of stones, take them over to Izzy my old pal on the top floor. They're his for $3 million. You keep 10 per cent of the profit for yourself and like a sensible boy go buy a good raincoat and galoshes, in case next time I have to send you out with diamonds to bring to Amsterdam when it's raining. Holy jeeze. I'd do it. I'd really do it. I'd sell diamonds stark naked in the snow. Even for five per cent commission. And I could be fucking Dutch girls like Greta all over Holland.

Schultz touching his way across the room. Where's the bed I remember was right here. No jesus, this is the wardrobe. Ah,

By J. P. DONLEAVY

Illustration by Wilson McLean

my knees are touching the mattress. At last I'm going to be warm. Blankets on the bed.

"Holy shit."

Schultz jumping backwards. A rustle of bedclothes. A gasping intake of breath. A female voice.

"Who's that."

"Jesus christ who is this."

"Who are you."

"I live here. Who are you."

"Get out of here."

"Like hell I will."

"I'll scream."

"Holy shit, is it you Agnes."

"Who are you."

"It's me Sigmund."

"Get out of here Mr Schultz. What are you doing here."

"I was trying to go to bed."

"Not with me you're not."

"No. I know. I'm sorry. I just got home. I didn't know anybody was here."

"Well now you know. And I hope you'll go. Right away."

"Jesus hold it will you. My clothes are everywhere."

"Go this second. Someone could hear you. And I hope you could explain then what you were doing."

"I'm going to bloody bed in my own house that's what I'm doing. How the hell was I to know you're here sleeping."

"Well I am. Pricilla said I could."

"Okay honey, okay don't panic. Give me a second will you to figure this out. Where I'm going to go and sleep. I only just got out of jail. I'm cold and tired."

"And if you don't mind my saying, you also appear to be without any clothes."

"O hey gee I'm sorry. Boy what eyesight you got to be able to see me in the dark. Momma meeo, a fond du mots by goom de bots."

"What are you saying."

"Nothing, it's just an expression I used as a kid when every god damn thing was going wrong. Holy hell but I'm dropping everything I can't find."

"How can you drop it if you can't find it."

"You'd be surprised what I can do."

"Yes, punching Pricilla."

"Hey why does everybody see everything from her side."

"Because she's a lovely person."

"Jesus honey, one sock and shoe is missing I got to find to get out of here. Which believe me I want to do in the quickest possible hurry."

"I thought the show was lovely."

"You did."

"Yes. I did. Magillacurdy I thought was magnificent. Such incredible animal magnetism. A lady sitting next to me was jumping out of her seat over him."

"You don't know how much you're doing my crushed soul a lot of good."

"Well I did love the whole production."

"That's the most pleasantly hopeful thing I've heard, no kidding, all night. Even though I haven't had hardly a second to talk to anybody. This is nearly the first moment I'm suddenly come to rest after spinning like a top for weeks."

"I imagine it must be such an awful lot of work to put a whole production together like that. Finding and choosing all the people. I really admire you for it."

"Honey if by any chance that great eyesight of yours can see my face you'll see I'm smiling a beatific smile."

"Are you."

"Yes I am."

"You're rather a funny person, aren't you. So much more introspective and serious than when one just meets you superficially."

"Agnes honey; you're a girl of impressive sensibilities."

"I'm just an ordinary girl. All I've done is just ride horses all my life."

"Honey I'm a little cold."

"O."

"And I've got to be in Court in six hours.

If you really are a friend of Pricilla's here's a time you could really help her by helping her husband who really needs it.

Would it be asking too much just to chat and get warmed up in bed for awhile."

"Pricilla's my best and oldest friend."

"I know that honey, I know that."

"And she's right down stairs and her mother's right down stairs."

"I know. But I'm right here freezing."

"Someone could suddenly come."

"Key's in the door. I'll lock it. Please honey. No shit. I really need to be saved at this moment. If you really are a friend of Pricilla's here's a time you could really help her by helping her husband, who needs it. What about it. Come on. You're a girl of impeccable theatrical taste."

"Wow. You can lay it on thick can't you. I just know I shouldn't be doing this."

"Christ Eskimos do this all the time and nobody gets upset."

"I don't have any clothes on."

"That's okay honey, I won't in a second have any on either."

"Please, you mustn't. Please don't. She's my only real close friend."

"Honey, easy. Don't worry. Just lift up the blanket like this. Look. See how easy and harmless it is."

"O god."

"See, I just slip in. Jesus, you have no idea what this is doing for me."

"For me at this moment, it's giving me goose pimples. I'm terrified. Don't you understand. Pricilla and I were at convent school together."

"Honey. Just close your mind to the past for awhile. See, lots of room. Not even touching. I just lie here."

"We were confirmed together. Went to our first dances together. Rode together. Shared our secrets."

"Well here's a secret you won't have to share. It'll make a change."

"Don't you know how close as friends two girls can be."

"Sure. And as the husband of one of you, I could cement you two even closer. Jesus you looked good tonight."

"Did you see me."

"Sure I drank you in. In long ecstatic swallows. Stunning dress."

"Did you really see me."

"Sure. Your dress was a gorgeous satiny green. Who's the guy with you."

"O him. Just a stockbroker who's been dating me."

"Say no more honey. I heard how you've been chased ragged all over town by all those English creeps."

"Some of them are extremely nice.

"What's that."

"What honey."

"There."

"Just my knee. Is it bothering you."

"No. Not yet anyway."

"You know Agnes. I've never so suddenly ever felt better in my life. Usually as I'm lying here like this the ceiling or something has already fallen on me."

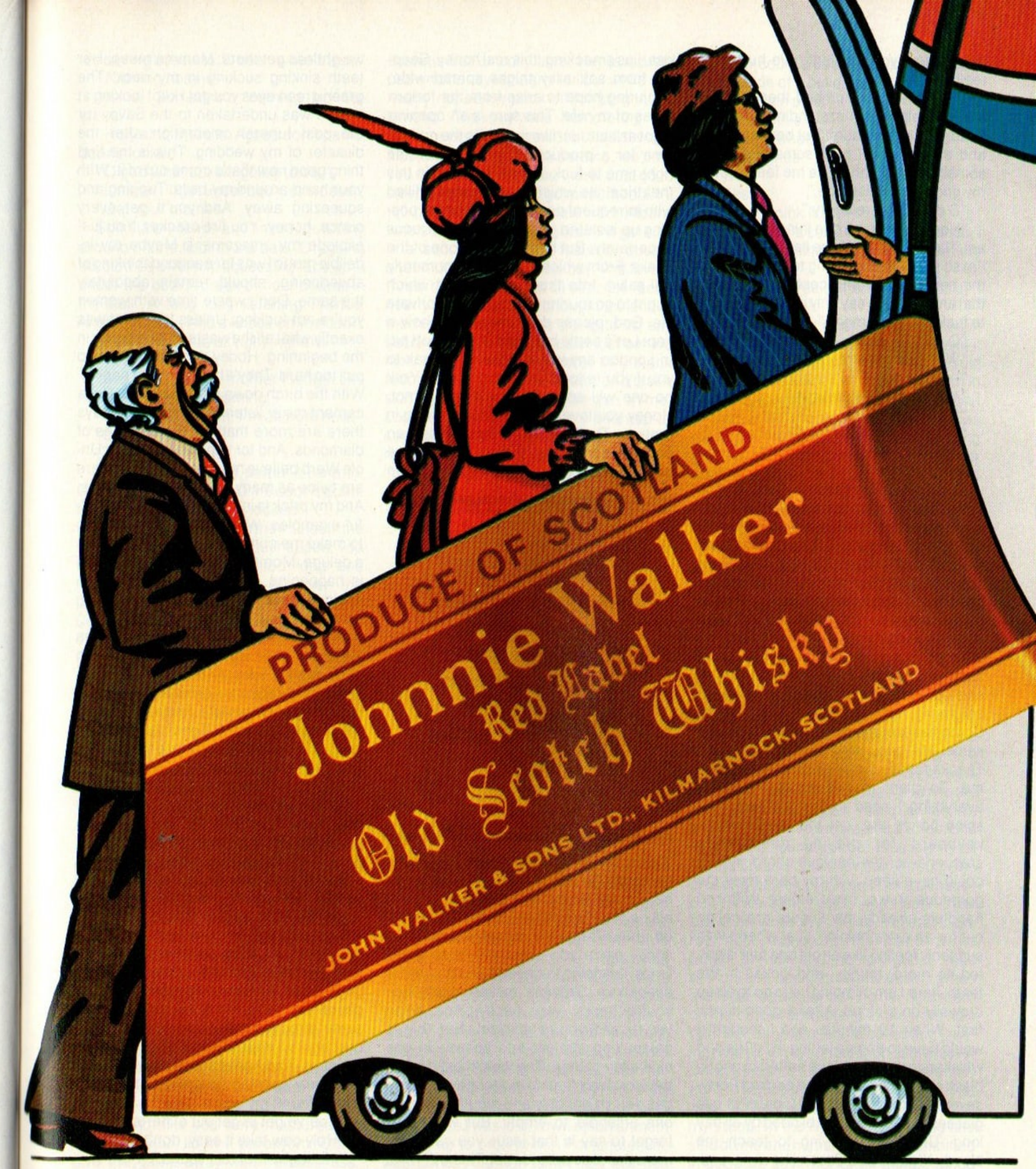
"You're a funny person aren't you. I never thought Pricilla would ever in a million years marry anyone like you."

"Hey what's wrong with me."

"Can I be truthful."

"Sure honey. What's wrong with me."

"Well everything if I'm being honest. I nearly died when I saw you. Her description of you in her letters. As if you were this golden haired knight mounted on his white charger slaying dragons. Then when I met you I nearly burst out laughing. Pricilla has had the pick of men all her life, anybody she wanted. You'll never believe this but her mother was once one of the most beautiful women in Argentina. And Pricilla just like her, has had only to flick her eyelashes and men were grovelling at her feet. Handsome polo players, Italian princes, tycoons. That's why I flew all the way here. I thought, my god, Pricilla must have found the most fantastic man of all time. I even, I must confess on the way, hoped you'd break up or something, so I'd have a chance. Then when, there you were. I could see that love is absolutely blind. Sorry if I make you seem like such a disappointment. I don't mean it that way at all. I mean you must have much deeper qualities that aren't apparent. It's not that you're a phony. O dear. I'm saying too



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much. Now you're silent. I've hurt your feelings."

"No honey you numbed them a little. It'll be a help when I'm standing in front of a judge in a few hours. But between now and then I hope I hear something from somebody that can make me feel I justify my god damn existence."

"O dear. You're angry."

"Honey I'll tell you one thing that I really am. Right now lying here listening to you. I'm so horny and so dying to fuck you into the next century and centuries beyond, that anything you say only makes me want to fuck you even more."

"O god."

"What's the matter, honey."

"I don't know."

"You want me to get out."

"No."

"What do you want me to do."

"Lock the door."

"No problem."

Schultz twisting the key. Returning to bed. Only slightly spraining one ankle stepping on the one lost shoe. Snaking in between the sheets. Rolling over into the arms of this armful. What a change of scenery grabbing these cornucopious bosoms. Locked sweet and delicious mouth to mouth. Honey this golden knight may not be golden and may not be slaying dragons. But he is going to fuck you with such compassion you didn't know existed. And honey, by the way you're squirming around like a live Prague Christmas carp, you're going to do the same. My god. My Czech grandfather. Thanks for the big prick you bequeathed me. To plant in this joy toy. Who is everything I need at this moment. Her spine bones are just the most perfect keyboard for playing diminuendo crescendo of the nervous chord. Wish I could have seen with my bare eyes the gorgeous arse of this creature. With two handfuls already, my fingers are crying out for an extra helping. Just when I was suddenly feeling like an old dog that is petted no more, mangy, and kicked in the teeth, here I am climbing up to go to sleep drowsily on a cloud. After a good screw first. When 10 minutes ago I thought I would have to end up letting my curls and whiskers grow. Go black hatted in a long black coat along a jammed packed Forty-seventh Street. Wearing 10 pairs of eye glasses to see gems I'm blinded by all day long. Uncle Werb trying to teach me bloody Yiddish and Czech like my grandfather spoke in Prague. And now jesus with a nectar flowing box, this is suddenly the garden of Eden after Adam and Eve have left. I got to taste this unforbidden fruit. Gripped right around my finger. A fucking miracle down there. Demanding insatiable investigation by all the senses. If only laying women did not result later in my getting screwed in so many other disastrous ways. Nearly ruining my appetite for everymore. Except wow. To kiss, lips smacking, this real honey. Seeping from soft silky thighs spread wide. Conjuring hope to arise from the forlorn vistas of my life. This sure is an opening night at last. Just like no time is the perfect time for a production. Everytime is the right time to fuck. Keeps me sane in this theatrical life which is too sparsely filled with infrequent peaks of ecstatic joy popping up isolated in a vast sea of tortuous uncertainty. But honey. This is one of the peaks. From which the prick of yours truly will salvo. Into this body you got which ought to go touring on stage in my private life. God, please don't make the show a flop. Let's settle between us for a soft hit. In London anyway, no one will speak to you if you're too successful. In New York no one will speak to you if you're not. Honey you love it. Don't you. Heaving in rapture. The state of unhappiness can become so familiar that you don't dare embrace any moments of delight. Then

Her spine bones are just the most perfect keyboard for playing diminuendo crescendo of the nervous chord.

you dare. Holy shit she screws like a horse cantering on her pampas. Who designed her. To sprout out of those vast treeless plains. That was the only thing I ever learned about Argentina in high school. And honey since you come off those grass lands, I'm going there in a hurry for further education. Showbiz makes you when you're happy very happy. And when you're sad you're suicidal. But this is catapulting straight into heaven in one nice easy plunge. The wealthiest guys in the world say that no matter how rich you get, you've got only one mouth to fill and one arsehole to empty. But what they forgot to say is that jesus you can have more than one pussy to eat. This is it. What women are really good for. To transport you in two seconds. On their soothing bed of flesh. From a bed of deep piercing cold nails. Into a whole new world of perfect comfort. Holy mackerel. She's pulling me off by the hair. Away from her delicious pulsating snatch. Jesus don't moan so loud. And honey don't rush me. In a 10-second countdown I'm going to slam it in all the way to the moon. Kiss me goodbye. Kiss me hello when we both weightless get there. Momma meeo. Her teeth sinking sucking in my neck. The green green eyes you got I kept looking at when I was undertaken to the Savoy for the post funeral celebration after the disaster of my wedding. This is the first thing good now that's come out of it. With your hand around my balls. Tugging and squeezing away. And you'll get every ounce, honey. You fire-cracker. You just explode my amazement. Maybe my indelible motto I was for a second thinking of abandoning, should remain absolutely the same. Don't waste time with women you're not fucking. Unless later that was exactly what all the wasted time was for in the beginning. Honey don't squeeze and pull too hard. They'll hear my balls ringing. With the bitch down there who eats like a cement mixer listening. Uncle Werb says there are more than 2000 categories of diamonds. And for him I've got news. Uncle Werb believe me when I tell you, there are twice as many categories of pussies. And my prick is in one of the most delightful examples. Which jesus is now going to make me come like Niagara Falls after a deluge. Momma meeo. Something fatal is happening. I'm coming. All over the world. How am I honey, ever ever going to do without you.

Schultz reaching up a hand to feel if the top of his head was still on and to brush back Agnes' silky soft hair stuck in the beads of perspiration of his brow. Sounds out on the London night. And all's quiet on the Arabesque front. Agnes half an inch away. Nice fresh air coming in the window from the back garden. Big Ben tolling a quarter to five. Holy jesus I must have for a minute fell asleep. In a dream I was on my way from Woonsocket to Boston on the train. Lost my luggage in the big shadowy gloomy station. Then found myself not knowing where to go out in the twisted streets. Kept asking everybody directions to the Ritz Carlton Hotel. They kept saying you go left, you go right, then through a door of an old office building and down a long tiled hall. And out another door. I'd get there. End up standing around hearing doors slamming. And ask and get the same direction from somebody else all over again. I kept saying it's by the Public Gardens. And Agnes suddenly was there, magically opening up every orifice. And jesus I found my way.

"You've got to get out of here."

"Holy cow take it easy, don't push."

"I thought I heard a sound."

"Could be a cat in the garden."

"I've just betrayed my best friend."

"No you didn't honey, you just did her a big favor."

"I'm in her house. Her guest."

"You're in my house. You're my guest too honey."

"You sound like a cat who just got the cream."

"Honey you just saved my life."

"That's nice for you. But I'm not in the life saving business. O dear, what's that."

"Nothing honey."

"It is. Someone's coming up the stairs."

"Holy shit, there is. Agnes don't panic, door's locked."

"O god what are we going to do."

"Lie low. I'll get under bed just in case."

"Get your clothes."

Schultz on hands and knees, grabbing around on the floor in the dark. Dragging his clothes after him squeezing face up in under the bed. A creak of floor boards in the hall. A long long listening silence. Another creak. And a knock on the door.

"Agnes. Are you all right in there."

"Yes."

"Are you sure. My mother thought she heard someone screaming."

"I had a bad dream. I'm all right now."

"Can I come in."

"The door's locked."

"I do think you had better let me in. Open the door. Please. O the door is open. I thought you said it was locked."

Schultz squirming further under the bed. Holy jeeze, how did that happen. Too much on my mind for too long and mistakes are happening all over the place. They teach you day and night in the Coast Guard. Check and then double check everything. Now with the way my life has become, if I don't fall head first downstairs, I leave doors open, my fly open, and even my prick out.

A candle glow coming into the room. Followed by Pricilla. In a purple satin nightdress, with transparent crimson lace over the bosoms guaranteed to turn tired husbands on fire.

"Now are you sure you're all right Agnes."

Agnes shifting down in the bed. Schultz pulling his armful of clothes in tight around him. Foot entangled around the lamp cord. Holy jesus christ. There's a break in my favor. No electricity to electrocute me. One more inch lower and I could never even with my prick bent back double, fit under this thing, in the first place. Look at the bitch. The hem of a brand new purple fucking outfit to go to bed in. And she's wearing my god damn hand sewn custom made slippers. If my heart pounds any louder she'll hear it. Come on Agnes. Time to be as cool as a cucumber in the September rain. Keep up the performance. Act like you were masturbating and blew your lid in a paroxysm. Don't give the game away with nervousness. Like I'm beginning to do with hysteria. Jesus this is just like once instead of hiding under it, I had to lie in full view on the bed. With a Mafia gunman four feet away pointing a god damn Smith and Wesson .38 revolver right at me between the eyes. When I had two minutes before been 42 miles up his luscious chorus girl mistress screwing the tits off her all afternoon. When the banging on the door came just as I was banging her for the seventh ecstatic but unlucky time. Her jaw dropped and her eyes nearly fell out while she nearly ripped my prick off jumping into a kimono. The guy was hammering the apartment door down while I said should I hide under the bed. She said no. He'll kill you soon as he finds you there. Just go to sleep and look like you got pneumonia. I'll tell him you're my nephew from Albany who's visiting town and got sick. I got sick in a second like I had malaria, double pneumonia, clap, and leprosy. The fever I threw made me so red all over the face I nearly exploded. Like I thought the end of the revolver barrel was going to do any second. With his body guard just behind him, he kept standing there. In a black fedora, chesterfield overcoat, and black skin tight gloves. Holding the gun on me. Looking. Saying. If this kid's been up to any monkey business I'll blow first his head away and then yours. She kept saying can't you see, he's just an innocent kid

Imagine this gangster called Al. He was also called hairy ape because he didn't have a hair on his body.

Al. Imagine this gangster called Al. He was also called hairy ape because he didn't have a hair on his body. Never before did I try to look so young, innocent, and vulnerable. Only time I ever truly changed character in my life. It was a tour de force. Even to fluttering my eye lids to look effeminate. So help me god I swear that was what must have convinced him. I was a pansy. He locked the bedroom door. As he was leaving he socked her breaking her nose. Shoved his knee in her stomach and made her vomit. Then threw her crashing back through the bedroom door where I was to my own astonishment getting up to protect her. Fortunately he was gone. And holy shit I left this god damn bedroom door open. But jesus instead of Pricilla, give me the Mafia anytime. She could be giving evidence against me this morning in Court. Christ I already hear her sniffing.

"Agnes. I smell something, like tom cat or something."

"I don't smell anything."

"Well I do."

"A cat might have got in during the night. In the window."

"How could a cat climb up three floors up the side of a building."

"The drain pipe."

"What's this."

"What's what."

"This Agnes."

"That."

"Yes."

"I don't think it's anything is it."

"It's a man's sock. And this is a shoe. I think I am entitled to an explanation. Well."

"Honestly, really honestly, Pricilla, I just woke up."

Holy jesus, my whole life is passing in front of my eyes, come on honey make it sound more convincing. Or else this could be the third situation of major mayhem in this house. Just like the psalm singing girl I invited in off the street. There she was playing in the band, pink skinned wearing glasses early one Sunday morning. In her little dark green straw bonnet with its big bow. Singing that old rugged cross. Colored ribbons on her tambourine. Watching her through the curtain, every time she opened her mouth I wanted to shove my prick between her beautiful teeth. Then shit 10 minutes later when I thought they were gone, the bell rang. And there she was standing in front of me at the door collecting donations. I said step in. Don't mind my kimono. A big flower in her collar and purple epaulets. After giving her two 10 shilling notes one after the other I listened for five minutes to her shit trying to convert me. Praise my soul the king of heaven. She made her decision to consecrate herself. To god who is wonderful. I have promised to serve him to the end. Under my breath I said for jesus's sake honey serve me a piece of arse. She said she'd found peace. Plus plenty of tranquility and rich fellowship through the blessing of the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus I don't know how I did it. And I don't think she knew what I was doing. But I said take my mace, honey. In the name of the father, the son and the holy ghost. I had her on her back, drawers down, green dress up, legs open fucking her right there on the carpet downstairs in the front hall. With her tambourine and collecting tin lying next to her. When a bunch of the rest of the choir came all at once looking for her right to my door. Jesus what a battle that was. In and out the hall, up and down on my stoop. In the middle of screwing she said divine and human nature is combined in god, the governor of all things. Blood and fire she said. Crossed swords. Snakes around our cross. Every word she said, now I believe. And only hope her religion will forgive me.

"Where is he."

"Where's who."

"My husband, this is his shoe."

"How can you be sure, Pricilla."

"It's his shoe. That's how I can be sure."

"Honestly I don't know where your

husband is Pricilla. It must have just got left here somehow."

"That's not all that's just got left here. His smell is here. The smell of his sperm."

"That's the candle you're smelling."

"This is a beeswax candle. I know what my husband's sperm smells like."

"Well I'm sure that you do, Pricilla. But I don't. And I wouldn't want to know. Please Pricilla, can't you just go back to bed. You're making a mountain out of a mole hill."

"Don't you tell me what to do."

"Pricilla, god, I'm not telling you."

"And what's this. Over here. Look at this. This is his tie, he wore tonight to the opening."

"It couldn't be. It's my boyfriend's."

"You liar you came here to escape your boyfriends. And I let you into my house. This is his tie clip. Initials S.F.S. Is this your boyfriend's. Is it. You bloody betraying treacherous bitch."

Pricilla rushing forward. The candle on the dresser toppling over and falling to the floor. Two bodies bouncing on the mattress over Schultz's head. Screams and scratching. Holy jeeze. Here we go folks. I wish the fuck this didn't have to happen. Thank god the candle's just gone out. With what's going to happen now, any darkness is merciful.

"I'll kill you, you slut."

"Get off me."

"I'll kill you."

Dust and debris dropping down into Schultz's face. Jeeze. I'm choked. This fucking house. I once called a home. I lived in decently and civilised as a respectable occupant once. Holy god. Pricilla's going to ruin that beautiful piece of arse. Christ, who knows maybe this should be flattering to my ego.

"I'll tear your tits off you slut."

Schultz pulling his shirt over his face as more dust puffed down. They're murdering each other. Fond du mots. Grunting, thumping, screaming and groaning. Am I a dumb bastard. Momma meeo. What a dumb bastard I am. What is it I can't do things in the right sequence. If ever guidance and flexuosity was needed in my life, it's now. Greta and Roxana's fight turned into the greatest bout of screwing. But these two are never ever going to love each other again.

"Pricilla, stop, stop. O god. My face. My face."

"Teach you a lesson you dirty slut."

Grunts, groans, and curses turning to choking croaks. O jesus one of them is giving out last gasps. Somebody's hands are around somebody's throat. Got to make an appearance now. Even stark naked. To save lives. God gives me for every little sprinkle of pleasure, a deluge of horror. Never did I know how well off I was two hours ago behind bars in jail.

Schultz squirming out. Crawling on hands and knees, entangled in a piece of underwear torn pulling it on. An arm through where it should have been a leg. And a leg wound in the lamp cord. A crash of white pottery. There goes another light out forever. Just rip everything off. Jesus where am I. I've been hit already.

"There he is you bitch, the bastard. Hiding under the bed. You hussy."

Pricilla kneeling astride Agnes. Her hands pressed down squeezed around on her throat. Holy shit, got to hold this tiger. Who came into my life like she wouldn't hurt a moth.

"Let go of her. You're killing her."

Schultz tearing at the fingers. Shit suddenly she's got the strength of a stevedore. When at any other time she could have fainted, now she's wide awake alive like a maniac. When here's something for her to faint about. When it would make everybody happy. Instead she erupts like an insane volcano.

"You're killing her. Leg go."

Schultz hauling back and releasing a

> Not that. Not the walrus behemoth whale. Tits heaving like ocean waves. Candles blazing on her ice breaking bow.

left hook slapping Pricilla's jaw. Holy jeeze. Like hitting granite wall all of a sudden. Hey what's this.

Light coming in the door. O no. Please jesus. Not that. Not the walrus behemoth whale. Tits heaving like ocean waves. Candles blazing on her ice breaking bow.

"What's going on in here."

Mrs Prune in a black satin nightdress putting her plate of candles on the dresser. Three flames flickering in the mirror. Shadows on the wall. The imitation crystal ceiling chandelier tinkling as the weight of the behemoth vibrated the floor and window panes.

"It's you again. Striking my daughter. You beast. Being arrested doesn't teach you a lesson."

"Fuck you madam, there's a killing going on here."

"I'll kill you, that's who I'll kill."

"Get your filthy fat hands off me, you tub of lard."

Mrs Prune pounding forward. Her arms grabbing around the stark naked Schultz. As his one free hand grabbed out clutching at her hair. Which holy shit. No. My god. The bald head. This is the end of my life. If only I could get to the window to jump. Like her husband did. Out away from this Arab Israeli war to end all wars.

"Give me back my hair."

"Let bloody go of me."

Schultz shaking loose. Pricilla arms flailing. Agnes, arms up shielding her face, still gasping for air. Schultz throwing punches. Landing sinking in these bottomless bosoms. O god. I can't look. The sight makes me sick. She looks like a man. Except for her mountainous tits. Hell the behemoth is going to hit me with the rest of the broken lamp.

"Put that down you bitch."

"My daughter. You're trying to make her miscarry."

"Shit, stop, stop everybody."

"Look at you. Look at you. Disgusting pervert. With your penis erected. I'm going to smash that prick and balls with this lamp."

The bald headed behemoth stalking him. Schultz circling backing away. Sounds of sobbing. Agnes hands up to her face. Pricilla at the bedside, fists clenched, snarling down.

"That's what you deserve you slut."

"You've hurt me, my neck."

"Next time it will be your brains I'll knock out. And you get out of this house. And I never want to set eyes on or speak to you again. Who do you think you are."

"I am your best friend. He came in. He had nowhere to go."

"Except up you, is that right."

"No no. Nothing. Not a thing happened. He said he was cold and hungry."

"For a piece of arse as he always is."

"We did nothing. And you've scratched my face."

"I smell his sperm."

"Please, Pricilla. Leave me alone."

"Don't you call me Pricilla, ever ever again."

Schultz cornered between the dresser and the window. One of the landlord's ersatz antique chairs held legs up jabbing at Mrs Prune. By the dawn's early light. Cold draught of air on my arse. The behemoth standing, her eyes wide eyed. Staring transfixed. Catching her breath. Holy jesus the most horrible obscene sight of my existence. They say you get a hard on at a hanging. She's mesmerised. Can't take her eyes off it. Give it a twitch. For once in my life my stiff prick is saving me from a broken arse. With an erection you could use as a high diving board. What the hell's going on in my brain. Giving such signals. And making in this situation my prick go wagging up and down pointing at the bald behemoth. Still got her jet black wig in my hand. Just watch me. I'm going to god damn well put it on. Top of my head.

And go
Fucking
Gay

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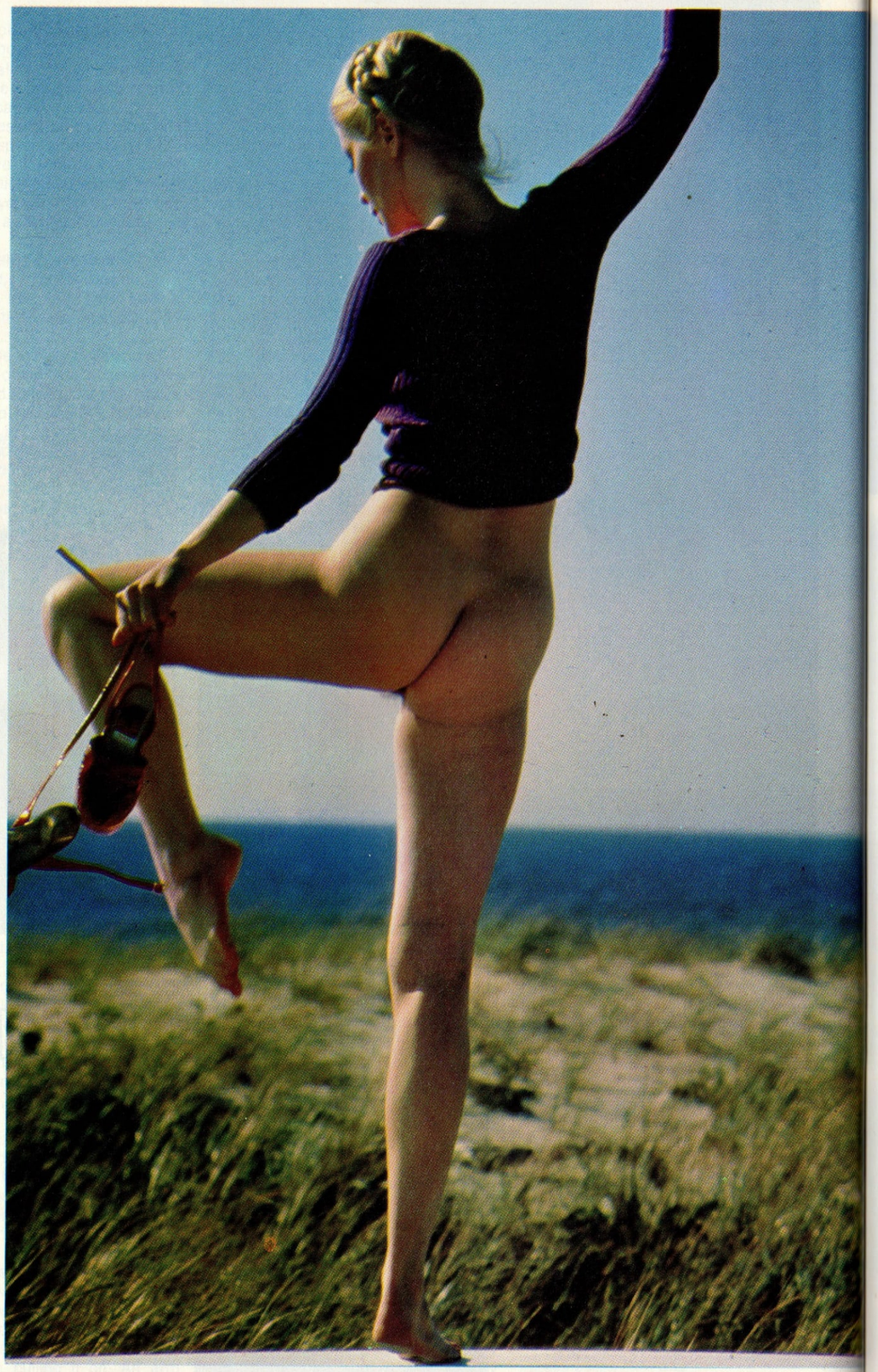
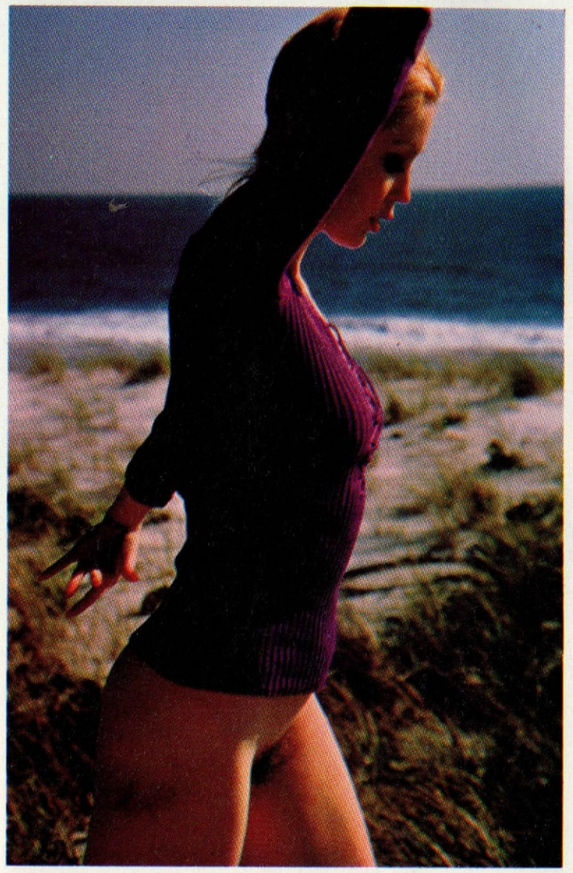
Cheryl

"When you speak in body language, you talk straight from the soul."





Busy body

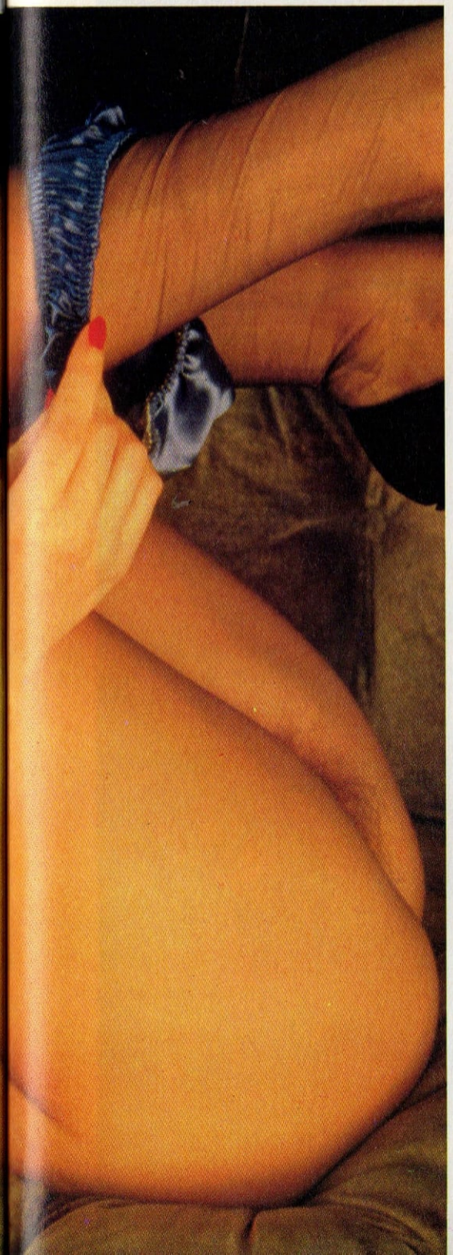
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

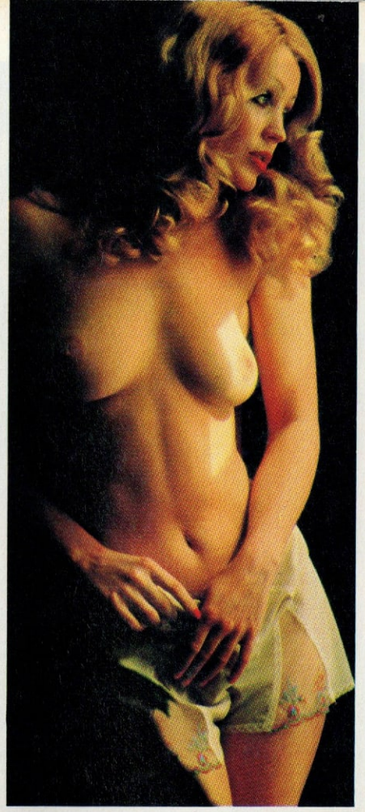
Life is a series of exciting challenges for Australia's beautiful Cheryl Rixon, whose impish charm has made her a darling of the New York disco set. Cheryl's career blossomed after her first appearance in *US Penthouse,* and the one-time sexy "dumb" blonde of Australian television soap operas went on to become one of New York's most sought-after high-fashion models. With that mission accomplished, Cheryl set her sights on Hollywood, and it wasn't long before movie producer Steve Krantz signed her for a starring role in *Swap Meet.* Recently Cheryl worked with Bert Convy, Bobby Riggs, Phil Silvers and Bjorn Borg on *Racquet,* a light-hearted, back-handed look at the very rich, very bored tennis set. And if that wasn't more than enough to keep the former gymnast and dancer busy, she opened her own boutique, Rarity, in New York's chic shopping district. How does she find time for modelling, films, business and being snapped for the daily papers when she goes dining and dancing with stars like Elton John and Sly Stallone?

"When two vital people who are aware of their bodies meet in lovemaking, the result is sublime."

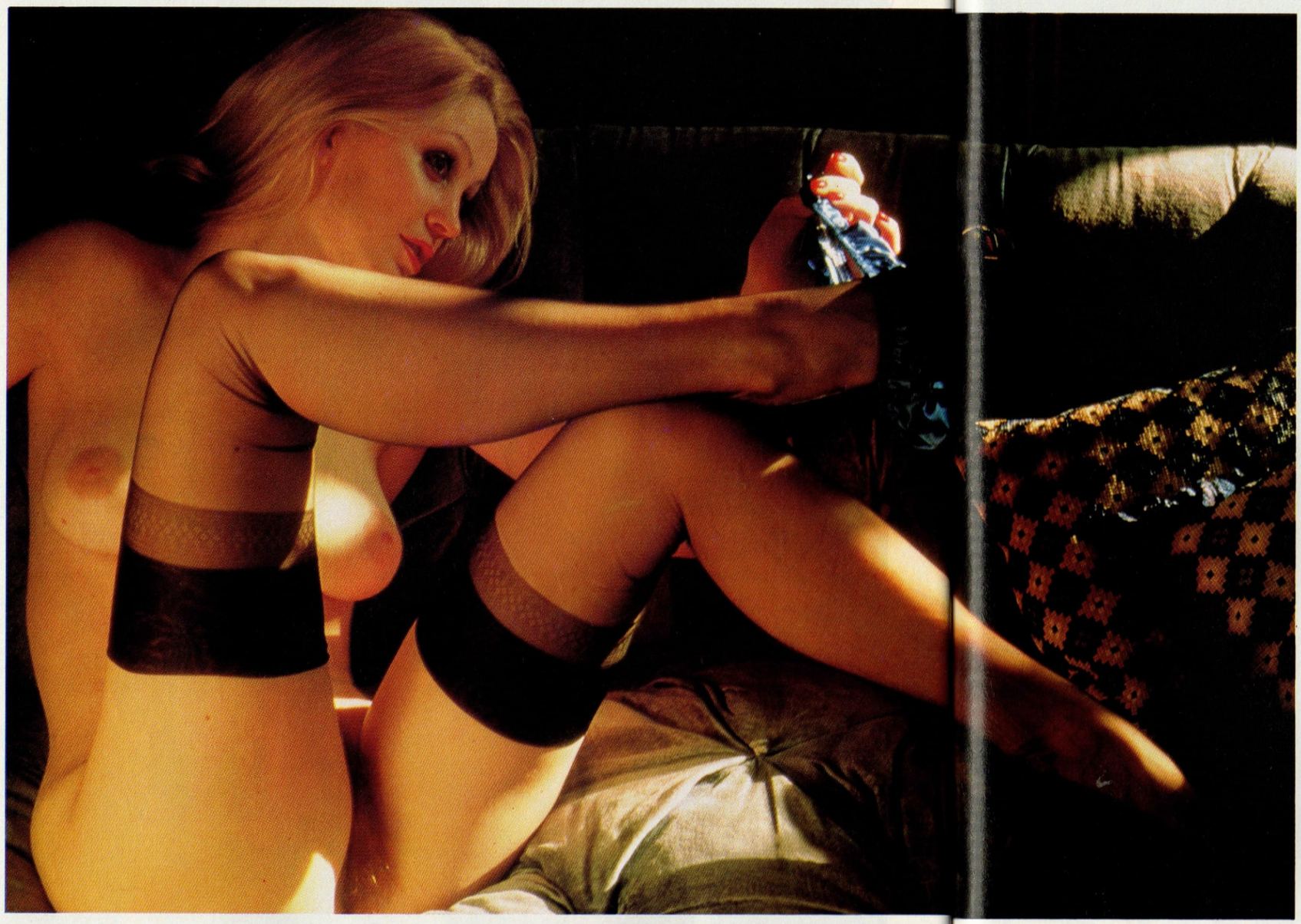
"It's easy," says Cheryl. "My life and career seem to blend together — it's hard to tell where one ends and the other begins. When I'm making love, the parts of me that are a gymnast, a dancer and an actress seem to come together to excel for the very special audience of someone I care deeply about." Even with her busy schedule, Cheryl is still strongly committed to nutrition and fitness because, she explains, "when two vital, healthy people who are aware of their bodies meet in lovemaking, the result is sublime. I believe the radiance of health is the beginning of everything. After all, when you speak in body language, you talk from the soul. It is a wisdom that's beyond words."

And when it comes to men, Cheryl has very definite preferences. "I am really turned on by athletic bodies," she says. "The best parts of a man's body are his shoulders and arms. I tingle at the touch of big, strong muscles — because that's the part that hugs you. I like tiny little bums and slim hips in my men — and a good sense of humor and a lot of tenderness. I'm a cuddler in bed. I ask for nonstop affection from my partner and I love to return every bit of it."





'I'm a cuddler. I ask for nonstop affection and I return every bit of it.'



Cheryl is in touch with life and knows the force of her spirit on others. "If you're enthusiastic and thorough," she says, "and having a ball, it rubs off on the people around you." She approaches everything, including her love life, with verve and her own brand of humor. "Good sex is like headstands," she says. "It makes you feel deliciously supple and alive and turns the whole world upside down. It's cosmic calisthenics." Now that's what we call a great keep-fit program!

Illustration by Paul Winter

Once a year the warriors seek immortality at Bathurst, armed with their cool, their cars and someone else's cash.

MEN AGAINST THE MOUNTAIN

BY BILL TUCKEY

There is a racing drivers' litany that has existed for as long as men have raced the quick, bright cars. It is this: there are old drivers and there are bold drivers, but there are no old, bold drivers.

On my desk sits an ashtray that is no longer used because it has started to craze, as do old journalists and old drivers. Graham Hill's wife, Bette, gave it to my wife in 1965 for her part in founding the Australian version of Bette Hill's Doghouse Club, the loose association of Formula One racing's grass widows, who filled in the awful absences of their husbands by raising money for better safety equipment and training on the circuits where the husbands went out to kill the bulls.

There are 17 signatures on the ashtray, all grand prix drivers. Five were world champions. Eight are dead, killed on the track, and one — Graham Hill — died when he flew his private plane into the ground on the way back from a grand prix. The other dead are Jim Clark, Lorenzo Bandini, Pete Arundell, Bruce McLaren, Count Carol Godin de Beaufort, Jo Bonnier, Jo Siffert and Trevor Taylor. Of the survivors only one, Sir John Brabham, still races occasionally.

The only equivalent in Australia for this 70-year-old ritual of death on a Sunday afternoon, the essence of 20th-century man's need to dominate his mechanical creature, is the Hardie-Ferodo 1000. This is 1000km of racing over a 6.1km scenic public road around a small mountain on the outskirts of Bathurst, a brisk and chilly NSW rural city otherwise famous for a portentous carillion and an Easter weekend when the motorcyclists arrive for their annual racing carnival and a personal Armageddon with the more vicious elements of the NSW police force.

The Hardie-Ferodo is now one of the major international sedan races. No one has been killed in the race since it began there in 1963, nor in its three predecessors, called the Armstrong 500, run on the historic Phillip Island circuit.

While the Hardie-Ferodo has never killed anybody, Bathurst has. It is a terrifying circuit. Three bike racers have died there, the last during this year's Easter meeting. It is no longer considered safe for grand prix or sports cars; the three racing drivers killed there died in sports cars, when they were still racing them at Bathurst — Reg Smith in a Porsche in 1960, young Bevan Gibson in 1971 when his car flipped on to its back 6m in the air over the first hump in Conrod Straight, and 72-year-old veteran Tom Sulman a year later when his Lotus went through a fence.

All crashed in the same 200m length of the downhill Conrod Straight, where the bike racers now get both wheels off the

ground at 300km/h and sit as still as mice for 100m waiting for the reassuring kiss of bitumen.

In 1969 a field of cars dominated by GTHO Falcons and Holden Monaro 350s was barrelling down from the top of the mountain on the first lap of the Hardie-Ferodo when Ryde, Sydney, newsagent Bill Brown had his Falcon, lying ninth, elbowed up a clay bank by another Falcon. He did a Wall of Death act up the bank, turned over in mid-air and crashed back into the middle of the road upside down. Behind him, pouring over the blind Skyline corner, came the rest of the field, all mad-eyed and locked brakes and smoking tyres as they tried to avoid disaster. Within seconds the road was jammed with smashed and stopped cars. Queenslander John French was upside down in his Alfa Romeo, locked into his seat harness, with petrol starting to collect in the roof and the window apertures getting smaller and smaller as car after car cannoned off him. No one was hurt, but five cars were eliminated immediately and another 10 — a total of a quarter of the field — failed to finish because of damage. Today there is a warning light to guard against a repetition.

Almost every driver who has driven at Bathurst since it saw its first race in 1938 as an unsealed gravel road is in love with the place. It is the kind of circuit that defies you to put together one absolutely perfect lap . . . one shining 6.1km adventure where you get it exactly right down to the last millimetre . . . the kind of lap that Stirling Moss wanted every time.

This is a characteristic of public road circuits. Today's artificial tracks lack the ingredient of danger offered by a public road circuit, where you can't clear away all the trees and fix all the sheer drops and move the earth banks. Bathurst is the last great public road circuit left in Australia.

The others have been victims of either consumerist pressure, rising costs, or the increasing demands of race controlling bodies who are under pressure from drivers to make circuits safer for them.

In 1971 at Bathurst, Bill Brown again achieved immortality. In another GTHO Falcon he had a tyre blow at McPhillamy, on a fearsome corner around the top of the mountain that requires more than the ordinary allocation of gonads. In a world-famous piece of television film Brown's Falcon is seen doing an extraordinary series of multiple rolls down the length of the steel Armco fence, slicing again and again a few centimetres behind his head, ending with the car upside down, broken-backed and eviscerated like an abandoned sardine can, with Brown unhurt.

Bathurst, or more properly the Mount Panorama circuit, will make a serious attempt on your life should you be in the least cavalier about the business of getting around it quickly. There was a time when the big race could be won by a driver doing the 500 miles alone and winning on luck, car preparation and a reasonable ability to keep everything pointed in the right direction.

Today's 1000km can be won only by a pairing of professional drivers who have all the necessary machinery to cope with The Mountain. Part of that equipment must be big balls — with due respect to the few women who have raced there.

On The Mountain you face all the normal penalties of your own indiscretions, plus off-camber corners, gullies for falling into, forbidding trees, half an unfenced mountain to fall off, a particularly unyielding clay bank facing you halfway down the descent when your brakes are out to lunch — and down the long and undulating Conrod Straight, the same evil wind currents that killed Reg Smith and Bevan Gibson and Tom Sulman.

> During abnormal stress some things are prone to break or fall off; when they do The Mountain will probably claim its tithe.

Consider also that during 1000km of abnormal stress some things are prone to break or fall off; when they do The Mountain will probably claim its tithe.

In 1970, at precisely that point where you reach Skyline at something like 200km/h with nothing before you except the rural panorama of the Bathurst plains 300m below, the 1969 co-winner, Tony Roberts, arrived in his GTHO on his third-last lap, lying third, to find that he had no brakes. All he could do was to spin the car. He got it through 180 degrees before it hit the Armco, cannoned over it and flew down towards the steep bushy slope below. For Roberts, things went awfully quiet for a moment, then the big car hit a small tree and stopped. He had plenty of time to consider his fortune as he clambered up the track left by the Falcon.

The sedan cars that race at Bathurst are among the fastest of their kind in the world. They are no longer the standard, showroom-floor production sedans on which the race was based until 1972. Today they top 275km/h down Conrod Straight and their lap record is only 10 seconds slower than that set by the last big Formula 5000 GP car to race there seven years ago.

In 1974, in atrociously wet conditions, 23-year-old Melbourne driver Rod McRae was hissing down Conrod accompanied by a curtain of blinding spray when his Torana lost adhesion, aquaplaning on a pool of water. The car went berserk, eventually hitting a tree 6m from the ground, 50m away from the edge of the road. It looked like it had been through a mincer, but McRae lived through it.

To walk out behind your car into the kaleidoscope of nubile nymphets and prancing clowns in lion costumes and photographers and officials and glad-handers and pit pests who crowd the long starting grid an hour before the flag falls costs bulk money. Even the smallest car in the lowest class, privately-entered by enthusiastic hopefuls with absolutely no chance of even placing in their class, will cost this year at least $10,000.

For the big teams — the works cars of Ford and General Motors-Holden — the overall cost of that short walk could well be $150,000. It's almost as much for the semi-factory teams, like those of millionaire Sydney car dealer Ron Hodgson who, in 1978, watched his two cars fail on the television screen set up at the end of his bed in hospital, where he was recovering from a heart attack.

The last time a privateer won was 11 years ago, when Bruce McPhee crossed the line first in a 327 Holden Monaro. Since then the race has gone to a factory or factory-assisted entry — Bond/Roberts for GMH in 1969, Allan Moffat (Ford) in 1970, Moffat/Ian Geoghegan (Falcon) in 1973, John Goss and Kevin Bartlett (Falcon) in 1974, Brock/Brian Sampson (Torana) in 1975, Hodgson's team of Bob Morris and John Fitzpatrick (Torana) in 1976, Moffat/Jackie Ickx (Ford) in 1977 and last year Brock and expatriate New Zealander Jim Richards in a Marlboro Holden Dealer Team Torana.

To win today, as in all racing, you must be powered by money. Inevitably, the winning drivers will be professional. They will make most of their income from racing. No one in racing in Australia says very much about incomes — unlike America, where the dollar barometer of a sportsman's earnings is a major measure of worth. The top professional drivers in Australia probably gross around $40,000 a year, about the same as the better World Series cricketers or Sydney Rugby League mammoths, a little more than the lithe locomotives of VFL football.

There are really only seven professional racing drivers in Australia. They meet constantly, in all States, in all

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weather. They share a cautious camaraderie common to all good drivers, in whatever level of car. They often find themselves in situations where getting past requires that you hit somebody. To the outsider it looks like dodgem cars at 200km/h, and you can certainly get badly hurt doing it, but there is an unwritten limit — a code if you like — that they seldom transgress because next week, on another circuit, somebody will be driving into their door.

The seven professionals are Moffat, Brock, Bond, John Harvey, Richards, Morris and a fierce, ex-Maitland pastrycook called Allan Grice. Most are married, most happily. They live well, but not lavishly, because their entire livelihood depends completely on the readiness of the commercial sponsorship business to renew contracts every year.

Moffat, the 37-year-old ex-Canadian, has done it harder than the others. This is partly because of his complete belief in himself, which leads him to appear as single-minded, abrasive and unfriendly. It is partly because when he started thrusting his professionalism on Australian racing it was an era when the top drivers were generally wealthy car dealers, or carbon copies of the popular playboy image, or jumped-up motor mechanics with a rich sponsor.

Moffat made himself unpopular because he saw quite clearly that to race and win, which was what he most wanted to do, he had to have money, so he pursued it. It would have been anathema to one of the last of the gentlemen racing drivers, millionaire Melbourne shoe manufacturer Lex ("The Oulde Cobbler") Davison, whom the cars eventually killed one Saturday at Sandown Park in 1965.

At Bathurst in 1964, Davison was to drive one of the semi-factory Triumph 2000s. In those days the cars had to be stock standard, but Davison had fitted a tachometer down on the central console just for a guide during testing. On the Friday before practice he started tooling around the circuit, which wouldn't be closed for racing until the next day. As it got dark he decided to get serious and began hammering around the circuit at near-racing speeds, with Melbourne journalist Paul Higgins hanging on beside him, frothing in fright. As they rushed down Conrod Davison shouted: "Show me the tacho!" Higgins had to crouch under the dash trying to keep a flickering cigarette lighter on the tachometer as Davison view-hallooed around the mountain.

Moffat, called "Marvin" by other drivers for unexplained reasons has, since 1971, been the driver to beat in Australian racing. He is idolised by his fans, but less admired by his peer group who, while they trust him absolutely on the track, don't — or can't — mix with him socially. Not for Moffat and his devoted wife Pauline the after-race rages. If he has won he has done his duty to his sponsors, occupying the circuit and TV microphones for minutes at a time droning out their credits in an adenoidal accent, looking irrisistibly like a cross between Bob Ansett and John Howard; if he has lost he simply goes away somewhere to tot up the bills and worry about next year's money.

Early this year Ford Australia decided to stop its funding of Moffat and Ford's racing effort. There were rumors that Ford's assistant managing director and heir-apparent to the largest family-owned company in the world, Edsel Ford, didn't like Moffat's style, or his lack of success over the last year, or both.

True or not, the decision was also influenced by the fact that the XC Falcon Moffat had been campaigning was about to be superseded, and the cost and risk of developing the new XD version for racing were simply unacceptable. So for 1979, Moffat was back to rounding up the $150,000 or so it needs to take him racing for a full year.

Brock is the golden boy of Australian motor racing. Discovered in 1968 as an unknown, lean, hungry, Diamond Valley (Melbourne), black-eyed, devilish-looking rake driving a ferocious home-made Austin A30 with six-cylinder Holden engine, Brock, 34, has just sat there and driven the cars while people keep shoving money at him. He had his first drive for the Holden Dealer Team at Bathurst in 1969 and has driven Holdens ever since — for the team, and in a two-year spell as a works-backed privateer.

Brock's great-uncle, Harry James, founded Australian motor sport with the first races (really "timed demonstrations") and Sydney-Melbourne reliability trials between 1904 and 1910, including setting the first official Sydney-Melbourne speed record in 1908 with Charles Kellow in a Talbot. That's Brock's style. He can do nothing wrong; he drives a car by instinct, so that while Moffat is just as quick he seems to have to work harder at it.

As his marriage failed several years ago, of the seven professionals Brock is certainly the groupies' prime target. But as he grows older, the once and future king in him is retreating. He is now sincerely involved in the mounting problems of how man can continue to live with the automobile in his environment. His long association with the Victorian Government's determination to control drink-driving (all Brock's cars carry the number 05) has made him something of a totem for the young breed of driver growing up in an increasingly-regimented world that categorises car-enjoyment as one of the sins of the flesh.

Brock has never had a major accident, nor has he ever seemed likely to have one. As a driver he is unflappable, relaxed, like Moffat intensely aware of the messages delivered through the bum-computer that all drivers use to a greater or lesser extent; he thoroughly enjoys his life without being bemused by it.

Women find him fascinating, yet (the eternal challenge) difficult to master. Some have told me "Brock is an outright bastard with women". He seems happiest talking cars and racing with people he considers able to understand it all.

Driving a race car quickly around Bathurst is largely a matter of formula, believe it or not. Despite the death-in-the-afternoon obsessions of Hollywood and most newspapers, getting a tonne of tin box with a wheel at each corner around a circuit of bitumen road is largely a matter of dialling in all the automatic response so that the thing arrives at each point on the circuit in the attitude you need, at the required speed and in balance with all the conflicting elements.

> Down Conrod Straight the cars will tailgate each other at three times the speeds with which normal mortals barely cope.

Down Conrod Straight the cars will tailgate each other at three times the speeds with which normal mortals barely cope. They sit perhaps one-third of a metre apart, living in the vacuum created by the front car's airflow so that the second car is sucked along and when it pops out into the airstream it will gain a car's length advantage immediately. The Americans call it "drafting", the Australians "slipstreaming". To a race driver there is nothing particularly remarkable about it. And they survive because of another phenomenon. The brain, the human computer, has the fascinating ability of projecting emergencies in slow motion. Thus when a car spins in front of you, it all happens at one-tenth the pace. You dial in all the evasive action while you sit there calmly watching the patterns of smoke curling off the sliding tyres, the white knuckles of the luckless driver glinting in the morning sunlight, the slow parabola of the flag marshal's arm starting to lift a warning flag . . . even in your own loss of control situation, in the start of a giant four spins, you evaluate the environment to decide where the car is likely to go and what end of it you should use to hit the scenery. This is part of the equipment of the Brocks and Moffats.

Colin Bond started wearing glasses for the first time in 1977. Such is his standing in the racing community that no one thought it worth a mention. Bond is the driver's driver, just as Carlton's Alex Jesaulenko and Eastern Suburbs' Bob Fulton are the footballer's footballers. Bond has driven everything, starting with the bicycle he used to race around the foreshores of the Parramatta River where the footings of the huge concrete span of the Gladesville Bridge now stand.

He has driven formula cars, Grand Prix cars, hillclimbs, go-karts, everything. Today he is the only one of the seven who excels equally in road racing and that terrifying kamikaze act through the forests of the night, rallying.

Bond is paid to direct Ford Australia's rally operation and, with the help of 12 years of development by Ford Europe of the 280bhp BDA Escort forest rocket, has laid a good foundation for a continuing business operation that will probably make him more secure in his old age than some of the others.

He is convivial, joyful, relaxed, serene and untroubled. So is his wife, Robyn who, like Pauline Moffat, subtly complements her husband in the same way that Bette Hill and Diane Davison and Helen Stewart did for Graham, Lex and Jackie.

Bond was, like Brock, a discovery of Harry Firth, the Menzies-eyebrowed *eminence gris* of Australian motor sport. He took Bond out of rallying a Mitsubishi Colt and used him as the basis of today's Holden Dealer Team, and when Bond defected to Moffat's Ford team for the 1977 season many a young Holden fan wet his pillow at night.

Again like Brock, driving quickly comes easily to Bond. He doesn't have to think about what he does. One day we had to photograph him demonstrating a stock-as-a-rock 2-litre Escort. It was on a narrow gravel road he hadn't seen before and, when we placed the photographer, Bond said simply: "I won't hit him." Fifty metres from the left-hand corner he tweaked the Escort to the right at the start of what is now known as the "Scandinavian flick", exploded it through the corner on full opposite lock, and flicked it back straight less than a metre from the photographer who — used to Bondy and his style — kept his nose buried in the Nikon.

In the superb film produced by the ABC on this year's Castrol Rally through the slimy forests around Canberra, there is one memorable sequence of Bond going through a long, fast muddy corner in the BDA Escort. He slid it perhaps 100cm too far and the left rear wheel went over the bank and the car, travelling at maybe

100km/h, was on the way down over the edge. Bond just gave it everything he had under his right foot, and the Escort stayed in its sideways attitude and crabbed along the edge of the drop for perhaps 50 metres until the limited-slip diff and 250 brake horsepower overcame the force of gravity and hauled the tail back up on to level ground. A lesser driver would have lifted his foot and gone over.

Bond's only real accident was in the 1972 Bathurst on lap three. In the lead, he found his XU-1 Torana skating across a pool of water on the top of the mountain, bounced off a bank and rolled it into the trees. The only thing hurt was his pride. Until then no one could remember him even denting a car.

As he gets older — he's now 37 — Bond is beginning to suffer the torment of the racing driver's ageing process. To stay with the blindingly-fast young crazies like Greg Carr and Wayne Bell in those masochistic rally special stages through the forests, one point lost for every second late into control, Bond has to use all his 18 years of experience on top of his natural skills. This doesn't alter the fact that he is the coolest and most versatile of all the professionals. In the Firestone television commercial where a car jumps across the opening bridge at Swansea, an outlying suburb of Newcastle, the driver is Bond. They had one chance at the jump, because the bridge is on the Pacific Highway and the police were conveniently looking the other way. The director asked Colin if he wanted to rehearse, or practice, and he laughed his giggly laugh and said: "No, she'll be right".

It took John Harvey years to live down the media label of "Our Next Jack Brabham", which has been applied to promising new race drivers just as lavishly as raddled and bored sporting writers belabored young Test batsmen Ian Craig and Norm O'Neill and David Hookes with "Our Next Don Bradman". Harvey's cross was that he started his racing 20 years ago in those awesomely anachronistic and primitive American inventions called speedway midgets, just as did Hurstville, Sydney, greengrocer's son Brabham.

Harvey won every title worth winning in Australian speedway before he surrendered his dirt-track racing licence (as you still must do) to go circuit racing in a black Mini Cooper sponsored by Sydney car dealer R.C. ("The Cardinal") Phillips.

To the thinly-disguised horror of the establishment, then very much tweed cap and leather elbows and chicken sandwiches from the wicker basket in the boot of the Aston-Martin at Warwick Farm, Harvey was an instant success. Boyish and cheerful survivor of the dirt tracks that in those days were killing an average of three drivers a season, Harvey at 39 is still the only Australian driver since Brabham to make the transition from speedway champion to circuit racing champion.

Like Bond, he has driven everything from sedans to grand prix cars to the big sports cars. Like Bond, his one serious crash was at Bathurst, but it was a beauty. His Brabham formula car went off around the top of the mountain, ripped the wheels off between two trees, and damn near savaged him to death. He is now driving the best he has ever driven. In last year's Bathurst, he was superb.

Jim Richards has also made the transition from being top man on the dirt tracks to the shy, almost monosyllabic professional circuit racer now living in Australia. He was flinging big American Mustangs and Camaros around the New Zealand dirt tracks before his car dealer sponsor, expatriate Australian Jerry Clayton, talked him into trying his luck in Australia in 1974.

The remarkable thing about Richards, apart from the fact that he does most of the design and construction work on his racing sedans, is that in the wet he goes faster. This is unnatural, for on a wet track your adhesion factors are cut by at least a third, the car must be kept out of extravagant attitudes and you put a carton of eggs under the throttle pedal.

Motor racing history records a few drivers who were as quick in the wet as in the dry. Moss was one — he once lapped an entire New Zealand Grand Prix field in a torrential downpour on the third lap after the start — as was German Jochen Rindt and English beer fortune heir Piers Courage, now both dead in awful crashes in Europe. The Germans have a name for them: "Der Regenmeister" — The Rainmaster.

Richards co-drove the winning Holden Dealer Team Torana at Bathurst last year with Brock, performing admirably his task of keeping the car in the lead while Brock rested. Despite the heavy traffic, Richards brought the red-and-white car around every lap within one or two-tenths of a second of his required time, like a metronome, relentlessly circulating the 6.1km with fierce concentration where other drivers' times might vary by two seconds a lap.

In the spectator areas on top of the mountain it is Sodom and Gomorrah. There are probably 20,000 people up there, spread along three kilometres of fence and camping area from Reid Park to McPhillamy Park, camper vans and fuck trucks from as far afield as Perth, sin bins and caravans from the Gold Coast, passion wagons and customised EH Holdens from Villawood and Sunshine and Moonee Ponds and Wollongong, possum

"There's no reason for you to feel guilty Roger, Nothing really *happened!"*

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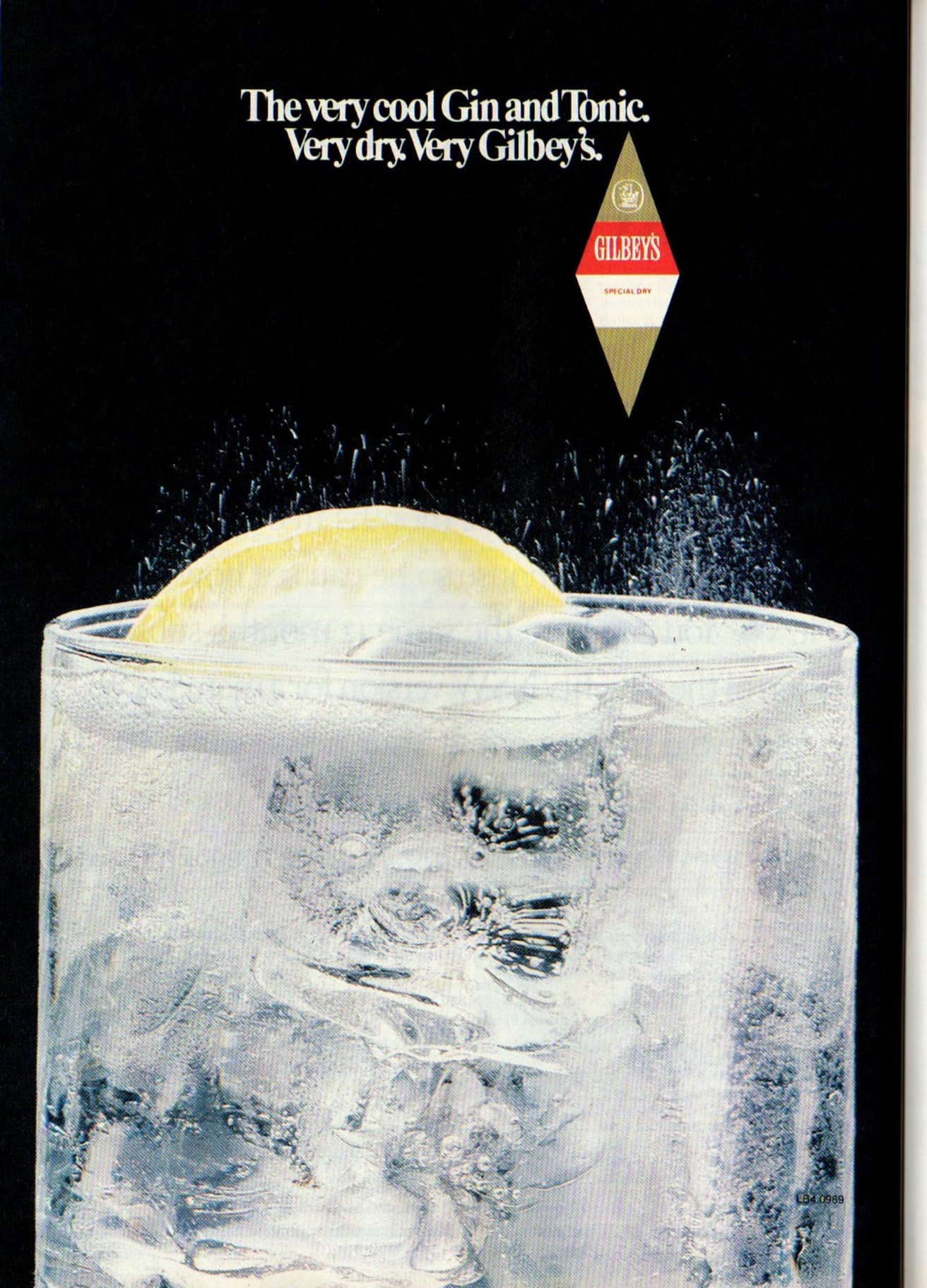

tails on the aerials and Kiss or Peter Frampton or Meatloaf pounding from the stereo speakers, pewter mugs chained to the wire fence, 18-gallon kegs dug into a hole in the ground, raging spunkies bobbling their nipples through the car park in Carna Torana T-shirts and frayed-bottom denim shorts. Bedewed pup tents (for it is cold on the mountain in October) crammed with stinking unshaven bodies, clanking beer cans kicking through the park at night as the boy wonders go barrelling over the top in their Chargers or their Holden earlies, police sirens wailing around the dark circuit until two in the morning, downtown the bored Bathurst police and the special "heavy pigs" from Sydney enacting their twice-yearly routine of shitcanning boozy revellers and double-parkers and those with number plates obscured by towballs. Up on the mountain the smell of Mary Jane melds with the smoke from the camp fires.

Allan Grice, who has not been a pastrycook for some years, operates his Craven Mild racing team from a huge two-car transporter and a permanent workshop-residence at Sydney's Amaroo Park track, where he spends most of his time testing and developing his Torana and Chev Corvair under the watchful eye of his Labrador dog.

He is equally under the watchful eye of the vastly-experienced and dryly humorous former Whale Beach lifesaver Frank Gardner. Gardner, several times European Touring Car Champion, and undoubtedly one of the finest car driver/designers ever to come out of Australia, including Brabham, retired only two years ago because of an old back problem. He now lives at Newport, flying to Europe every so often to draw up a brand new race car for probably $50,000 a time.

Gardner has mellowed the natural aggression of the Zapata-moustached Grice, who has had many collisions with circuit hardware and fellow competitors. Grice is the hardest, toughest, no-quarter driver of all the pros, and is not unused to threats of knuckle sandwiches.

Of the seven, he and Harvey are the only two who have not won at Bathurst. Grice has been trying for a long time. He and I shared a Fiat 124 Sports in the 1968 race, and he had been driving for three or four years before that. His best was second last year, but even then his atrocious luck was present because on the last lap his seat broke loose from its mountings.

Grice was looking good in 1975 when a slower car ran into him and shoved him into an Armco fence. That's the sort of luck he has. On his day he is unbeatable, but the ball seldom bounces well for him.

There are few more stirring sights in motor racing than a McPhillamy Park crowd in full song. These are the inheritors of the tradition of Creek Corner at Warwick Farm, a 5000-strong camp that the police used to draw straws to patrol in the days when the Liverpool, Sydney, circuit was in its gladiatorial glory. There was a trumpeter there, a good one, who would stand and play The Lonely Bull as the sound of the cars leaving the starting grid 2km away drifted down on the breeze. Once Leo Geoghegan blew his Lotus 39 in an awesome cloud of blue smoke as he arrived at Creek Corner. Geoghegan ran it on to the grass and stopped, got out, looked at the engine and kicked the rear tyre once, very hard. The trumpeter started The Last Post and the crowd rose to their feet as Geoghegan, laughing like a loon, bowed his head over the expired Lotus. The Creek Corner crowd used to reserve their supreme accolade — jumping the fence — for the slowing-down lap of a race which particularly moved them. They would surround the cars, parting like the Red Sea to let them through. One fan of Victorian Norm Beechey was so moved by Beechey's win one day that he lay down on the track in front of Beechey's Chevy Nova crying "Run over me, Norm! Run over me!" By three in the afternoon the Creek Corner crowd would be well-oiled, and the women would dive under blankets as the remaining ice from the Esky was used to start brawls. When it got really bad the police moved in, but not often. I saw one trusty young bobby brought down at full run at 60m with a full can of beer in the middle of his cap, using the single-overlap grip with tuck. McPhillamy is like that in October.

"The on-track vehicular punch-ups have become more frequent as the prizemoney has increased."

It was at Creek Corner that I saw Bob Morris in his first race, in 1967, I think. Four hundred metres from the corner he arrived down the road backwards, out of control in his father's monstrous V8-engined XP Falcon two-door, red, with white knuckles.

Since then Morris has driven only sedans. For the past five years he has been driving for car magnate Hodgson, himself a top sedan driver of the 60s. Hodgson has encouraged and nurtured the adventurous Morris to the point where in 1976, in some memorable television moments, Morris stood out on the pit apron with tears welling in his eyes as Englishman John Fitzpatrick nursed home the dying Ron Hodgson Torana to the team's first and only outright win in the big race.

Like Moffat and Brock, Morris has had several drives in European racing, and possibly as a result these three are the fastest men in sedan racing in this country. This year Morris, at the urging of his sponsor ("I tell him panel beating is cheap", Hodgson said to me) has been involved in some heavy biffing with his peers, apparently overstepping the invisible line of good taste in collisions. He hit Brock in the door in Tasmania, was instrumental in Harvey having an enormous lose down into the esses at Sandown in Melbourne and in Perth collided with Torana backup driver Wayne Negus. On TV later Negus called him a "mad dog" and the other drivers started bringing the Morris pits little gifts, like cans of Pal and a lead for chief mechanic Peter Molloy to use on his driver.

This will all blow over, for the simple reason that the hitter can easily become the hittee. Morris is nevertheless highly skilled, fearless, very safe and very hard to beat on any Sunday.

The fans, of course, love these examples of motorised mayhem. The on-track vehicular punch-ups have become more frequent as the prizemoney has increased. Bathurst prizemoney this year will probably total $60,000. It's a fact that sedan racing has become the prime form of motor racing in Australia, overshadowing the traditional open-wheeler cars and their European heritage. So those seven professionals are certainly the top drivers in Australia, and the Australian Grand Prix and the Australian Drivers' Championship, called the Gold Star, are sorry caricatures of their former greatness.

At Bathurst last year the stall selling souvenir T-shirts and caps ran out of Torana gear about halfway, when Brock/Richards were steaming away in front. The Torana fans then resorted to buying Ford souvenirs at $5 a throw, just so they could ceremoniously set them on fire in front of the Ford followers.

And so at Bathurst in a few weeks the one-minute board will go up and the throng will have cleared the grid and the 60 cars will be left there, sitting in a throbbing haze, waiting for the flag to drop to send them away on this year's 1000km journey around the hall of the mountain kings.

And up at McPhillamy Park, above the rising roar of the crowd as the river of metal appears between the trees on that first hectic lap, you will hear, faint but clear, the sound of a trumpet . . .

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BRUCE GYNGELL

‘I am in favor of deregulation of the air waves. That gets you away from the potential of people in power being able to control minds.’

As Australia approaches the 25th anniversary of television in this country, it is on the verge of a revolution in the whole spectrum of video communications. Cable, pay-television, 24-hour international satellite transmissions, video cassettes and discs, home cinema-size screens, video games and audience participation systems are already outmoding the medium we know.

Bruce Gyngell, at 50, is chairman of the current Public Service hot-seat, the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal. He is a man with an instinct for what lies before us, and a responsibility to oversee broadcasting as it now operates. A public servant with the dressed manner of a successful business executive (which he has been), Gyngell was the first man to be seen on television in Australia. He delivered the opening monologue on Sydney’s TCN-9 on September 16, 1956. That closeness to the medium never lapsed. He has put together an impressive 23-year career in television, sometimes in front of but usually behind the camera, only to find himself in the last two years back under the public gaze — and not always in a favorable light.

The tribunal exists in an uneasy marriage of necessity with the broadcasters. It is there to hold them to the good intent of their licensing vows. Recent events surrounding new directives laid down with the intention of improving television for children have led to public mud-slinging, with Gyngell as the man in the middle copping a fair share.

Critics looking for the Achilles heel of the man have had plenty of targets to shoot for in the past 12 months: his voiced opinion that there would be no loss of network licences because of tribunal hearings; a controversial bill for home entertainment savaged by the media; a call for his resignation at the time of the TV licence renewal hearings by Bill Hayden; the resignation, during those hearings, of fellow board member Janet Strickland; and the outright refusal by Channel 7, Sydney, to adhere to the tribunal’s dictate over Carrots, a children’s program refused the new C classification.

Bruce Gyngell came to the media business as an alternative career choice. A failed second year medical student (“I liked medicine . . . loathed the anatomy side of it”), he was contemplating Arts when the suggestion came from a friend that he try for a cadetship with the ABC. Joining the commission in 1950, he studied Arts part-time until his interest waned, distracted by more interesting opportunities over which he had some control.

Restless with tedious routine, he set his sights on becoming a disc jockey. Charged with handling the roster sheets for one of the radio shows, Latest and Brightest, Gyngell used an initiative that was to prove an asset over the years and allocated himself a shift on the program when resident announcers were on holiday. It took the ABC a year to wake up to the fact that every so often a cadet would take over for a week on one of its most popular shows. The axe fell and he was promptly returned to lesser duties.

During his studies Gyngell joined the university air squadron (he got his wings) and struck up a friendship with Robert Henty, the nephew of Frank Packer. Henty contracted polio and, as well as being initially blinded and paralysed, spent a year in an iron lung. Gyngell, doing odd-hour announcing shifts, regularly visited his friend: “The doctors were concerned that he had lost the will to live, so I used to take the wire recorder and record the (squadron) crew briefings and the dirty jokes in the mess and play them back to Robert — which apparently resparked him.”

Henty’s aunt, Gretel Packer, heard the coarse tapes and telephoned Gyngell. “You undoubtedly have the foullest mouth of anybody I’ve ever met,” she told him. “And you’re the most marvellous human being — come and have dinner one night.” Sir Frank gave him a brusque okay: “I don’t know who you are, son, but you’ve got loyalty and anybody with loyalty is a rare commodity.” He was told if he wanted a job, there was one waiting for him.

Even when Sir Frank later demanded: “Do you want the bloody job or don’t you?” Gyngell shrugged aside the offer.

But Gretel Packer advised him to think otherwise: “You mightn’t realise this, but Frank Packer is a very influential and powerful man. You shouldn’t lightly toss aside that sort of opportunity. He’s applied for a

television licence, you're in radio. I think you should reconsider." Gyngell accepted a job and soon after went to work on a plan to guarantee himself a position of importance in this new, powerful business of television.

He sent letters to universities and the presidents of American TV networks saying: "Our company is about to be awarded the first commercial television station licence in Australia: I wonder what training facilities could be extended to my staff?" Encouraged by the replies, particularly from the president of NBC who offered to sponsor him into a course at Columbia University, Gyngell approached a travel agency and secured a first class, around-the-world ticket — promising to pay for it if he used it. Applying to the US embassy for a visa, using the student status from Columbia University and his ticket, he then secured a dollar allocation of $100 a week through the Commonwealth Bank as living allowance. He presented this neat package to Frank Packer with a covering letter: "I know you must be terribly busy planning your new television station, but you did say that people would have to go overseas to be trained . . . so I've taken the liberty, etc. If you agree, I would leave on May 6th." A simple "Yes" was the reply.

Gyngell built an enviable career with Channel 9 over the 13 years from 1956.

He gained an international reputation through his knack of being able to pick the winning eyes out of American seasonal program offerings, often before they had proved themselves in that market. It was a skill derived from careful study of what people wanted from television. But the harmonious relationships of the early days with Packer were not to last.

"Everything was fine while Frank and I were together. When Clyde (Packer) came into the business, suddenly my meetings were with Frank and Clyde. Then he employed Harry Chester, who I think is an outstanding guy, and it then became Frank, Harry and Clyde on one side with Bruce on this side. Then Kerry (Packer) came in and it became Kerry, Frank, Harry and Clyde, with Bruce on this side. It was the most profitable station in Australia, the highest rating by a long way, and suddenly every Wednesday I'm having to justify the success!"

At the "touchy age of 40", and with the comment from an associate: "You've graduated from the seminary", he moved to the rival Channel 7 network as managing director, firing the opening salvo in the much-ballyhooed and successful Seven Revolution. But no amount of local success could stop Gyngell from making his next move. (Lord) Lew Grade, offered him the role of deputy chairman and managing director of ATV, London and chairman, Network Programming Committee of the Independent Broadcasting Authority, responsible for programming policy throughout the British commercial network. In the eyes of the industry, Gyngell was being groomed to succeed Grade.

But concern for his family's dissatisfaction with the English way of life conflicted with Gyngell's career. With a year to run on his five-year contract he returned to Australia to rejoin his wife, Anne, and their three children, who had come back a year earlier.

Bruce Gyngell is — on the surface, at least — unflappable, conveying authority with style. The heart of his approach to public and private life comes from his following of the Zen philosophy, part of which dictates that a person should not concern himself about events over which he has no control.

A man with a small circle of friends, he lives a less-encumbered life than he once did, close to his family in a way considered a little old-fashioned these days. His diet is macrobiotic (apart from a tobacco habit) and the hour and a quarter he jogs early each morning is used to think out his day. He celebrated his 50th birthday by running a kilometre for each year of his life, raising more than $14,000 for the 1980 Olympic Games Appeal.

> All anyone has to do is think of something and it's capable of becoming reality.

In this interview Gyngell talks to Francis Scott about the technical breakthroughs heralding vast changes in the future of TV.

Penthouse: The technological explosion has undoubtedly changed the face of the world in the 1970s. What kind of leaps in communication technology do you think we're likely to see in future years?

Gyngell: I think we're only confined by our imagination. We've come to the stage in the technological development in electronics and in other aspects of endeavor that all anyone has to do is, in fact, think of something and it's capable of becoming reality. With the potential of satellites the ability is there to realise Marshall McLuhan's concept of a global village. Money is the only inhibiting factor against us being able to switch to a Today-type program between 7 and 9am each day where you could pick up the BBC news — 9 o'clock last night in London — live this morning; you could record the American early morning current affairs programs at 2am in Australia and play selected segments so that the happenings of the world could be available to the Australian public at breakfast time. That is a significant jump in *instant availability* of information, and it's feasible now.

But if you go further and look at what the video disc will bring to us, you overcome the one genuine problem of television today — the limitation of choice. We now have to watch programs broadcast at a time decided by three or four people. Video disc will allow us to select and watch — at times convenient to us — those programs of a dramatic or documentary nature which are not immediate. I think that will have the effect of moving television into the area it can do better than anything else — give instant communication, or *instant witness* to events.

Penthouse: But isn't that still a rather limited kind of a concept? For decades comic strips were being written about space travel; yet within 20 years of the first rockets during the war they were projecting men into space. Television has been around at least as long as rockets, yet it hasn't really become a better form of television.

Gyngell: It is still mainly a one-way medium. But the Qube system in Columbus, Ohio has an ability for the public to answer back. In 1978 they did their own Academy Awards presentation before the awards went to air. They listed all the nominations and asked the public to vote and, of course, the Qube reaction was in total variance from those actually selected by the academians. Qube is the first step in two-way TV.

There are of course other developments envisioned — the fibre optic concept of using your TV, or visual display unit, so that anybody who had a telephone line could, by dialling sufficient digits, be able to call up a supermarket, see the range of goods available, punch in on a hand coder the purchases he wanted and have these charged to his account. The information would be fed to the bank, the cost debited against his account and credited to the supermarket. The only problem is that a boy still had to deliver the groceries.

You know, it's all pretty silly. As the American writer Russell Baker said: "It is nearly as good as the old days when mother could ring up and talk to a sensible grocer who understood what was best on his shelf."

There's also the possibility of whole libraries being put on microfilm which would be recoverable by dialling the library catalogue number and calling up whatever information you wished. If you were watching *Elizabeth R* and wanted to know more about the kings of England you could dial up and get whatever references

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you wished. I don't know everything about fibre optics, but as I understand it the sequential travel is so instantaneous that you can have a million signals travelling at the same time on the one piece of fibre optic as thin as your hair. Fibre optics may in fact be the stage beyond satellites when the world gets hooked up by fibres and we won't use airwaves at all. You'll have in the corner of your room a visual display unit where you'll be able to collect and recall at your own demand practically anything that is recorded in our world. The technical capabilities are there to do that now. The timing is simply one of finance and the society's requirements for that information to be there.

Penthouse: The French Jesuit philosopher, Pierre Taillard de Chardin took the line that evolution accelerated as time went by. He took it to the point where he believed that the time would come when man actually no longer needed a body; that the mind itself would be enough to sustain man. What do you think are the limits to what can be achieved in communication?

Gyngell: I don't think there's any limit. I often think back to the experiments which took place with fighter pilots during the war in England. They had a tape recorder under a pillow at night playing over and over the cockpit drills which either saves or costs you your life in a crash. Compass, power, kerosene, radio — I can't remember them all now — but it's the cockpit drill you do to start off with and try to get deeply seated in the subconscious. I had been drilled over a period of about four years. When I did prang a Vampire, I was out of that plane in 30 seconds and when the experts got to it they found I had done everyone of 12 individual actions before I got out of the plane. I had no recollection of it — I'd locked the compass, I turned the kerosene off, I'd put the flaps up, I'd locked the wheels, I'd jettisoned the canopy — all those things in a period of 30 seconds. So I wonder why we struggle so much to obtain information. Is there any reason, why there should not be some way of putting an electrode on the head or earphone or tapping in to an infusion of information over a short period of time which, say, allows you to speak the whole Japanese language? Are we in fact spending far too much effort trying to absorb knowledge by rather old fashioned rote methods which require such a lot of effort for such small achievement?

I'm sure the brain is more sophisticated and more capable than the best computer yet devised. I think what we've probably got to find out is the way to recondition and reprogram ourselves to be able to utilise the capacity we undoubtedly have. I think this gets back to our obsession with words — linear, sequential, formed cyphers. We are obsessed with the cyphers rather than the *idea* of communication. Since the 16th Century there has been an obsession with books. Now I think electronics will give us an opportunity to release ourselves from that bondage and maybe revert us back to the creative and expressive ability that was undoubtedly there prior to the 16th Century.

Penthouse: You're suggesting then that print has taken us up a dead end and that the real passage of man is actually through thought communication?

Gyngell: Very few people actually have mastered the skills of writing in a precise and generally understandable way. I like McLuhan's statement: a fast reader is a very good guesser. A person with fast perception is a person who can guess faster than somebody else what was in the mind of the person who put the configuration of words together to express what he was meaning. They are tended to be regarded in our society as the intellectual elite. Some people can't read rapidly

> We are obsessed with words. Electronics will give us an opportunity to release ourselves from that bondage.

and absorb bodies of knowledge. We tend to think those people are illiterate and of a lower level of intelligence because we tend to measure intelligence on the linear sequential hemisphere of the brain. People like the Beatles are undoubtedly geniuses, but nobody is able to measure that on standard IQ tests.

Penthouse: Why do you cite the Beatles?

Gyngell: Let me give you a classic example. I went to London in the '60s and asked what the Beatles were doing as they seemed to have fallen from sight. I was told EMI had dreadful problems. Under their contract with EMI the Beatles had the right to use session musicians while recording. I was told the boys were going mad down Abbey Road because Paul McCartney had the London Symphony Orchestra in, playing Bach fugues and cantatas, Hayden sonatas, Beethoven — and not only that, he's got them playing them backwards! So EMI were said to be looking very hard at how to break the contract — they really thought the Beatles had gone round the bend. Now that emerged as the Sergeant Pepper LP and Malcolm Sargent said he believed the musical concept as devised by McCartney was the most original musical form in the history of mankind. That to me is an example of getting away from the straightjacket placed upon the mind by the obsession with what we call book learning. I think electronics has the ability to free a whole range of people into articulating their creative inbuilt desires.

Penthouse: Until all these marvellous kinds of developments are possibly available to the world the crucial question must be: who's going to control it?

Gyngell: I personally I am in favor of deregulation of controls on the air waves. We talk about *public airwaves*, and I suppose it is a valid statement. But not everyone can get into it. I think that will all go, because the ability to program and to provide information at your own desire gives you total freedom. That then gets you away from the potential of authoritative groups or governments or people in power being able to manipulate and control people's minds.

Penthouse: You say you favor deregulation. Governments lost the chance to control print centuries ago and have shown they're not going to let it happen again. Universally they have maintained strict controls over television and radio. It would seem to me that is likely to continue.

Gyngell: I think the multiplicity of sources is going to make it difficult. It may well be controlled — in other words there will be a body in charge of the National Library in Canberra but they won't be able to control what part of it you have access to.

Penthouse: I wonder if governments would be quite as free as you suggest.

Gyngell: The first indication will be the government's attitude to allowing direct in-home reception of satellite transmission. The alternative is to say it must be fed through a ground station. That may well be the watershed. If they will allow us to receive information from whatever is flying around in the atmosphere, then it's a free choice situation. If they're going to say that all the information has got to be channelled through particular ground stations that means they're going to think in terms of control.

Penthouse: The kinds of development we're talking about seem to have a lot of pluses in terms of improved communication. What do you see as the minuses?

Gyngell: I tend not to be terribly concerned with minuses. But in this case there may well be sociological resistance to the headlong advances of technology. It is possible to envisage dramatic changes to our life style which may be resisted or eagerly accepted.

Penthouse: Such as?

Gyngell: One of the things that technology could well give is to dispense with office buildings, crowded cities, choked arterial ways of cars. Electronics holds out the promise of moving ideas instead of moving things and people. Maybe our roads and our fuel could be used purely and simply to move the necessities of life, rather than be choked up with people driving in from the suburbs to the city to sit in an enclosed office, close the door and communicate with people on the telephone. Maybe electronically we can find a way of interconnecting with people by visual display units so that we can see the colour of their eyes and communication to the same degree as we would have by sitting across a table. Maybe we can get rid of the decaying cities and create, say, Sydgong — embracing Newcastle, Sydney and Wollongong in one vast megopolis. People could effectively and efficiently run their business from home — and have a bit of space around them. Fresher air, too.

Penthouse: That doesn't sound too much of a minus. But what I'm getting at is that there are many politicians who would react with horror to the idea of being able to inject somebody with instant information. They would fear other politicians — not themselves, of course — would be able to fill your mind with the *wrong kind* of information.

Gyngell: The concept of Orwellian manipulation by programming people? I wonder if that's greatly different from the programming that's going on at the moment in schools where certain people are in charge of young responsive minds, directing what they shall or shall not hear. At the moment school teachers and television perhaps play a greater role in the direction of children than parents, and that's a significant problem. I'm not quite sure what the answer is. If we put the responsibility back into parents' hands it will obviously require re-educating the parents.

To answer your question: there may be a negative reaction to your concept but I am not really talking about lobotomies or insertions of tape-recorders or metal things into the mind. I am really thinking about the ready availability and access to information. The important thing as I see it is to develop a critical understanding and a critical awareness. Instead of jumping up and down to change the programs, we would be better off taking the programs as they exist and trying to develop a critical appreciation of those programs.

If the education department and teachers were more aware of the media resources available to them and used those resources as they exist they could get into expanding the critical faculties of children now instead of waiting for the brave new world in 1990. We should be taking now the tools which are available to develop critical analysis. The television screen should be used to return to the original discipline of the old European and English universities which was not to teach you anything but to encourage you to go out and find out information. I think we've lost that concept — we're programming people today.

Penthouse: Where do you find the fault there — where did we start to make mistakes?

Gyngell: I think we started to make mistakes — and this sounds a dreadful thing — because we expanded education to everybody. I'm not decrying that, but the old concept required a one to one or one to two or one to three ratio of students and teachers. As we expanded and extended education to everybody we lost that concept by sheer logistics. When you and I were at school, a class of 20 was big. Nobody today balks at a class of 40.

Penthouse: But this means you've got a huge tide of humanity which is becoming better educated at the same time as you've got these extraordinary technological developments going on which will change lifestyles so dramatically. Surely there must be some awful conflict.

Gyngell: What appals me is the great mass of young people who are all about to spill into the work force. I am not concerned that they make money or achieve *success* as it is defined in a materialistic way. I'm concerned about the type of enrichment and fulfillment they will get out of whatever they do. We've raised the level of expectation. The problem of education today, the problem of the disenchantment of the youth, relates to the problem of the

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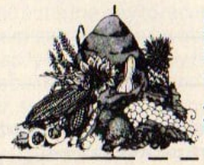

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expectation that we've held out to them. We have said: "If you have a university degree you have solved all your problems for life." This whole business of goal attainment as the panacea of all ills is one of our biggest problems.

Penthouse: So what should be done?

Gyngell: I don't believe that man was made to work. But we now believe that unless you're working, you can't have a satisfying and fulfilling life. One of the most ridiculous political decisions was this whole campaign about the so-called dole bludger. I am sure a whole lot of our younger people would be a damn sight better off to be given the dole to stay up at Byron Bay and surf, rather than be out in suburbs like Sydney's Blacktown, frustrated, cooped up, pushed around, and generally despised by their society.

Penthouse: But isn't this partly the *result* of the massive development of technology? Men are being relieved of the most tedious work and more and more leisure related activities are being offered. That's fine for those who still have some sort of an income, but what of the person who doesn't have an income?

Gyngell: Somewhere along the line there will be a change. The underprivileged — look at the Third World — people are going to demand their share of the cake. Unless we wake up and become aware of the rising expectations of the people in the underprivileged countries and unless they are assisted to realise a higher level even if it means a down-scaling of ours, there will be a world conflagration.

The most horrifying aspect of the situation in Australia to me is that 95% of the population don't really care about the 5% unemployed. If they did the Labor Party would be in power. I'm not talking of that on a political level but it does show an incredible insensitivity to other people. The whole swing to neo-conservatism reflects a refusal to recognise that other people have a right to share the world's resources.

Penthouse: Let's turn now to the tribunal. Why did you take the job?

Gyngell: When the job was offered to me, I thought it was an opportunity to spend more time with my family and also to make some sort of contribution to the nation. In America, doing government service is a laudable ambition, whereas in Australia they think you've got to be a fuckwit or something. From a family point of view it has worked out very well.

Penthouse: But it means that after your career in the creative side of communication, you have become a bureaucrat.

Gyngell: I don't see myself as that. The tribunal is run extraordinarily well on a day-to-day basis. I think it's a sign of a good executive when you can devote yourself to problems which arise. A top executive should have nothing to do when things are running smoothly — but be totally capable of spending all his energies addressing himself to problems as they arise, seeking a solution and letting the staff go about implementing the procedures. From that point of view I don't see myself as a burearucrat. I think there is a broader contribution to make in trying to encourage stations to raise their sights philosophically; to consider what their responsibilities are. I try to not be too rigid in my attitudes, or be obsessed with a whole list of rules. If you are too Draconian in the administration of rules and regulations on creative people you stifle them. We should have a situation where there is a soft hand on the rein, but with the knowledge they can't put anything over me because I know all the tricks — and was probably the architect of half of them.

Penthouse: Do you plan to stay long in the job?

Gyngell: I think I can shape television over a period of five or six years perhaps. Then somebody else with a new vision can come in. If you get set, protective and worrying about superannuation, you become more political, more responsive to the pressures of trying to please the political masters in Canberra, rather than those things which you believe are right for broadcasting.

Penthouse: When the new rules on children's television were introduced you copped a lot of flak. Did you misjudge that situation?

Gyngell: I don't think so. As I see it, the one chink in the broadcasters' armor is their lack of understanding of the apolitical sensitivity about children's programs. It is not a concern peculiar to Australia, in the past, but now they are doing quite well, and I think they can afford to do something better in this area. There's something quite seriously wrong with any society which doesn't feel the most important aspect of that society is the children. I don't see our rules as Draconian at all. Perhaps I should have given a longer lead time for their implementation. That could well be a mistake I made, or we made. I believe in five years we may not need any of these rules — it may all sort itself out. I don't believe personally — and I'm not speaking for the tribunal — that you need an Australian-produced drama quota any more. It is now quite clearly demonstrated that the only way to get ratings today is through Australian-produced programs. The number of imported programs which are attracting large enough audiences to make television financially viable and successful are so few that they can be counted on the fingers of two hands. The only way a network can win today is successfully identifying the needs of the adult Australian population. In the case of the Nine Network, if you were to take out the Sullivans, the Young Doctors, Don Lane, Mike Walsh, and Paul Hogan they'd be history. If you take The Restless Years and Prisoner off 0-10 what have they got? And if you take Cop Shop, Against the Wind and Willesee off the Seven Network, where are they?

Penthouse: But the stations still go on their trek to the US, and they don't seem to have spent any less money in the past few years. Do you seek to change that?

Gyngell: I thought about it, but I'm really not greatly interested in interfering with the running of the stations. I think bureaucrats should withdraw from seeking to be the arbiter of taste. There's a big temptation from people who are not creative to believe they could do it better than anyone else in the electronic media particularly. Television and radio is an area in which everybody is an expert, in addition to his or her own job.

Penthouse: Your interest in Zen is well known and your Om gatherings have been frequently mentioned. How did you get involved?

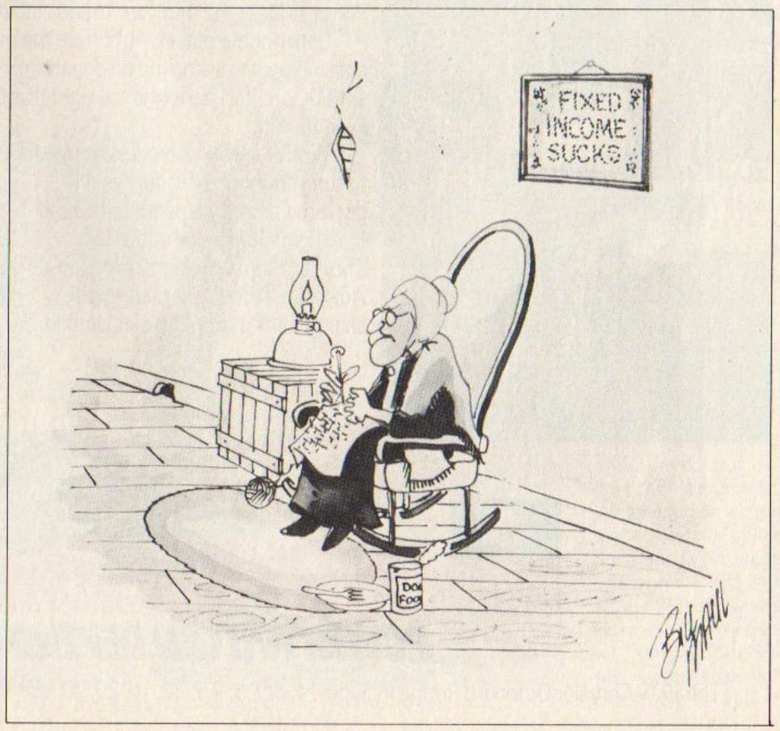
Gyngell: I find it's a marvellous thing. I did it in England at meetings with my executives because it was a whole new thing to me and because I'm a bit of a show-off deep down, I was probably doing it to show off rather than for its true purpose which is for inner control and contentment. It certainly can have a great effect on people. I belonged to the Scripture Union and read the Bible five times, but I found organised religion tended to have been perverted from its purity. The Christian religion says you must be selfless — you cannot be selfish. Zen says the most important thing is self because you can't do anything until you've got yourself right. Get yourself in order and then you can help other people. When I went to a meeting with Muchio Kushi a Japanese guy and listened to him for an hour and a half I was stunned — I thought my whole life had just changed. It really was the most incredible experience ever to happen to me.

Penthouse: What did he get through to you?

Gyngell: Being responsible for yourself — you are what you are, you are what you eat, levels of awareness and self awareness, understanding the body, eating and noting what effect food has on you. He talked about Ying and Yang — Ying foods lift you up to the philosophic and you can live on a higher level by concentrating on them; Yang foods are good if you want to be quiet. It comes from the old Japanese philosophy that woman had the control over a man because of the food she fed him. And I thought: "my god, yes." So I gave up meat and dairy products, and I found tension went, the constipation I'd had for years disappeared in three days, the sinus problem and headache that I'd had for 20 years went in 10 days, I shed something like 16lb in five weeks, and I stopped waking up three times a night. I can now chin the bar 20 times, I can run for three hours without any problems — I feel better and more relaxed. If I have a couple of beers I start to get a bit cranky. To wake up in the morning feeling well has become more important to me than the momentary feeling of elation which I get out of alcohol.

Penthouse: Yet you smoke?

Gyngell: Yes, it's a thing I don't like myself for — but I suppose we've all got to have some fallibility.



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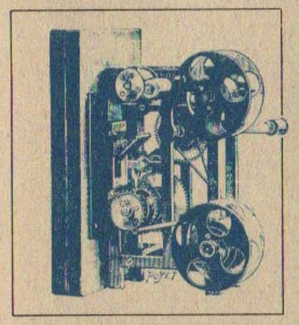

LACKLUSTRE CELLULOID

There are more than a few rumors circulating around the Australian film community that Mike Thornhill's newest cinematic contribution, *The Journalist,* may never make it to the glory of the big screen and be released, with as little fanfare as possible, to television's little screen. The distributors, however, are still taking a punt and releasing it. I wish, nevertheless, that the rumors were true.

Why this inferior 90 minutes of lacklustre celluloid should be foisted on an unsuspecting public is beyond me.

Admittedly, not many of the recent crop of Australian films have been of noteworthy quality, with the exception of one or two, such as Australian International Film Corporation's *Patrick* which, even though it didn't fare all that well on the local market, did rake in a phenomenal $350,000 in its opening week in San Francisco, making it rate in *Variety's* top 10 grossers for the week. But that's the exception . . . we've yet to see how other locals fare — Tim Burstall's hard-hitting *The Last Of The Knucklemen* and Gill Armstrong's *My Brilliant Career;* both well made, well-presented features.

And that's where the three films mentioned are streets ahead of *The Journalist* when it comes to journeying on the road to success. They all had one basic ingredient in common: a good, gutsy, intelligent script. And you would think that a film that purports to be about journalists, the people who make a living bringing words to life on paper, would at least have a modicum of decipherable logic, some plot, some scope. But all that the tedious script, written by Thornhill with Edna Wilson, delivers is cliches . . . one following quickly on the heels of the preceding one. One of the best examples is during an exchange between the lead character Simon, and a wealthy, older woman. "Darling, we're both married, you know . . . but not to each other," Simon seductively whispers in her ear, batting his baby blues at Don McAlpine's camera. Ecch! And that's one of the memorable ones . . . you can imagine what the rest were like.

Just what is *The Journalist* supposed to be about? If one goes by what's on the screen and what the publicity handout says, you can feel justified in thinking that you've received little satisfaction from either. Publicity says it's about a "likeable scoundrel" and his fortunes and failures, with emphasis on fortunes, when it comes to handling women. Watching the film, one only sees a cardboard cutout of a journalist who tries to seduce everything and anything that could pass for the fairer sex, with no likeableness about him whatsoever.

Jack Thompson in The Journalist: *proving he can't act.*

Simon Morris is the culprit of the piece. He's the journalist so abysmally portrayed by Jack Thompson, fluttering his eyes at every opportunity — who said women were the coy ones when it comes to seduction ploys? And Thompson proves yet again that he can't really act. He gave one slight hint that he just might be able to handle a script line or two in Fred Schepisi's *The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith,* but here he's up to his usual standard of so-called acting, playing the one character he knows best — Jack Thompson. He isn't Simon Morris in the film. He's Jack Thompson playing Jack Thompson, with no sign of depth, with no feeling, just lots of "sexy" (or at least that's what I think he was trying to convey) smiles and sly looks. But then, he didn't have much to work with as far as the script was concerned. The story line is supposed to be simple. Simon is a womaniser . . . seems the poor lad just can't help himself where the ladies are concerned. But instead of the promised, likeable rogue, we get a character not unlike an alsatian in heat. Separated from his wife, Wendy (Jane Harders, tight mouthed, spitting out her few meager lines as if she couldn't wait to

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get them out of the way), Simon's also the father of a 12-year-old, too-good-to-be-true daughter Susie (Michele Jarman, last seen in the ill-fated *Summer Of* (so few) *Secrets*. But our devil-may-care Simon isn't alone for long. There's the lovely, very sophisticated-looking Liz Corbett (Elizabeth Alexander, the only one in this lifeless film to show any signs of life), his mistress, who wants to be more than the woman he comes home to occasionally. She wants to be Mrs Morris and the mother of his children . . . and she does indeed become pregnant and ready to give up her career for the joy of caring for Simon. That's the plot's main inspiration — Liz's struggle to gain possession of Simon, even though she knows he'd bed, and usually does, any female. And although she doesn't wholly trust him (wise girl), she does often forgive him (fool), for she knows (ho ho) that eventually he'll want to settle down!

Add to this tripe a never-developed love triangle in the form of Rex Milford (current heart-throb on the film scene, Sam Neill, showing little, if none, of the appeal he showed in his feature debut in the New Zealand production of *Sleeping Dogs*, and also showing very little of the acting ability he possesses that made him so convincing in *Dogs* and *Career*). You see, Rex, as Simon's best friend, is also bewitched by the lovely Liz, but being a true blue Aussie mate, would never infringe on his pal's territory. But what's so wrong with hanging around, hoping, just in case Simon should decide to seek solace in another woman's arms? To show this triangular development, the audience are treated to many lingering, slowly developed scenes of Rex looking longingly at Liz, or attempting to comfort her when Simon's on the prowl. Ho Hum.

To augment this drama (?) the script-writers in their (lack of) wisdom, add some sequences to establish the fact that at the big city newspaper where Simon labors as a top, hard-hitting journalist, there is a management reshuffle which doesn't exactly favor the glib Simon. The new newspaper honchos demote Simon and place him in charge of a trivial column about people and their pets. It is hardly the thrill of his life.

I'm sure that there was a movie somewhere among this meaningless nonsense. There must have been . . . how else could Thornhill have been allowed to make this abomination and call it a motion picture? What a waste of thousands of dollars that could have gone to other, better films. But what's done is done.

What we're left with is a bit of nothing that leaves you wondering what's going to happen to the film industry unless someone wakes up and tightens the purse strings which allow such rubbish to be made.

Elizabeth Alexander

Tim, Michael Pate's first film as a director, is not all that bad. He'll wring a tear or two from his audience in this soppy tale based on Colleen McCullough's first novel of the same name. And he remains true to the book's theme both in his role as director and, more importantly, as screenwriter.

Mel Gibson and Piper Laurie in Tim.

The best feature of the film is the casting of Piper Laurie (last seen as the demented mother in Brian De Palma's *Carrie*) as the pivotal character in this tale. She plays Mary Horton, a well-to-do, fortyish spinster, living in comfort somewhere on Sydney's North Shore. Her life is her work . . . until she meets Tim.

Tim (the very versatile Mel Gibson, who also takes the title role in George Miller's blockbuster *Mad Max*) is first seen by Mary when he is working for her neighbor. And what a feast for the eyes . . . tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed. The proverbial Adonis. Except for one fault . . . Tim is simple — a beautiful 24-year-old with the mind of a 12-year-old.

Mary takes pity on him and hires him to tend her garden. But the pity turns to understanding, the understanding to love. For both in this relationship are handicapped — Mary emotionally from her years of solitude, and Tim mentally with a mind that has been neglected. Kitsch and corny it may all sound, but Pate handles it all with a gentle understanding that sheds much-needed light on society's apathy where those handicapped are concerned. It's not a great film but one done sincerely. — *Alex Anthony.*

TV

MORE SOAP

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." — Ecclesiastes (attributed by some scholars to King Solomon).

In the far recesses of the minds of those who control television in Australia this quotation is etched. It lies deep within their thought processes, along side such valuable data as ratings figures and the birthdays of important advertisers.

And it is there to remind television executives there is no need to think of new and original ideas. Just press the recycle button. Pull the lever that operates the assembly line.

Maybe add some polish, a curve of chrome, a patch of plastic, a splash of fresh paint, but do not strain the cerebral hemisphere for a totally new design.

For it has been written that there is no new thing under the sun. And who should challenge such wisdom?

All of which brings me, in a convoluted way, to the subject of soap operas, those impossibly drawn-out sagas on television that are laughably referred to as drama — which is like mentioning Harold Robbins in the same breath as Tolstoy.

Australia is currently awash with soap operas. The commercial stations in the major cities screen 11 hours of Australian-made soapies, 11 hours of cliff-hanging nonsense, in prime time each week.

These are *The Young Doctors, Cop Shop, Skyways, Prisoner, The Sullivans* and *The Restless Years.*

Then add a couple of hours of soapies produced by the ABC, such as *Ride On Stranger* and *Twenty Good Years,* and the total goes to 13 hours.

That's only in Australian productions. Then there have been such programs as *Lillie* and *Edward and Mrs Simpson*, which are no more than soap operas done with class — scented soap operas, if you wish — and you have around 17 hours a week. And this doesn't include the mid-afternoon soapies from the US — *Days of Our Lives, General Hospital, Search for Tomorrow.*

The Australian public, for reasons that are somewhat vague, dotes on soap operas. In fact, according to Ian Holmes, managing director of Reg Grundy Productions, which is responsible for *The Young Doctors, Prisoner* and *The Restless Years,* Australia leads the world in soapies.

"The Americans began prime time soap operas with such programs as *Peyton Place*," said Holmes. "But we now lead the world with the number of prime time serials. America is realising the popularity of these programs and is beginning to strip them through the week."

Holmes says the public likes soap operas because they allow time for viewers to become involved with the characters. A one-hour complete episode does not give enough time for the viewer to love or hate the assorted lovelorn, jealous, suicidal, maniacal, murderous, deceiving, ruthless, grasping and pitiful characters who inhabit the world of soap operas. If this is to be believed, then sympathy must go to those viewers lacking in mental agility.

Also, the television executives, who are skilful at turning a 20 cent piece into a $20 bill, if nothing else, know that dollar for dollar the soap opera is the best investment in the land.

Only one Australian-made soap opera in prime time, a fearful thing set in a clothing factory and called *The Unisexers*, has failed. Another, called *Hotel*, was canned before it was screened. All others have helped oil the machinery that prints money for holders of television station licences.

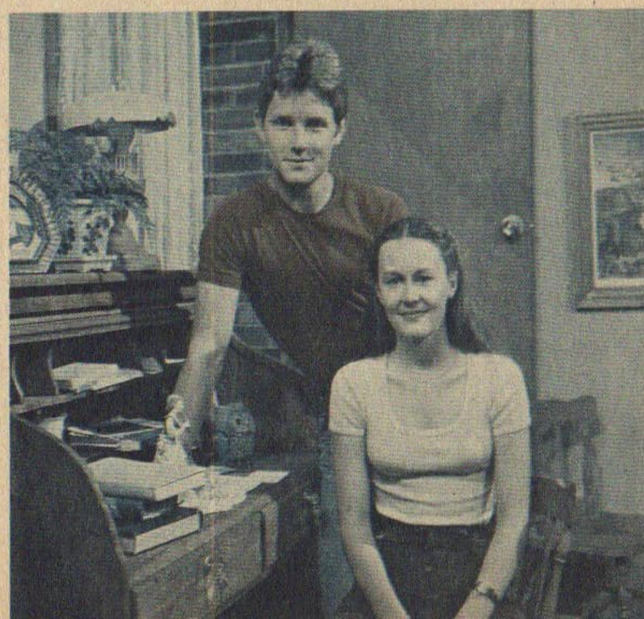
Of course, in the beginning was *Number 96*. It turned Channel 10 in Sydney from a struggling station into one of wealth.

It also introduced bare breasts and bums to television audiences, made Abigail a household word along with Phar Lap and Vegemite, and peered pervingly at such neighborly activities as murder, assault, grievous bodily harm, rape, incest, homosexuality (both male and female), drug-taking, flagellation, witchcraft, arson and a fellow who got his kicks from cutting ladies' knickers with scissors . . . all this frenzy of human endeavor taking place, it must be remembered, in one small block of flats in the Sydney suburb of Paddington.

Admittedly, it provided ample work for those who toil in the thespian fields. More than 500 actors with three lines or more ("Help! Help! He is trying to rape me.") went before the cameras in the five years the show was screened. Around 1000 actors with less than three lines ("Help! "Help!") got work, and 6000 extras were used.

More than $2 million was paid in wages, keeping a goodly number of Mrs Worthington's daughters on the stage when they may have been more gainfully employed selling underwear at Myers. And, seeing we are into statistics, a total of 6,576,960 script words were written, 609 hours of screen time was filled and 6000 eggs were used. (I'm not sure about the eggs. I've thought at length about them, pondered their various uses, and cannot recall anyone in *Number 96* with an egg fetish. I refuse to believe they were simply eaten.)

Nevertheless, *Number 96* was a success in boosting ratings figures which, next to expense



Tom Burlinson, Lenore Smith: The Restless Years.

REVIEWS

accounts, are all that matters in commercial television. It inspired *The Box*, which was set in a television station, and also featured murder, homosexuality, rape, incest, etc — at the same time providing much merriment for those who actually work in television stations and who had never been knifed or raped or screwed by their daddy or their mummy.

The latest contribution to art is called *Skyways*, and is made by Crawford Productions of Melbourne, those responsible for *Cop Shop* and, with rightful pride, *The Sullivans*. *Skyways* is set in an airport, but could just as well be located in a block of flats, a hospital, a school, an SP joint or a bordello. Nothing has changed.

These vignettes provided by ATN-7 for hopeful inclusion in the television programs of the daily press tell all there is to know about *Skyways*.

"Mac's old friend, Bob Cusack, is an important official of an American benevolent society. Fanelli discovers the man is something else. Mandy invites her estranged mother home; Mrs Young and Kelly are reconciled — now Simon is out in the cold."

Plus: "Mandy and Elaine continue to keep trying for a reconciliation between Elaine and MacFarlane . . . but all efforts are futile. Robyn decides to put her feelings for Nick to a test. And the baggage handlers at the airport are on strike."

Apart from the baggage handlers, everything is comfortably familiar.

And it will continue next year. At the TEN-10 studios in Sydney, they are presently spending a considerable amount of money on a new soap opera called *Arcade* which, as the title suggests, is about a row of shops.

Goodness gracious me, that should lead to some scintillating plots, some harrowing and penetrating journeys into the black depths of the souls of men, and, of course, women, not to forget those of indeterminate sex, this being a soap opera and all. Will the Polish salami be delivered today at the delicatessen? Who was the mysterious stranger who introduced dandruff to the hairdressing salon? Why are male customers of the newsagent buying more copies of *Penthouse* than *Women's Weekly*? Who stole the fluorescent dildo from the sex shop?

All these questions and more will be answered next year when *Arcade* comes to the screen. And to ensure that viewers will not be lost, TEN-10 has commissioned Messrs Bill Harmon, David Sale and Johnny Whyte to produce and write the soap opera. They are the three men responsible for *Number 96*.

". . .and there is no new thing under the sun."—*Neal Akerman.*

SOUNDS

CLASSY SURVIVOR

What with his mournful appearance in Robert Stigwood's non-event *Sgt Pepper* movie, his incredibly lame last album, a two-year silence and recent revelations concerning his born-again car smash, it's been easy — too easy — to write off ***Peter Frampton.*** Poor man's Roger Daltrey, one-album wonder and so on. In fact, the phenomenal world sales of his 1976 live set (*Frampton Comes Alive*) worked against the cute-faced survivor of some of the sloppiest bands and shonkiest managements in '60s British rock. Suddenly he was supposed to be brilliant. Well Frampton isn't, never was and never will be brilliant, but he's a hell of a lot better than I'm In You suggested. And he might even be slightly better than the fine form he reveals on *Where I Should Be* (A&M). This is a pretty classy album. Frampton complements his fine, strained vocals with some sensitive, jazz-influenced guitar runs, while the Tower of Power horn section adds a soulfulness missing from his earlier efforts. The title cut, We've Just Begun and It's A Sad Affair, are perfect examples of Frampton's real art — restraint when the rhythm section is calling for a blitzkreig. And these days that's a talent worth preserving.

Ageing fans of ***Billy*** "Braffer" ***Thorpe*** will be somewhat less than delighted to find that their hero has marked his return to vinyl by getting stuck in a time warp. On *Children Of The Sun* (Capricorn) Thorpe is simply having a nostalgic wank. A great rock voice deserves better material than this. Concept albums were a great idea when Pete Townshend and Ray Davies thought of them 15 years ago. Today they've gotta be good. *Children,* with its *Close Encounters* thematic content, its dues paid to early McCartney, early Dead and spaced out Airplane, and its just plain shoddy delivery, doesn't cut the mustard. Worse, the much-hyped concept clearly wasn't good enough to stretch to two sides, so we have something of a hodge-podge. Christ knows what Thorpe and his session men did in the studio for six months. Worked out how they could dump this load of crap on the witless public? It's a shame because Thorpe's undoubted talent has been lying dormant for too long, his musicians here are good, and on Wrapped In The Chains he shows just what he's capable of doing when he gets his hand off himself and on to the strings.

Billy Thorpe

Out of inner Melbourne comes the best and worst Australian rock, usually from the same musicians at various stages of their careers and social development. Jo Camilleri's current collection of desperadoes from Carlton, ***Jo Jo Zep and The Falcons,*** have hit the high spot, not for the first time, with Screaming Targets (Mushroom). This is a high-powered, no-bullshit album which should at last confirm for record buyers what live audiences have been saying about Zep for quite a while. Mean vocals propelled by vicious guitar leads, a sadistic rhythm section and tortuous sax from Camilleri and Wilbur Wilde. These guys have been around. Rough and honest players like drummer Gary Young (Daddy Cool, Hot Dog), Wilde (Ol' 55) and Jo himself (Pelaco Bros) don't muck around, they just make music. If you buy one of the first 5000 pressings (and risk getting one as rough as mine) you also score a bonus live album recorded on a two bob tape recorder outside the Wombat Hotel in Moonee Ponds, or something like that. The purpose of this exercise seems to be to ensure sales to the entire Wombat audience, whose names are listed on the sleeve. Now there's marketing desperation for you. Okay, Mushroom's been having a bad trot, but they really didn't have to. *Targets* will sell itself.

It's hard to escape the feeling that maybe ***The Angels*** said it all on *Face To Face.* Certainly the band whose music has been described by no less an authority than *Rolling Stone* as "their own distinctive brand of one-dimensional mainstream rock" has exhausted the possibilities of the New Wave wall of sound. The Angels third offering, *No Exit* (EMI) is simply tired. Doc Neeson's vocals are tough and heavy, Rick Brewster's guitar runs are occasionally inspired and the Mark Opitz production is excellent. But *No Exit* just doesn't satisfy. Can't Shake It, which opens side two, is not a great song but here it's a highlight just because it offers a variation in pace. I suppose it's thin criticism of a New Wave band to say the songs all sound the same (well, they're bloody meant to, aren't they?) but The Angels could do worse than listen to Ian Dury or even the later work of the doomed, demented Sex Pistols. Primitivism doesn't have to be boring. Maybe this represents a cleansing of the soul. Maybe these fine musicians are going to blow us away with the next one. There are even a few hints — like the extended guitar lead-in to Save Me, and the powerful solo on the title cut — of a coming regeneration. — *Phil Jarratt.*

Jo Jo Zep and The Falcons hit the high spot

He's been in the US Air Force, worked on shrimp boats, and at 39 commands almost legendary status from his peers as a songwriter and performer. His albums come and go like whispers on a Nashville night and are noticed only by the initiated. And that's a pity, because ***Mickey Newbury*** is possibly the best of the contemporary country writers in Nashville or, for that matter, anywhere. The cause of this obscurity lies with the man himself. He chooses to be an uncompromising, commercially shy artist of quality, relying on other stars to cut his many songs to make the necessary dollar. Diverse entertainers, such as Jerry Lee Lewis and Carol Channing, have done his songs justice.

Newbury has collected many top awards for his songs, including the beautifully descriptive San Francisco Mabel Joy, in which he tells of a red-neck farm boy growing up in the arms of a lady of the night in a big city. The album featuring this song was until its re-release in 1973, a collector's item fetching big bucks on the west coast.

His new album on Hickory won't be a collector's item, but his fans will like it because it is Mickey Newbury. It's called *The Sailor* (Newbury lived on a houseboat on Lake Hickory near Nashville), and although its sales won't make the Bee Gees blush, it deserves attention.

The album is simply a well put together collection of stories, opening with Blue Sky Shinin', a ballad complete with soaring strings, tenor solo, ooh wahs and a melody with which Patti Page would have topped the hit parade in 1959. Newbury's titles alone are better than other writers' entire songs, as witnessed here with There's A Part Of Her Still Holding On Somehow, a reflection "reaching out to where her memory lies". A Weed Is A Weed, an up-tempo John Prine-style song, offers advice to the unwary: "Watering ground will make anything grow, but a weed is a weed anywhere." Let It Go is scratching at prime Newbury, with the writer humming a chorus over his backing ladies as they "shake that rusty chain and let it go". Looking For The Sunshine sounds happy (not normally a prerequisite for Mickey), and Darlin' Take Care Of Yourself should have taken care of itself on the studio floor. It's been said before, and better.

But the last track, The Night You Wrote That Song, is classic Newbury — and worth the wait. I am certain that Mickey must have a patent on that melody by now, and the lyrics roll off his tongue in cascading lines tracing long-gone battles, the not-so- long-gone Opry, disc jockey Ralph Emery, truckers and CB. Perhaps the biggest treat lies nestled in the middle of the song, where we return to Newbury's beautiful 1969 Angeline — the lines seem more powerful than ever in today's world.

Not a generous album (about 25 minutes in all) and not Newbury's best work by far, but it *is* Newbury, and that's enough. — *Carol Ashdown.*

Small wonder that ***Joni Mitchell*** hesitated when Charles Mingus asked her to write words to some of his music. The great jazz composer, bandleader and bassist had a volcanic temperament and a tendency to put his younger proteges through the fiery furnace to test their mettle.

Apart from that, there is a peculiar problem involved in wedding words to serious jazz music.

Fats Waller and Duke Ellington are two of the very few major jazz figures who wrote songs which were intended to carry lyrics. Most jazz songs are blues or popular songs given a jazz interpretation. The words are quite predictable. Vocal phrasing and inflections carry the subtler nuances of meaning.

While the collaboration

of Mingus and Mitchell has resulted in *Mingus* (Asylum), an enjoyable and sometimes moving album, it does not represent Joni Mitchell at her lyrical best, nor Mingus's music at its most cogent. There are some effective moments, but in the main Mitchell settles for quite corny allusions to the jazz life. Though wordier, they amount to jazz equivalents of songs like Rock And Roll Music. Lyrics about the music itself are always corny. If they are lighthearted they can work. If they are serious, they can be embarrassing.

Joni Mitchell makes a reasonable fist of singing the chromatic intervals of modern jazz, despite occasional indecision as to which beat she should come in on. She has wisely not tried to sound bleak, though she throws in a couple of Billie Holliday phrases on Porkpie Hat. If you don't take too much notice of the words, Porkpie Hat is quite effectively sung.

Jaco Pastorius, Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Peter Erskine and others provide a pleasing accompaniment, but none of the grit, the thunder and profundity of Mingus's music is there.

Joni Mitchell fans will enjoy this on repeated hearing. I doubt that they will rate it as one of her best. However, I could be completely wrong. This could be the cult album of the year. For me it is one of the few Mitchell albums on which I've enjoyed her singing more than her words. The cover of the album is worthy of mention. Here, Mitchell shows another talent — as an artist.

Joni Mitchell

Schlitten, Gitler, Hammond, Weinstock, Hentoff — these are names which seem to have been destined for the small print on the back covers of jazz records. They are some of the better known talent spotters, record producers, critics, earnest scholars and hardy survivors behind the music.

The best of these footnote figures have remained dedicated to the service of that very genius which makes life difficult for many of the great artists — and those around them.

Don Schlitten appears to be one of the good guys. Since 1956 he has been producer and A&R man on a vast number of uncompromising jazz records. In 1975 he began the Xanadu series, on a profit-sharing basis with participating musicians.

Four Decades of Jazz is a sort of cross section of the Xanadu series, with recordings as recent as 1976 and as far back as 1941. The older ones are where the great innovators are concentrated: Charlie Parker, Billie Holliday, Dizzy Gillespie etc. The newer ones are mostly by figures who have been around for quite a while, won substantial reputations, but have never changed the course of the music or spawned armies of imitators. They include Barry Harris, Sonny Kriss, Charles McPherson, Al Cohn, Tal Farlow, Blue Mitchell, plus Ronnie Cuber and that strange haunting singer Earl Coleman. There is a lot of stuff here which buffs will want if they do not have most of it already. For newcomers, it is a good introduction to the personal languages of non-commercial jazz. — *John Clare.*

WORDS

POWER GAMES

Like sex, the exercise of power usually takes place under subdued lighting, behind closed doors. People, especially those not quite sure of their grasp on the reins of real Power, develop a shifty, hunted look when caught in the act of flexing ambitious boardroom muscles.

So complex and layered are the manoeuvrings in the ageless pursuit of power that only the most intense searchlight can illuminate them. More than enough candlepower is contained in ***The Craft of Power*** by R. G. H. Siu (Jacaranda Wiley, $18.40), intended more to light the way for would-be practitioners of Power than to excite our outrage.

Indeed, it is easy to be shocked by the far-from-casual machinations that anyone following Siu's strictures must carry out. There is an atavistic unwillingness to accept that our lives are ruled by people who devote all their energies to this Power game, people who will turn to chapter headings like Manoeuvring and Striking, Illicit Means, Treatment of Cadre, Offense, Defense and Strategy Reinforcement. It reads like a military battle manual, as I suppose any book must which is "directed primarily to executives seeking to expand their personal power".

Siu is not unaware of the distaste his book might encounter: "To readers who have eschewed the path of power and find the contents unsettling, we would nonetheless recommend a clear view of the reality, which they seek to transcend. Empathy always comes easier with understanding, and efforts toward the ideal become more practically productive."

Without confiding who "we" include, Siu clearly has the best possible base from which to write. In an eclectic sweep that makes *Looking After Number One* read like *Noddy Goes Shopping,* he distills sources as varied as *Genesis, I Ching,* Machiavelli, *The New York Times* and years of service with academic and government authorities into an entertaining and flawless essay.

While based in American society, the book carries universal import. Some passages might be considered particularly apt here: "Should the political appointee go about like a threatening bull in a china shop, he will soon find out how frustrating his 'subordinates' (career public servants) can be. The more vigorous and impatient he becomes in trying to make an immediate mark for himself, the more frustrated will he become as he wades in the gradually deepening and thickening administrative molasses. So he finally quits in exasperation. That, of course, pleases the bureaucrats immensely, as they sit applauding his farewell speech at the going-away party."

But the man who can advise "for best results, your thrusts for power should also be timed with the social cycles of crisis and prosperity . . . it might even

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REVIEWS

be necessary to create an incident-crisis, as many national leaders have done to lead their countries to war" also devotes a chapter to Reflecting on Morality. Siu is careful to exhibit neither approval nor disapproval, yet his analyses of the various aspects of power tend to gloom: "Given a nuclear bomb, an annihilated city is certain to follow ... given computerised memory banks, increased invasion of privacy is certain to follow. Ends realised are nothing more than means expressed." Or "unlimited potential to power seems to favor practical evil", or "anxiety is the paradoxical twin to modern prosperity". Or the chilling approach to our highest emotions: "Compassion is an essential term in all equations of power. One should be clear, however, regarding the practical distinction between *necessary* compassion and *magnanimous* compassion." (My italics.)

Perhaps this tendency inspired Siu to finish the book, under the heading Nobility, with these words to those scrambling for power: "Speaking on behalf of those too poor to buy this book, too ignorant to read it, and too pained to care, I would ask for your serious consideration. You might even discover through your noble response that there is a deeper meaning to power than the mundane. It can border on the divine."

Those combatants to whom these words are addressed, and those bystanders whom they horrify, might be relieved to know that Ralph Gun Hoy Siu's next work will be devoted to executive serenity.

Power of quite a different kind is conveyed in Brian Garfield's new book, ***Wild Times*** (Macmillan, $12.95). There's the power of the American frontier from the 1860s into the 20th Century, and there's the power of the men who did not succumb to the impotence and futility that awesome wilderness engendered.

It would be easy to adopt a ho-hum stance about such well-canvassed themes were it not for the exceptional vividness of Garfield's prose, all the more impressive for its subdued and simple style. Simple because it is told in the words of Colonel Hugh Cardiff, an heroic but utterly human figure, *Wild Times* gives the reader a much-needed faith in the authenticity of its representation of the overworked Wild West milieu. — *John Hampshire.*

J. J. McRoach, the mad dope scribe, is, I believe, now in semi-retirement so his alter ego can get back into some hey, hey Serious Journalism. This is understandable.

As the good Doctor Thompson observed, you can only keep up with the crazies for so long before they devour you. So it is therefore fitting that Australia's first marijuana journalist's best work should be rolled into one giant number and published through the good offices of the Australian Marijuana Party. ***A Dozen Dopey Yarns*** ($4.95; Nimbin, ½kg macadamia nuts) subtitled *Tales From The Pot Prohibition*, is a ragbag of fact, fantasy and very near fiction culled from the pages of most of the fringe papers and magazines published here in the past half-dozen years.

Some of it — like McRoach's adventures in Griffith in the wake of the McKay killing, his account of the dopers' Senate campaign and the "sad, mad case" of Peter Carey's mail order dope scam — is very, very good. Some of it — like Hunter Thompson's tour and the obligatory anti-smack bit — suffers by comparison with the gonzo king and earlier masters of the craft of crazed journalism.

But McRoach is an excellent reporter left to his own devices, funny, cutting and often brave. Of course, you can't make a living in this country writing that short of shit, as McRoach found.

Is it any wonder that the lad turned to chasing yabbies? — *Phil Jarratt.*

Thank God Bazza McKenzie is passe, killed off by the inexorable growth of kulchure in Australia. Thank God the Ocker movement, spawned by Bazza and his mentor Barry Humphries and fertilised with much throttled bovine darkies by Max Harris, has given way to the Trendy Oick philosophies which are obviously more suitable to Australia in the Eighties.

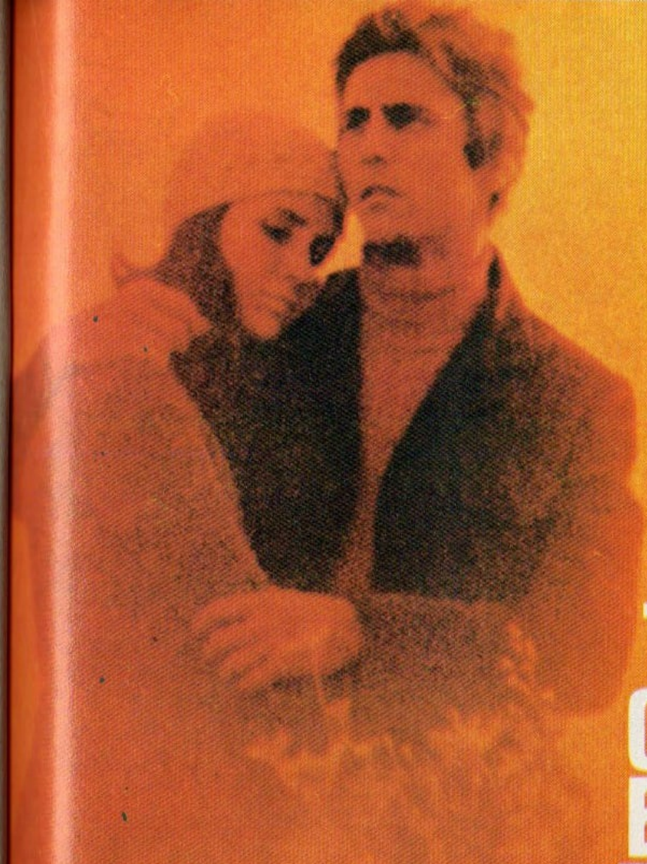
So it's vale Bazza. To mark the occasion Sun Books have released **Bazza Comes Into His Own,** ($3.95)The Final Fescennine Farrago of Barry McKenzie, Australia's Working Class Hero. *Bazza Comes* republishes the strips which appeared in Britain's *Private Eye* from the end of *Bazza Pulls It Off* until the demise of Bazza.

Private Eye dropped Bazza at the height of his popularity and amid considerable speculation. Was Humphries bored with the whole thing? Or did the editors consider the episode where Bazza burst into the Buck House bathroom disturbing the Queen on the throne to be tasteless? (It is reported Nicholas Garland, the strip's artist, refused to draw Her as depicted in Humphries' roughs, making it a teeth-brushing episode instead.)

Whatever, the adventures which follow have never before been published and make the usual entertaining reading.

A worthwhile feature of this third volume is Humphries' new, glossary or McKenzieisms. The explanations for the old Australian habits of parking the pea soup, exercising the ferret, choking darkies, dining at the Y, wringing the rattlesnake, freckle-punching or rod-walloping are better than getting a poke in the eye with a burnt stick. ○+■

AGHHHH! YER MAJESTY!
JEEZ, YER HIGHNESS—DON'T GET THE WIND UP. BLOODY WINDOW BUSTED ON ME. BARRY MCKENZIE'S THE NAME. YOUSE DON'T REMEMBER ME?!? I'M GROWN UP NOW, BUT WHEN I WAS A KIDDIE IN AUSTRALIA SITTIN' ON ME OLD MAN'S SHOULDER YOUSE SMILED AT ME! FAIR DINKUM, YOUSE DID! REMEMBER?
LOOK! I MUST'VE SCARED SHIT OUTTA YOUSE THEN — HAVE A DROP OF THIS!
NO THANK YOU — I... I'VE HAD MY FILL...
YOU'VE HAD PHIL HAVE YOUSE, YOUR HOLINESS! YOU POOR LITTLE KID! I HEAR THE GREEKS DON'T LIKE IT PLAIN AND SIMPLE, BUT FANCY YOUSE TELLIN' ME AN INTIMATE THING LIKE THAT STRAIGHT OUT! I KNEW THAT SMILE MEANT SOMETHING — ALL THEM YEARS AGO...!
It seems inconceivable that Barry is PRIVY to a royal rift — OR DOES IT? See next INTIMATE EPISODE...



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The Alfa Romeo
Alfasud Sprint Veloce 1.5 — fun
without frustration.

THE SNARLING SPRINT

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

It remains one of the world's great ironies: Australia is beset by the world-wide problems of fuel shortages, plus the homegrown strike hassles which help to keep our tanks empty. Yet government policies make damn sure our road users are deprived of, or heavily penalised for buying, the most efficient, economical and utilitarian vehicles the world has to offer.

Sure, it's a complex equation. We are a relatively small market, we want to maintain employment (a spurious rationale, as we'll see later), so we measure the cost of imports in material and social terms and come up with an over-protected local industry; and who measures the cost of that?

Let's draw an analogy. Common humanity demands that the world's food producers supply famine-stricken under-developed nations with grain, especially when that grain might be dumped because it can't find a market. Unfortunately, doing so sets up a lethal dependence on handouts which unless carefully monitored, can destroy a country's ability to provide for itself.

One suspects that our car makers have developed a similarly lethal dependence on a captive car market — in this case, a guaranteed 80%. Given that competition in the industry hones a vehicle to the limits of its potential, in Australia the keen blade of competition in the really important areas is about as sharp as a sledgehammer.

Perhaps that's less true today than it used to be, but consider this: here we have car makers who not only have had to make arrangements with foreign producers, notably Japanese, to provide us with a reasonable four-cylinder car, but who have also turned to European design and engineering in the latest of their bigger cars — a situation actually hailed as a marvellous development!

And who can knock it? In an age when going to the moon is old hat, the Australian driver is entitled to a car capable of doing more or less what is expected of it.

Specifically, he's entitled to more than that. He's entitled to a car in which the basic driving functions — going, stopping and turning corners — are combined with:

- a fuel-efficient, easily-maintained power plant linked to a gearbox (manual or automatic) with ratios which can deliver maximum flexibility;
- brakes (at least the front pair discs) designed to more than minimum specifications so there are no heart failures after repeated use when the car is loaded to the hilt, and with a back-up hydraulic circuit;
- steering geometry, suspension and weight distribution which, combined with good tyres, let you point the car and obtain a predictable response as well as stopping in a straight line under heavy braking;
- attention to the problems of corrosion and rust, because such problems start right from the time the sheet metal is pressed and might not be adequately corrected when you have the car treated after purchase — arguably something you should not have to worry about, anyway.

What, in the name of Juggernaut, is there to stop us making sure that every car produced in this country meets these standards and more — cars with controls and instruments that don't need a contortionist or a Hercules to use them, cars that carry driver and passengers in comfort, cars packaged to a useful but not excessive size?

Demonstrably we have the plant and labor. Apparently what we have not had is the desire to devote meticulous design effort to every single part of a vehicle and its relationship to the rest of the machine, or the ability to divest ourselves of outdated design philosophies. Example: time-worn insistence that the Australian driver (husband) wants a family car to take mum and the kids, a roof rack and a caravan, or a trailer with power boat, on holiday.

Even if that were generally still true today, it has been possible to see for some time that very soon it won't be. Fuel costs for a car alone will be daunting and with a caravan on tow, crushing. If the car *is* used, it will be more likely just as transport to a prepared site — exit need for gobs of rarely-used power. Today, "mum and the kids" usually means three people — ergo, a four-seater car will usually be adequate.

That's one relatively minor example, but the sense of frustration of which it is a part is brought home when you have access to a car like the Alfa Romeo Alfasud Sprint Veloce 1.5 — a car which not only exemplifies a heritage of attention to the details discussed above, but which also adds another most important ingredient: fun.

Yes, Virginia, it is still possible for the rule-battered driver to find fun on wheels, even faced with a national 90km/h speed limit and soaring costs.

He won't find it in the shattering, wheel-spinning power we used to know when the 5-litre V8 was in full cry. It won't be in

the magic carpet, power-everything limousine glide of the "fat" cars — if that's your idea of fun — which are equally extravagant to run.

But he can get a big charge from having a tight, responsive unit like the Sprint sitting in the garage. There's a delight in learning how to make the most of a small motor and well-matched gearbox, a sense of the use of more rarefied skills than those needed to plant the right foot.

Mechanically, the Alfasud Sprint is well suited to pander to the driver whose ability to appreciate a vehicle is largely limited to the cut-and-thrust of city driving. The flat-four, twin overhead cam engine produces 58.8kW from 1490cc and drives the front wheels through a five-speed gearbox with almost perfectly spaced ratios. It's an arrangement that delivers best when it is being worked hard through the top half of the rev range, about 3000 to 6000rpm, apart from anything else, it's in this range that the famous Alfa snarl appears.

Just as pleasant is the lack of guilt as you work the motor into higher revs, because you know the petrol tank isn't emptying faster than an 18-gallon keg at a bucks' party. In fact, efficiency is lost if you try to idle around town at 2000rpm, since peak torque arrives at 3500rpm.

The fuel economy shown under a standard European test — at a steady 100km/h on level road, no wind — was about 7l/100km, in the old way about 40mpg. Those figures will be down in Australia because of the anti-pollution gear demanded here, but should still be impressive.

Unlike a lot of smaller cars, the Sprint begs to be put to the test on a long haul. One expects superior handling from Alfa Romeo, but the Sprint is especially good at showing up the deficiencies of lesser machines. Smooth and solid as it is on the freeways, the exhilaration really hits when you get the chance to work the precise rack-and-pinion steering on some tight, winding roads.

One of the most pleasing aspects of the Sprint is the interior room. Here is a two-door coupe which, while comfortably seating two in the front, also can handle more than a pair of legless dwarfs in the back. Alfa Romeo has, somewhat ambitiously, billed the Sprint as a five-seater, but four adults can expect very reasonable comfort.

Back to some of the points made earlier as vital to owner satisfaction with a passenger car:

• *brakes* — The Alfasud Sprint has discs on all wheels, the front pair set inboard. While this arrangement provides a curious little rocking effect as you come to a halt, it also helps suspension response. The test car's hard-worked brakes performed faultlessly.

• *corrosion and rust* — close attention has been paid to maximising the life of your multi-thousand dollar investment. Where metals join to form potential rust "hot-spots", they have been isolated with inert sealants. The anti-corrosion coatings are applied from the start and carried through to a level greater than that applied by many car makers.

Some criticisms can be made, of course. The pedals were rather close together for my size 11s. High and low beam are controlled by twisting a column stalk knob, a nuisance where there is the need to flick constantly between the two. And, obviously, parts and maintenance costs will be higher for an imported car.

But buying a car like the Alfa is really an expression of discernment, an awareness of automotive refinement, rather than a result of detailed criticism. One accepts a cost penalty in this matter of taste, but it is worthwhile to see just how heavily the burden lies.

First is the 57.5% import duty. Then comes the importer's cut, the dealer's cut

> Buying a car like the Alfa is really an expression of discernment, an awareness of automotive refinement.

and finally the 15% sales tax. Starting with the Alfasud Sprint Veloce (the Veloce signifies it is the latest Sprint model) at a recommended retail price of $10,442 we can do a reverse calculation.

Since importers and dealers don't like talking about unit profit margins, we'll give them 10% each. This puts the cost at the wharf at a little under $4800, with the following steps to the selling price: plus import duty 57.5%, $7505; plus importer's 10%, $8255; plus dealer's 10%, $9080; plus sales tax 15%, $10,442.

Remove the 57.5% import duty — leaving the 15% sales tax since it applies to locally-made cars as well — and we arrive at a final figure of $6630.50. That means the import duty adds $3811.50 at point of sale, based on our figures.

If you think the Sprint is competitively priced at $10,442 — as I do — imagine the response to the same car at $6630. Already Alfa Romeo sells all the Alfasud Ti cars it can get into the country, and there's every reason to think reaction to the Sprint will be on the same level. The company has also expressed its intention to try to increase the number of vehicles it can bring in under our unsatisfactory and inequable quota system.

The quotas are aimed at, and succeed in, keeping the slice of our market taken by imports to 20%. That's fine by the executives of the car importing companies who can recognise a legitimate need to maintain a viable local industry.

What really hurts is the 57.5% import duty. After all, if imports are satisfactorily kept down to 20% of the market with quotas (or import licenses, to use official jargon), what purpose does such a punitive duty serve?

Well, the government gets that big whack of duty, as well as the 15% sales tax. If the government is lucky, that money might have just paid for the eight Industries Assistance Commission inquiries into the automotive industry since 1973. It probably wouldn't also cover the man-hours expended by the companies which have to prepare the endless submissions required, and which are now gearing up for a ninth inquiry in October.

So we come to the employment argument, or "we must maintain sales of locally-made cars to maintain employment at the car-building plants".

There's no reason employment can't be maintained, or even (is it possible?) expanded at Australian plants by the fairly obvious expedient of building cars of the standard of the Alfa Romeo Alfasud Sprint Veloce 1.5 — in other words, of the standard many people not only expect and demand, but for which they are prepared to pay a hefty premium. If we accept that building such a car is beyond us, I wish someone would have the guts to say so, and tell me why.

But quotas and import duties are the easy way out for our industry; no company can be expected to indulge in the type of open-market competition that leads to state-of-the-art improvements unless there is an open market.

Some of the latest products of the makers who dominate the Australian market seem to indicate that very few of the world's fuel crises have filtered into their thinking. And why should they? They're safe enough, making thirsty cars and boring four-cylinder machines — with some outstanding exceptions — while well-designed and economical cars for today such as the Fiat Ritmo, Renault 5, Daihatsu Charade etc, etc — and, yes, the Alfasud Sprint — are locked out by economic realities or heavily penalised.

It should be stressed that such cars don't only save on fuel — they use less material to build, components which wear and need replacement are smaller and therefore cheaper, they are lighter and so damage our roads less, reducing the money we pay for their upkeep. Because when carmakers and governments talk of money, we all know who bears the cost, don't we?

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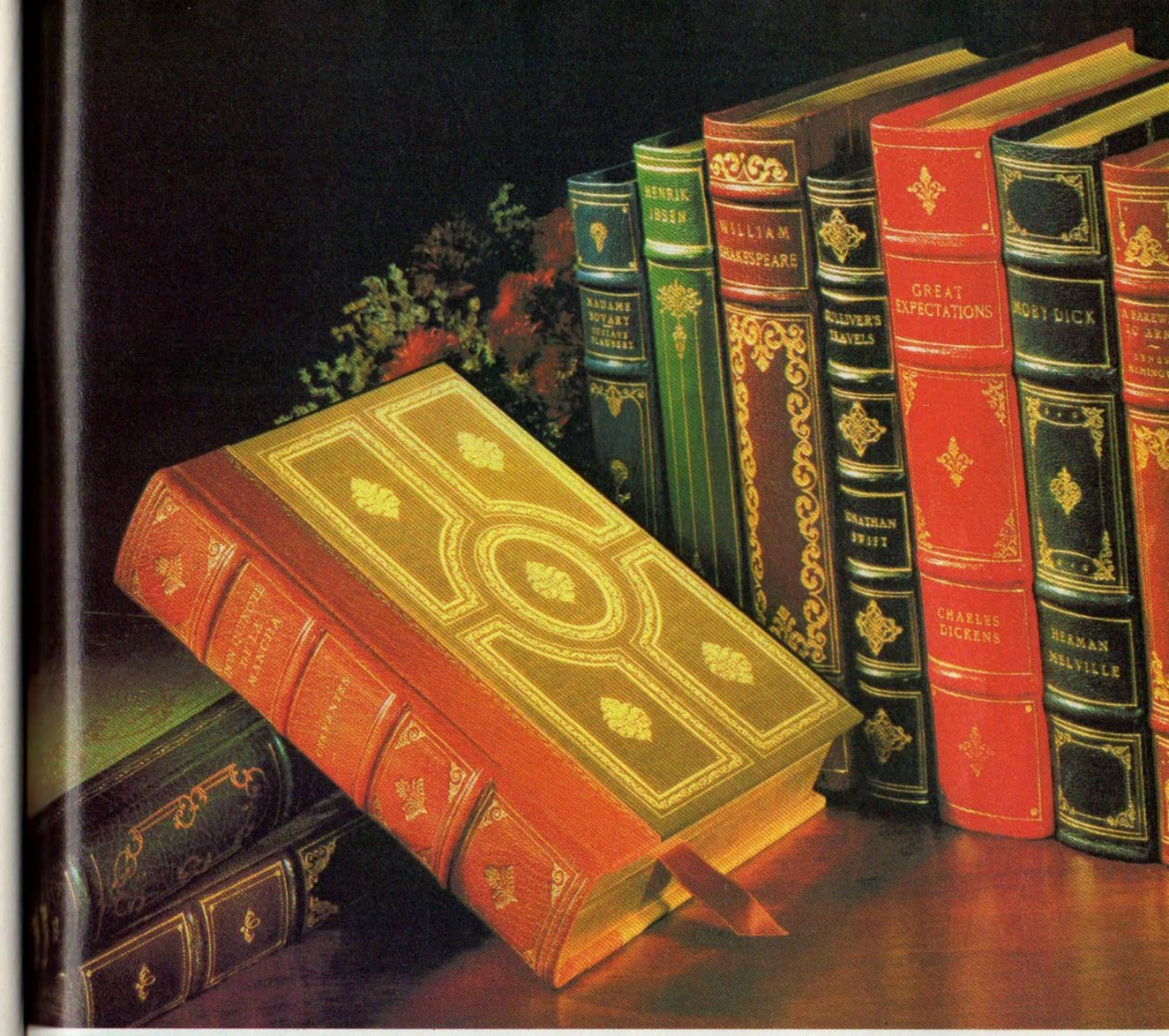

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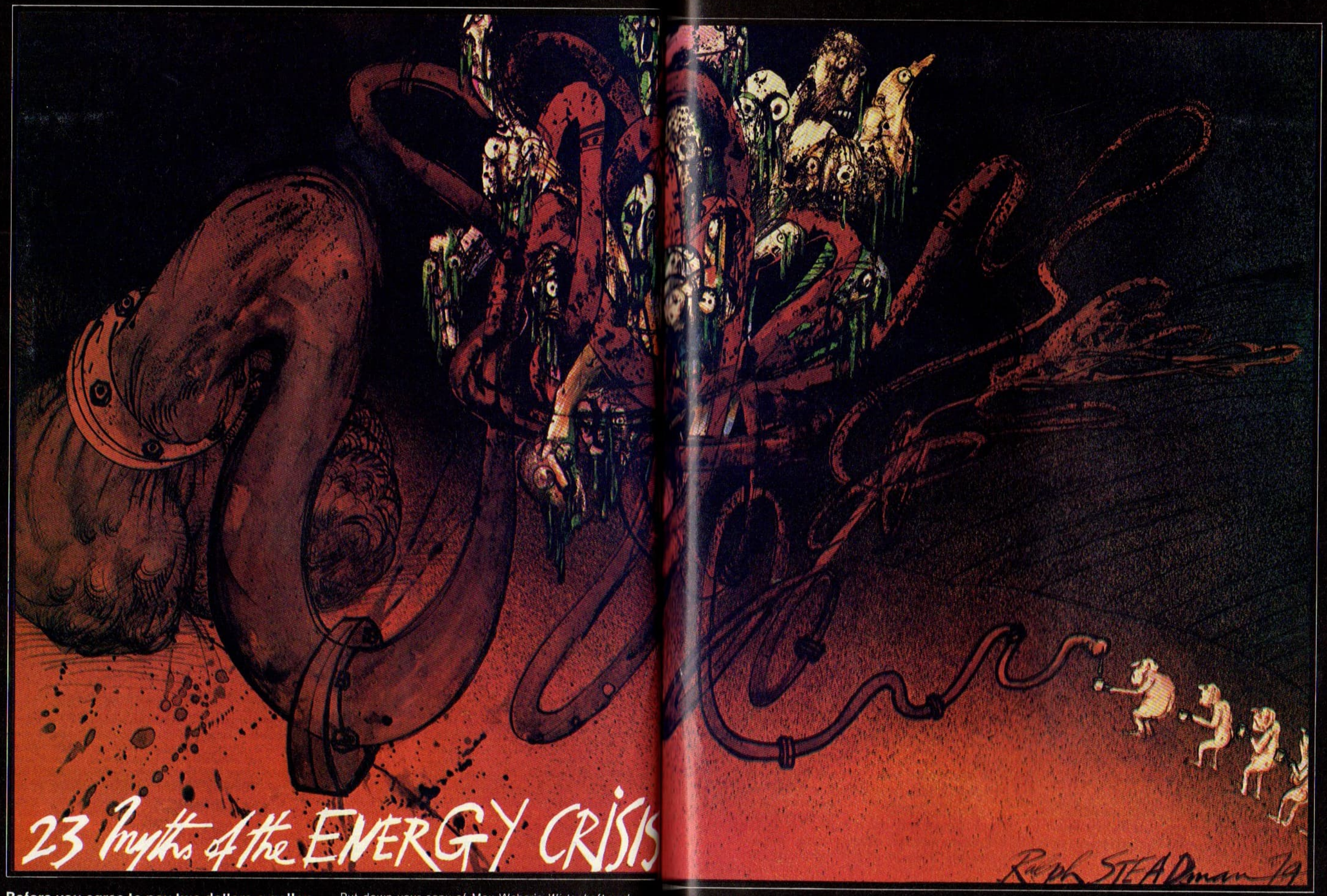

Before you agree to pay two dollars a gallon for petrol or submit to rationing, read this.

BY JAMES DALE DAVIDSON

Put down your copy of Max Weber's *Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft*. Forget Parkinson's Laws and the Peter Principle. All you need to remember is Ringo Starr's first and only law of politics: "Everything government touches turns to crap." That explains all the problems of modern life.

The demise of the shah's dictatorship in Iran has brought another proof of this fundamental truth, this time in the form of a further instalment of the "energy crisis." By a kind of magic only Ringo's dictum adequately describes, politicians and diplomats have managed to engineer a famine in the midst of plenty. At a time when oil reserves are greater than ever, you and other consumers face imminent shortages of petroleum products, more bouts of rationing and bureaucratic controls on the use of your car, such as a national 90km/h speed limit, aimed at reducing

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petrol consumption. Support is building for mandatory measures to see that you "do your part" to solve a crisis the politicians created in the first place.

The proximate cause of the oil shortage was the closing, for several months, of Iran's oil fields, which in 1978 produced from 8 to 10 percent of the Western world's petroleum. Now oil exports have been resumed — but at a much reduced level. The violence in that country and the overthrow of the shah frightened away a large percentage of the technical experts whose assistance would be needed to bring the oil fields back to full production. For that reason it is doubtful that Iranian production can be restored to previous levels at any time before 1980.

If you have stopped thinking at this point, you might indeed agree that Iran is another justification for those who cry about the "energy crisis." Don't. The real question is why other countries that have the capacity to take up the slack left by the Iranian turmoil have not done so. The closer one comes to answering that question, the nearer one is to realising that there is not an "energy crisis" at all but a political and financial crisis that is reflected in a breakdown of international trade in oil. The real problem is that OPEC members doubt the value of the paper money, the US dollars, in which they are paid for their oil. For that reason, they take every opportunity to raise the price to compensate for the expected future decline in the dollar.

As well, Australia is at the mercy of the major multinational oil companies intent on maximising their profits while the going is good. The problem is not with the 70 percent of our oil needs produced domestically, but with the 30 percent we need to import. The oil companies with the biggest share of the Australian market have cut their imports by 15 to 45 percent — interpretations between government, industry and consumer differ wildly — rather than the 10 or 20 percent the industry and the Federal Government would have us believe.

These figures are considerably greater than the 5 percent reduction in world demand agreed to by the International Energy Agency, of which Australia is a member, yet it is allegedly in accordance with this agreement that we are being deprived. It seems our level of domestic production entitles us to special attention. The troubles in Iran are also blamed. No mention is made of the fact that the "spot" market for one-off shipments of crude oil is $30 to $35 a barrel, against the official Saudi Arabian contract price of $14.50; or that the oil giants are extremely dissatisfied with the Federal Government's interpretation of import parity pricing, which should funnel about $1200 million into the Treasury's coffers this year.

The key to the Western world's approach to oil shortages is that the United States has overwhelmingly dominated the exploitation of the resource throughout the history of its development. Even allowing for major British (Shell and BP), Dutch (Shell) and French (Total) interests, US interests dominate the Australian market. The Royal Commission on Petroleum three years ago described the system which has resulted as one in which the "absence of governmental intervention has resulted in the growth of the industry largely unmodified by the force of public opinion, except tenuously through the marketing mechanism". On this basis, the multi-billion dollar problems faced by the oil multinationals and US banking institutions are of vital importance to our understanding of the type of treatment we can expect.

The most serious aspect of the Iranian situation is in the financial and monetary

> No matter what the politicians and inventory clerks say, the world is not running out of energy — except in a sense they don't mean at all.

area. Iran owes almost $15 billion and will soon be in default on many of these obligations, if it is not already. The prospect, therefore, is for further strains on an already overextended banking sytem. The Chase Manhattan Bank alone is owed $500 million; other big US banks, such as Bank of America, Citibank, and Manufacturers Hanover Trust, may be owed $300 million each. These figures are the true indicators of the crisis that the politicians allege is an "energy crisis." In fact, it is a myth or, more precisely, a collection of many myths. Twenty-three of them are exposed here.

Myth Number One: The world is running out of energy. At first glance, this notion has a superficial plausibility: you dig a hole and find some oil. The hole runs dry. You dig another hole and find some more oil. It, too, runs dry. Before long someone adds up all the dry holes and announces, "The world is running out of energy." That statement makes snappy political copy, but it is knucklehead physics. You might just as well stand around a campfire, total up the logs being tossed on the blaze, and announce, "The world is running out of matter." The one proposition is as ridiculous as the other.

Because matter and energy are two configurations of the same thing, we can never run short of either — as long as the universe exists. The only challenge we face is an economic challenge: finding and applying the cheapest form of energy for a given purpose.

No matter what the politicians and inventory clerks say, the world is *not* running out of energy — except in a sense that they don't mean at all. To the degree that the sun is being exhausted, energy from this solar system is being scattered off into other portions of the universe. So in that sense we might have an energy shortage in another *five billion* years, but not now.

Energy of stupendous power is unfolding all around us to such a degree that it is a challenge for the human mind to realise how plentiful it is. In one day enough sunlight falls on NSW to power the world for a week. And direct sunlight is only one of many virtually untapped energy sources. If you think for a moment, you can enumerate many others. There is gravity. As long as the moon revolves around the earth and exerts a pull on the oceans, the tides will ebb and flow with phenomenal power. That power could be harnessed and used. There is also energy in wind. There is geothermal energy deep in the earth. And there is the prospect for controlled fusion power, which would literally allow man to use water as a fuel to unleash the same mighty forces that are at work in the sun — with no danger from radioactive waste. All told, the sources that guarantee that the world will never "run out of energy" are practically inexhaustible.

Myth Number Two: The era of cheap energy is over. We do appear to be moving into a period when certain types of chemical energy will be more expensive than they have been in the immediate past. But there is a big difference between recognising that fact and saying that energy applications can only grow more expensive. There is simply no evidence to justify such a conclusion.

In the first place, the long-range trend for energy prices has been down. Energy today is cheaper than it has been for most of the past century. If it should temporarily become more expensive, the change would be only temporary. The history of energy markets shows that rapid technological development has often led to price fluctuations. But when prices rise, they do so only on a temporary basis.

Consider the great "energy crisis" of the 1840s and 1850s. Whale oil was becoming more expensive, and there was supposedly a shortage of wood, which was then being used for making iron and for firing the boilers of steam-powered vessels and locomotives. Was the era of cheap energy over? No. As soon as coal became economically feasible, it came

into wide-spread use. Coal gas supplanted whale oil for use in lamps, and there was a rapid conversion from the use of wood and charcoal to that of coal in the industrial process. Barely had the coal conversion gotten under way when a new form of energy began to be developed — petroleum, which originally sold for $20 a barrel. By 1900, when petroleum had largely supplanted coal in the US as the prime energy source, the price of crude oil had fallen to about $1 a barrel.

If petroleum has, in fact, become too expensive today, what will happen is what has happened in the past. New technological applications will follow to reduce the price of energy. As such thinkers as Buckminster Fuller have pointed out, we have more reason to be confident of cheaper energy than people have ever had, because our society has attained a higher level of technological competence and economic development. For example, fusion power and geothermal energy, which were totally beyond the capacity of people in the past, could make energy incomparably more abundant and cheaper.

Myth Number Three: All the experts agree that there is an energy crisis; so they must know what they are talking about. All the experts don't agree. Most of those who claim that there is an energy crisis are paid to say so. The current assertion that the world is running short of fossil fuels originates with reports from two of the most politicised oil companies, Shell and Exxon (Esso Australia's US parent). The same statistics have shown up in one report or document after another, all of which prescribe that everyone must make great sacrifices in order to fend off the supposed crisis. The documents raise more questions than they answer, questions about the political interests of the people promoting the crisis, about the tenuousness of the available statistics, and, most frequently, about the self-delusion of people.

Myth Number Four: We have only from five to ten years' supply of oil. That is what they said back in 1866 when the US Government first proposed production of synthetic fuels for the time when "crude oil production ended." In 1891 the US Geological Survey again testified that America would soon run out of oil. Part of that prediction was that no oil could be found in Texas. In 1919 the US Geological Survey once more warned that the world's supply of oil would be exhausted "within 20 years." Government experts dashed to Scotland to study a crash program for extracting shale oil.

In 1946 another "shortage" was purported to be on the horizon. The public was warned to prepare for the final exhaustion of petroleum supplies. In other words, we have had only a few years' supply of oil remaining for more than 100 years. And while we have been using more each year, proven reserves have not declined; they have rapidly expanded. It is only in the past two decades that Australia has produced significant amounts of oil and Mexico, only recently regarded as a major producer, has reserves estimated at 200 billion barrels. Year in and year out we have discovered far more oil than we have consumed. The non-communist world's estimated reserves today are greater than they have ever been — almost 2000 billion barrels. They are nearly twice as great as they were in 1967 and three times greater than they were in 1957. Put simply, there is an "excess capacity" — almost 5 million barrels a day for the OPEC group alone. By 1980, when the North Sea oil could be in full production, the excess capacity could double.

Myth Number Five: The Australian Government is doing everything it can to stimulate exploration. It's comforting to know how we stand with world

> Petrol in Australia is actually cheaper in real terms than it was in 1955 — when no one said we were in an energy crisis.

reserves, but it would be even more comforting to know that Australia was not going to become increasingly dependent on imports. Simply, we need to find more oil, and that's the basis for Malcolm Fraser's insistence that we pay the same price for a barrel of local crude as for the imported stuff.

The rationale is that the oil giants, excited by the prospects of adding to their record profits by getting top money for local crude, will rush out and find lots more on our doorstep. Indeed, the oil giants might be inclined to do just that were it not for the fact that their return from local crude is well under import parity. Canberra gets the difference in the form of a levy which should raise that $1200 million mentioned earlier.

Patently, and in direct contradiction of Government claims, the oil companies have not taken the bait and even appear to be cutting back on exploration. The total of 52 exploration wells drilled last year and trumpeted recently by Mr Fraser is a rise compared with the three preceding years, certainly, but puny by comparison with the years before that and pathetic in world terms. To quote from The National Times: "The theory on which the whole of Australia's oil-pricing policy is based is that prices must be at OPEC levels to encourage oil exploration. In both the US and Canada, however, domestic oil is not priced anywhere near this level, yet the US has the highest level of oil exploration in the Western world, and Canada's exploration (7170 wells drilled in 1978) dwarfs Australia's."

Myth Number Six: The price of petrol is higher than ever before. Not so. The price of petrol is higher than it was a few years ago, but a few years ago it was cheaper than it had ever been. In spite of the combined efforts of OPEC, the oil companies and government, petrol in Australia is actually cheaper *in real terms* than it was in 1955 — when no one said we were in an energy crisis. In fact, after the nominal start of the crisis in 1973 the price continued to fall. It is only in roughly the past 18 months that it has started to rise again.

Myth Number Seven: Petrol will continue to get more expensive. Granted, it certainly lies within the power of politicians to increase the cost of petrol. But there is no economic reason why petrol should continually increase in price. There are strong reasons why we should believe it will be cheaper in the future. The fact that proven reserves of petroleum are larger in comparison with annual consumption than they have been in the past — the non-communist world uses about 20 billion barrels a year — is reason enough for expecting a fall in prices.

One can cite many additional factors: increased use of alternative energy sources should eventually slacken the demand for petroleum. Conservation efforts should greatly increase the mileage efficiency of cars and trucks, thus contributing to a decline in demand. And increased production of natural gas could lower the price of crude oil and thus petrol. No one should be surprised to find that there is still some truth in the adage: "What goes up must come down."

Myth Number Eight: There are no alternatives to the petrol-powered car. Petrol is a great fuel. It is packed with power, and it remains cheaper than bottled spring water. But in spite of all petrols advantages, there are many alternative fuels that could be used to power cars. Diesel engines, for example, have been greatly improved in the past 15 years. They are now smaller, cheaper, and more efficient than ever before. Some of these engines are so much improved that they no longer emit the loathsome smell that has nauseated so many pedestrians unlucky enough to catch a blast from a passing bus.

But diesel engines, whatever their merits, are fired with oil. Diesel fuel is less highly refined than petrol, but it does come from the same hole in the ground.

Many alternative fuels are not petroleum derivatives. For example, methanol (or wood alcohol) and ethanol (or grain alcohol) can be used in internal-combustion engines. Ethanol is more expensive than methanol, but it has a higher energy content — about 70 percent that of petrol as opposed to 50 percent for methanol.

In spite of its lower energy per gallon, alcohol does have some advantages over petrol. Alcohol is almost nonpolluting, and it has a higher octane rating. It can be used in very-high-compression engines, which explains why almost all drag racers are powered by alcohol.

This is an aspect you rarely hear from the advocates who say we need to maintain quite high levels of lead in our petrol to (a) raise octane ratings and (b) as an anti-knock agent. Using a proportion of alcohol in petrol can achieve both effects. Work on lead-trapping devices by petroleum agencies shows an *average* reduction greater than half in lead emissions, but in some vehicles the devices have only a small effect and during a test period of 40,000km emissions of hydrocarbons, carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxides actually increased. Reducing the lead additive uses more oil at the refinery, but there are other reasons for not wanting to get the lead out. Cutting lead content from 0.84g/l to 0.4g/l means an extra $250 million investment in refinery plant at a time of diminishing petrol sales.

Myth Number Nine: Once the petroleum is gone, we will never be able to obtain more of it. In a sense, this is a double fallacy. In the first place, the petroleum will never be "gone", because as the supply diminishes its higher price would induce people to shift to petroleum substitutes. But even if one assumes that a wicked witch could wave a wand and drain the earth of petroleum, complex liquid hydrocarbons could be synthesised in laboratories. Other rare and unique substances, such as diamonds, are already successfully produced industrially. At whatever point petroleum becomes scarce enough to justify its synthetic manufacture, it will no doubt be feasible to do so.

Myth Number Ten: Low speed limits are necessary to reduce national energy waste. That is not so. The amount of energy used by cars going faster than 90km/h is trivial. In West Germany, where there are *no* speed limits on freeways and drivers regularly zip along at up to 160km/h, per-capita oil consumption is less than half that of the US.

Big problems of energy waste arise in other areas. Antiquated production methods are partially at fault. High taxes have so diminished investment that in some respects our industry is backward.

Another major source of energy waste is the moronic design of many commercial and residential buildings. In general, the newer the building, the more energy it swallows up, even though its tenants have little or nothing to show for the consumption. Year by year architects simply load their designs with energy-consuming gimmicks, to the point where a single new high-rise building consumes more energy than does a fair-sized town. The twin towers of the World Trade Center in New York require as much electrical generating capacity as does a town with more than 100,000 residents.

Myth Number Eleven: Big cars cannot get good mileage. The emergence of the alleged "energy crisis" has given nitwits of all descriptions an outlet to vent their hostility on the car. In particular, they have focused their wrath upon the "large, gas-guzzling car" — a machine that, for all its bad press, remains a symbol of the comfortable and independent life.

Undoubtedly, the fuel efficiency of

> Millions of litres of petrol go up in smoke because of the inadequate programming of traffic signals.

large cars has declined in the past 15 years as a consequence of a steady decline in the real cost of petrol. Now that petrol prices have risen, so has the efficiency of large cars. But the progress to date is only a fraction of what could be attained. One of the more important factors in determining mileage is the gearing of the car. Few cars today have gearing setups that enable the drive to attain the maximum conservation of energy. Even the highest gears on most manual transmissions require that the engine revolve once for each turn of the wheels. That means a car must always accelerate — even when it is going downhill. Mileage could be appreciably improved through wider uses of "free-wheeling" mechanisms that keep the engine from slowing down the car at times when its momentum and gravitational energy would otherwise keep it moving without additional power from the engine.

Another way to increase mileage is wider use of manual transmissions, which are more energy-efficient and can be more easily designed to accommodate additional gears. Many automatic transmissions have only two forward gears, thereby assuring that much of the petrol consumed is wasted.

Myth Number Twelve: The government is trying to stop the waste of petrol. The government is certainly trying to tax drivers in order to discourage them from owning large cars and driving them as fast or as far as they please. At least, that's the excuse. The incidental bonus of $727.6 million in excise on the 14,411 million litres of motor spirit — petrol — consumed by Australians in 1977-78 undoubtedly barely exercises Treasury's mind. Add that to the $1200 million or so from the import parity levy and you have a tidy sum being lifted from the consumer's pocket. While it is very hard to determine the effect of the levy on the price of post-refinery motor spirit, recent figures suggest that from a 25.5c litre of petrol in Sydney the Federal Government gets 10.7c or nearly 42 percent — in other words, every time you put $10 worth of petrol in your car, Canberra gets $4.20.

Other steps to cut petrol consumption include the recent big boost for the idea of switching to liquid petroleum gas, or LPG. Unfortunately, the realities are less than immediately appealing. Apart from the well-canvassed problems of long delays in obtaining conversion kits and the very limited number of supply points, there are unanswered questions about efficiency and increased wear associated with the lack of natural lubricants found in petrol. Meanwhile, the politicians have done nothing to halt the waste of vast amount of fuel that are needlessly consumed each year because of their rules and regulations.

For example, millions of litres go up in smoke because of the inadequate programming of traffic signals. In most urban areas traffic lights predominate at every intersection. These lights force drivers to stop unnecessarily and impede rather than facilitate the flow of traffic. Late at night and early in the morning drivers in many communities must ritually stop at each intersection and waste fuel.

A 1976 study by a US Congress Public Works and Transportation Committee showed that even the most modest of reforms, coordinating traffic signals so that the lights work in conjunction with one another, could save America almost 9 billion litres of petrol over 10 years.

Myth Number Thirteen: Oil cannot be recycled. Each year huge amounts of dirty motor oil are needlessly poured down the drains of service stations. This oil could be reused. In the past many firms were profitably cleaning and recycling dirty oil, thus proving that oil can be used over and over. Today, in spite of the alleged "energy crisis", most of those firms no longer exist because of government and industry economic pressures.

Myth Number Fourteen: Large oil companies oppose government

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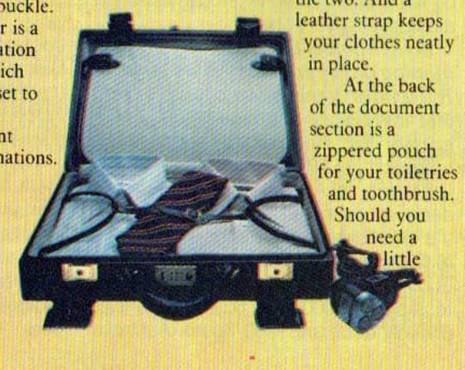

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domination of the energy industry. In fact, some big oil companies welcome government intervention and regulation. In the early days of this century the big US companies which dominate our market, instituted policies of government intervention to eliminate independent producers, to keep the price they paid for crude oil low, and to keep the price paid by the consumer as high as possible. In the 1930s troops were actually called in to the fields to close down independents who refused to curtail production and thus increase the price of oil. Australia has one of the least regulated industries in the world, yet government intervention and regulation — either by omission or commission — can often be preferred by the giant oil companies as a means of obtaining privileges they might not attain through economic means — witness the fact that the moves by major oil companies into Australia's other energy resources such as natural gas, coal and uranium have got the nod from Canberra.

Myth Number Fifteen: The world is running out of natural gas. In fact, natural gas exists in mind-boggling plenitude. Again, the only problem we have is a political and economic problem, not engineering. The economically-recoverable reserves in Australia are estimated at 309 billion cubic metres, or nearly 10 trillion cubic feet. Most of these reserves are held in eastern and central Australia. As well, it is estimated that there are 560 billion cubic metres of less-viable reserves of which 467 billion are termed "para-marginal" and are derived mostly from the North West Shelf. On top of this, it is considered that the North West Shelf contains the bulk of our undiscovered natural gas reserves, estimated at being from 800 billion cubic metres (80 percent probability) to *1700 billion cubic metres* (20 percent possibility); enough power for thousands of years.

While the bulk of these enormous estimates are not economically viable now, if the price of energy really does skyrocket they soon will be. Don't forget also that as the financial return rises, it will become feasible to produce gas from Devonian shale and coal-seam methane.

Myth Number Sixteen: Natural gas is too expensive. In the US, natural gas could dramatically increase in price before it became as expensive as alternative forms of energy. One thousand cubic feet of natural gas equals 1 million British Thermal Units (BTUs). Americans currently pay an average of $2.05 per million BTUs of natural gas delivered to the home, $3 per million BTUs of fuel oil, and $10 per million BTUs of electricity.

In metric Australia, no such broad national comparison is readily available because of the proliferation of energy-supply agencies, the different methods of making electricity and the consequent extreme variation in rates to consumers. Using Sydney as a base, however, we find that the average cost of heating starts at 3.29c per kW/hour for an unflued gas heater, while direct electric heating costs 3c per kW/h. The "off-peak" (high consumption) rates for both types of energy are comparable. At the moment heating oil costs 2.67c per kW/h, a figure certain to rise. The average Sydney home uses a total of 8000kW/h of energy in a year, a figure which can vary quite markedly in colder or warmer places around the nation.

Myth Number Seventeen: We should shift to the use of coal, our most plentiful energy resource. Coal is plentiful, and it will undoubtedly be used in increasing amounts. But for the government to require consumers and industry to shift arbitrarily to coal use is idiotic. The conversion is not only very expensive but also counterproductive when one considers that it would actually *lower* productivity. It would be like bulldozing a city then rebuilding it to make the homes and offices less efficient than they were in the first place.

> Coal is unsuited to many applications because furnaces can't be as accurately controlled as oil or natural-gas fires.

Coal is unsuited to many applications because coal furnaces cannot be as accurately controlled as oil or natural-gas fires. Thus coal cannot be used if the flame must come directly into contact with the product, as is the case, for example, in some textile processes. Furthermore, coal is far more polluting than either oil or natural gas and its supply can be easily interrupted by industrial action along the delivery chain.

Myth Number Eighteen: The world is running out of uranium. Vince Taylor in *The Myth of Uranium Scarcity* has proved that this alleged shortage is just as imaginary as the alleged shortage of petroleum. In 1950 we were told that US reserves of uranium oxide were dangerously low — at 3000 tons. In just the first 10 years thereafter, 75,000 tons of uranium oxide were mined. How much uranium oxide did that leave? Not 75,000 tons but 186,000 tons, 60 times the supposedly accurate 1950 figure. Australia has "reasonably assured" economically recoverable reserves of pure uranium — based on a price of $US80 a kilogram — of 290,000 tonnes, 18 percent of the Western world's resources and equivalent to 377,000 tons of oxide.

Myth Number Nineteen: Uranium is a cheap, economical source of energy. Maybe not. Uranium oxide is useless as a fuel. It can be used to power conventional atomic reactors only after it has been "enhanced," a process that may well consume more energy than is yielded by the uranium fuel pellets that it produces. The economics of conventional atomic reactors has been clouded by the fact that atomic-power generating emerged as a stepchild of the governmental program to build atomic bombs.

The warfare connection has enveloped aspects of the uranium-enrichment procedure in secrecy — making it all but impossible to discover how much energy the process consumes. During one recent year in which figures were available, uranium-powered reactors produced 2 percent of America's electricity. But the uranium-enrichment facilities operated by the government *consumed* 4 percent of the nation's electricity.

Of course, the percentage of the enrichment process attributable to the production of uranium for warheads was top secret; so no one could use the figures to prove what many suspect: conventional, uranium-powered atomic plants are not the energy bargain that their advocates maintain they are.

Myth Number Twenty: The answer is fast-breeder reactors. One thing that can be said for the fast-breeder is that it does produce more radioactive fuel than it uses. To some, that makes it the perfect energy gimmick. It's sort of a perpetual-motion machine. The question is: once you've set it in motion, can you stop it?

That is a problem no one would ever have to worry about if the "energy crisis" mentality did not provide politicians with the cover for justifying committing taxpayer funds to investigate exotic and uneconomical projects, such as the fast-breeder. Because, for all the talk about the breeder's ability to generate more fuel than it uses, it is one-tenth as capital-efficient as a conventional gas or coal-burning generator. No private investor would conceive of building one. It simply does not pay to breed plutonium at $275 a kilogram — especially when *that would theoretically be enough to give every living person lung cancer* if it were uniformly distributed in the atmosphere.

The US Energy Research and Development Administration is agitating to have as many as 2000 liquid-metal fast-breeder installations in the US within 45 years. Just to haul away the deadly wastes generated by such a system daily would require 100 railroad cars. But loading the cars would be easy compared with unloading them. One can't simply dump radioactive plutonium wastes into the city dump. Experts agree that the fast-breeder waste would have to be kept in protective storage for about 500,000 years. When the staggering costs of that operation are matched against the fast-breeder's other shortcomings, plans to develop it must rank as an economic absurdity.

Myth Number Twenty-one: We are many decades away from practical solar-energy application. In fact, solar energy is practical right now. The technology has already been developed. And some of it is by no means new. For example, practical and dependable solar hot-water heating systems were in use at the turn of this century. There is almost no place in Australia where such systems could not be employed effectively. In fact, the sun could provide 65 percent of water heating. In most instances all such solar heating requires is a knowledge of basic physics, some black paint, and a bit of copper tubing.

Myth Number Twenty-two: The US Government is promoting the development of solar energy. It is in the area of high-technology solar energy applications that America, not least because of the huge push from its space program, shares the world lead. Australia, while clearly without a hope of matching that effort, has been at the forefront of solar energy collection research since the mid-1950s. Now we spend $5 to $6 million a year on research into industrial and domestic applications, through the CSIRO, universities and industry, and probably could achieve very little more even if more funds were available. Meanwhile, all is not well back in the US of A.

Some members of the US Congress are undoubtedly sincere in seeking to promote solar development. They have arranged for the appropriation of public funds to that end, and lots of money has been spent. Yet the peculiar thing is that most of ERDA's solar contractors are firms with a greater incentive to stifle solar energy than to develop it. Angus McDonald of the Center for Science in the Public Interest surveyed ERDA's solar contracts and concluded that most solar-research funds have been showered on companies that, in his words, "are interlocked over and over again with big oil, big electric power, and the biggest banks and insurance companies in the world."

McDonald points out that bank directors, who have a tremendous vested interest in keeping public utilities solvent because of their large indebtedness, "are most numerous among the fifteen prime ERDA solar contractors: five directors of Chase Manhattan, seven directors of First National Citibank." Therefore, much solar research is pure fluff. That which is not is geared toward finding some capital-intensive application for solar energy that could be plugged directly into utility power lines. Money is being spent to study microwave transmission of solar power from outer space and similar efforts that would benefit the power companies and their major creditors — the big banks.

Myth Number Twenty-three: The energy crisis is an energy crisis. It isn't. The crisis that is instigating the crazy quilt of new taxes and political manipulation is a financial crisis. It had its origins, not in the oil fields, but in the US Treasury Department and in the boardrooms of banks. To understand the situation, one has to glance back a few years to the period when Lyndon Johnson was printing money to pay for the Vietnam War. The funny money not only inflated the cost of living in America but also destroyed the international monetary structure. So much money was created without backing that it was no longer possible to settle international debts with gold. On August 15, 1971, Richard Nixon officially announced to the world that the US Government was broke. He suspended further gold payments to foreign central banks and, in so doing, effectively removed the last barrier to the escalation of inflation and debt.

The new system of "floating exchange rates" has not worked effectively. Competitive devaluations on the part of governments have been so frequent that the result is almost a race to see which

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country can make its currency worthless first.

Under such conditions, when funny money is disrupting international trade, the exchange system has no way of dealing with the increasing insolvency (that means bankruptcy) of almost all the world's countries. In the short run, the existence of these difficulties has given large banks an opportunity to maximise their earnings by lending tens of billions at high interest rates to some of the governments in the worst condition. The loans enable them to finance their settlement of accounts.

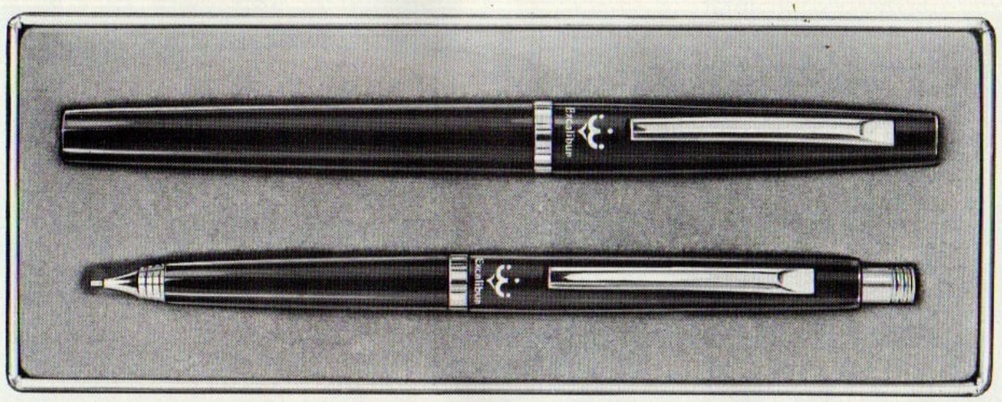
The whole thing could be considered shrewd dealing — except for one obvious problem. Anyone can lend money to bankrupts at high interest rates. The trick is to be paid back. The big American banks, with Chase Manhattan in the lead, are now owed anywhere from $42 billion (a low estimate) to $200 billion (*Time's* estimate). The seriousness of the situation is underlined by the fact that even the low figure — $42 billion — is far more than the banks could lose and remain solvent. And the prospect is not good. The current accounts of the non-oil-producing underdeveloped countries, which are the main debtors to the banks, are running at an annual deficit of $30 billion. In other words, the debtors not only are unable to reduce their total obligations but also need to borrow more. Without a dramatic change in the flow of funds worldwide, the banks could collapse.

Naturally enough, the banks are doing what they can to avoid their day of reckoning. And what they are doing connects directly to the alleged "energy crisis." The bankers realise that billions of dollars would be freed — perhaps enough to pay them back — if the international price of oil fell. Because there is tremendous excess oil-production capacity in the OPEC countries, a price fall is not impossible. But it would be almost guaranteed if the American imports of foreign oil were dramatically reduced, as the advocates of a strong energy policy envision.

Clearly, this is not an "energy" crisis at all. The situation takes on further complexity because David Rockefeller, the chairman of Chase Manhattan, and other leading bankers have roles as owners and controlling figures in the major oil companies. This explains partly why the solutions to the alleged energy crisis are so irrational. As an example of willingness to manipulate oil use, it was soon after the Rockefellers bought into Chrysler in the 60s that development of the company's clean-running turbine car was halted. The turbine could run on *any* liquid fuel.

Recent studies have shown that deregulating the price of oil alone would reduce American imports of foreign oil to 28 percent of their current level. But that might also cost the big oil companies billions and is therefore unacceptable. What is acceptable is policies of exactly the sort that have been proposed, first by David's late brother, Nelson, when he was vice-president, and now by Jimmy Carter, which would prohibit a declining world price from lowering the price of energy in America. This would enable some oil companies to profit as much in the future from importing cheaper foreign oil as they do from importing oil at today's price.

The political difficulties of promoting such policies are considerably eased because they create golden opportunities for an entire spectrum of special interests. Those who sell coal, those who want energy-research contracts, those who want to breed plutonium, owners of shale deposits, and many, many others are all standing in line for the goodies an "energy program" would distribute. In fact, so many special groups have an incentive to support this nonsense that more subsidies, regulations and monopoly privileges seem likely to pass — even though they would harm fully 90 percent of the population. But with all the powerful special interests blaring away about the nonexistent "energy crisis" and the urgent necessity of "forceful action" to solve it, most people probably think that they are doing themselves a favor as they accept more taxes, lower living standards, and higher prices. ○



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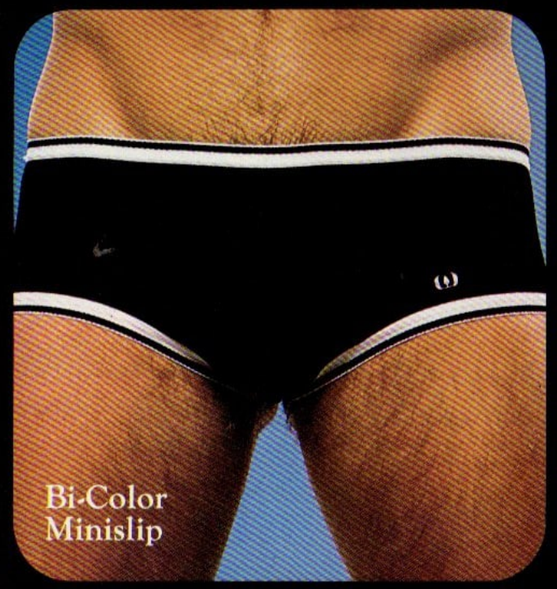

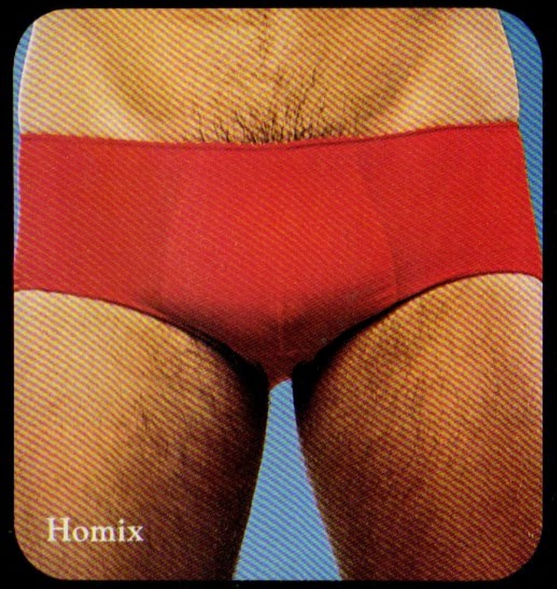

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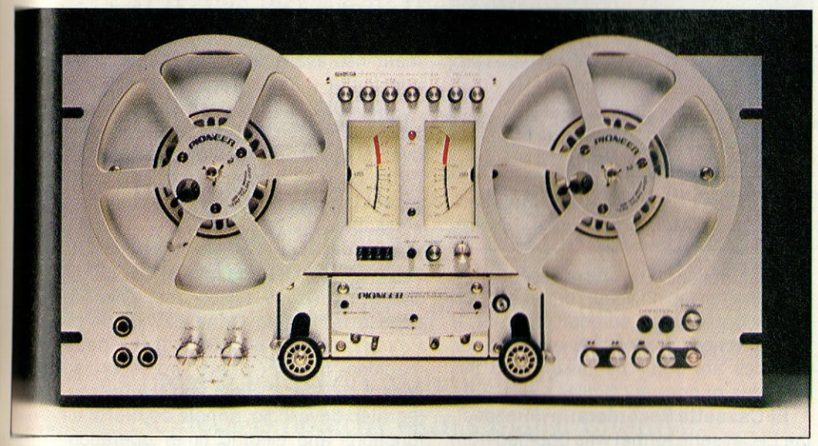


MAGNETIC ATTRACTION

When you want to unwind, relax. You've got it taped.

BY WAYNE ELMER

Photographs by Jeff Rand

Richard Nixon, 37th President of the United States and San Clemente beachcomber extraordinaire, almost did for the reputation of tape recorders what Atilla did for the Huns.

The public certainly had a right to be sceptical about tape recorders. If the US President, with the finest electronics experts of the Western world at his disposal, couldn't record a simple conversation without gaps appearing all over the place, what chance did Joe Average and his poor little machine have?

As it turned out, it was the Big N who wasn't performing properly, rather than the machine. The public's faith in tape recorders was restored, but history shows that their faith in the joint-Nobel Peace Prize winner was somewhat diminished.

Who would have dreamed, when the magnetic recording process had its humble beginnings at the end of the 19th century, that it would play a part in the toppling of an American president?

Those first recorders were modest affairs indeed, with electric signals being stored on a steel wire. During the 1920s the first magnetic tape was produced, whereby a strip of paper was coated with a liquid containing metallic particles. One slight problem: paper breaks too easily.

The solution arrived with the plastic tape, which was coated with magnetic powder. Other problems remained, most notably the presence of interference with the signal recorded. It wasn't until high frequency bias was discovered that the worst effects of noise and distortion were on their way to being eliminated.

Perhaps the greatest advance the magnetic recording system was to make came during World War II when, in the early '40s, the Germans developed the "magnetophon", a tape recorder which embodied HF bias as well as excellent tape handling characteristics. After the war, magnetophons were transported to

the US and by the 1950s the tape recorder had become a household concept.

Today, tape has responded to a demand for versatility and convenience. As well as the open-reel machine, the original type of tape recorder, we have microcassette recorders, compact (i.e. standard sized) cassette recorders, E1-cassette recorders and cartridge players. The cartridge system has never been a major format in the Australian market and for that reason we will concentrate on the others.

Microcassette Recorders: As its name implies, the microcassette is a miniature cassette. Most microcassette recorders will fit comfortably into a shirt or jacket pocket and format is intended for precisely the use that the compact cassette was first designed for: recording the human voice. It is ideal for recording diction, lectures, conversations or interviews; but the limited frequency response and dynamic range make it highly unsuitable for recording music.

In this field the *Aiwa TP M11* and the *SD2* and *SD3 Pearlcorders* from *Olympus* are particularly impressive. Total recording time for the Aiwa can be anything up to four hours and all machines feature tape speed selectors and battery powered operation. Several attachments and accessories are available for the Olympus machines, including an AM radio attachment and, very useful, a voice actuator.

Compact Cassette Recorders: As mentioned above, the cassette format was not meant to be used for recording music — the slow tape speed and narrow tape width appeared to be insurmountable barriers to high fidelity reproduction. Yet in less than two decades these obstacles have been largely overcome, to the point where the cassette format is by far the most accepted of all domestic tape recording systems. And if any of the open-reel purists still doubt the validity of the cassette system vis-a-vis the reel-to-reel, they should look no further than to the *Teac C-1* and the magnificent *Nakamichi 1000II* for final confirmation of the cassette's worth.

Both machines are superb performers, with the Teac offering a three-motor and three-head dual capstan and transport sytem, full logic operation controls, pitch controls, switchable Dolby/dbx noise reduction systems, plus a wow and flutter spec of 0.04% and a stated frequency response of 30-18,000Hz.

Nakamichi rates its machine at 0.05% wow and flutter with a frequency response of 35-20,000Hz. Among a plethora of features, the 1000II offers: full IC logic transport controls, record head azimuth alignment, pitch controls and two 50dB range peak-reading meters. The Nakamichi 1000 was the first three-headed cassette deck on the market. Not only did it revolutionise the performance and flexibility of the cassette system, but it also created for its manufacturer the peerless reputation it still commands. Thus, despite intense competition from the likes of Teac, Akai, Pioneer and Aiwa, the Nakamichi 1000II remains the prince of cassette decks.

The same is arguably true of the *Nakamichi 550* in its field. The 550 is a portable deck, directed mainly at the amateur or semi-professional outdoor recordist. Complete with Dolby NR, a 40-17,000Hz frequency response, a 65dB signal to noise ratio and a three-way power supply (AC, 12V battery and car jack), the 550 offers performance capabilities that are normally to be found only in the finer home recorders.

For something a little less exotic and a little more convenient, there is *Aiwa's* smart little hand-held unit, the *TP748*. Powered by AC or batteries, it has an inbuilt condensor microphone and cue and review functions. The unit is essentially a machine for taping voice, but at a pinch could double as an outdoor recorder. If you are ever an interview subject, chances are you'll be talking into this recorder, or one very similar.

Two of the plug-ins that set the Pearlcorder apart: AM radio and voice actuator.

EI-Cassette Recorders: In retrospect, the EI-Cassette format was doomed from the outset. In trying to combine the ease of operation of cassette with the performance flexibility of open-reel, the EI-Cassette became merely an expensive compromise. EI-Cassette tapes are big and bulky (about the size of a paperback book) compared with the standard cassette and were thus not compatible with other domestic, portable or car tape systems. As far as the open-reel enthusiast is concerned, he is perfectly satisfied and loyal to his reel-to-reel machine.

In short, the EI-Cassette format — of which the *Sony EL-7* is a leading example — was a format without a market. Despite the apparent virtues of the EI-Cassette, the hoped-for boom never eventuated and as a result bargains can be had when buying an EI-Cassette machine today. Make no mistake, the performance of these units can be particularly impressive (for example, the EL-7 has a stated frequency response of 25-22,000Hz), yet it is obvious that buyers have taken factors other than performance into consideration when choosing to by-pass the format.

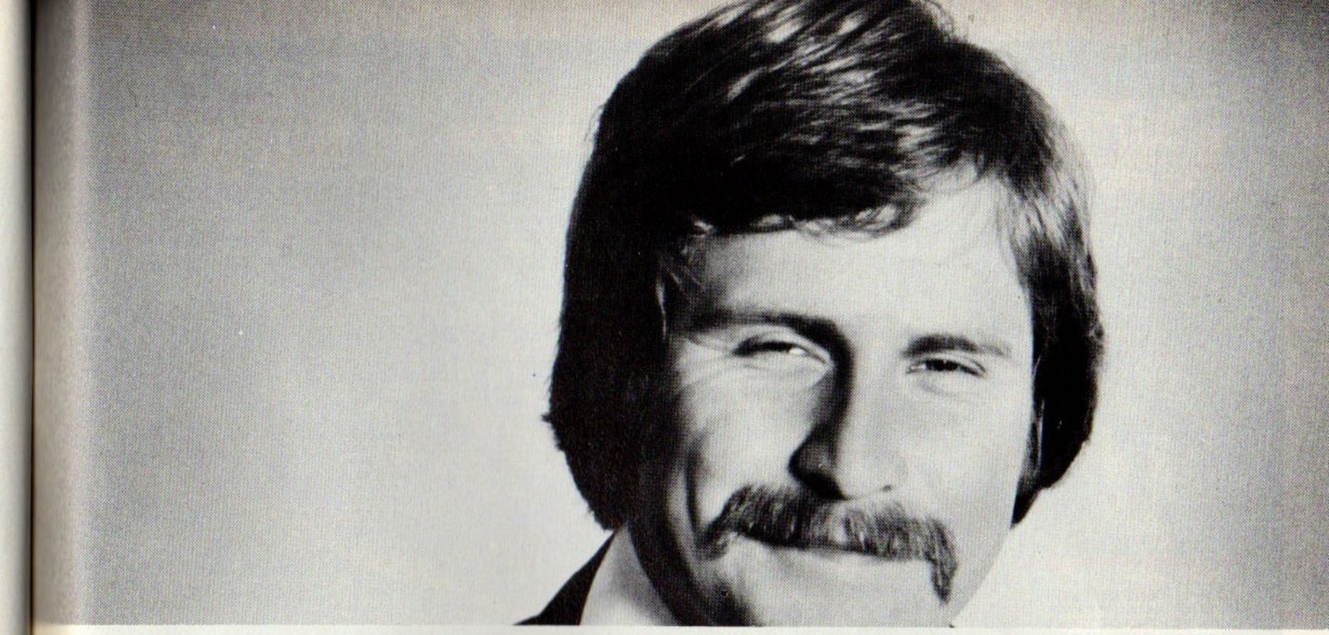
Open-reel Recorders: The original and most versatile of all tape formats, the open-reel system — despite the popularity of cassette recorders — is far from dead. The open-reel offers a wide range of tape speeds (from 3¾ to 15 inches per second), giving the user the choice between fidelity and economy (the faster the tape travels, the better the response). And at 15ips, many open-reel decks outperform even the finest cassette decks and the format makes it much easier for the user to edit his recordings — and to become a creative force in the recording process by way of sound on sound and multi-sync recording facilities.

In recent years the demand for open reel decks has been almost exclusively directed at the upper end of the market (i.e. those machines with 10½ inch reel capacity). But *Pioneer* has displayed its confidence in the continued good health of the open-reel market by its recent introduction of the *RT707* machine, which has a maximum reel capacity of only 7 inches. The performance of the 707 does not suffer in comparison to the larger machines available on the market (wow and flutter 0.05%; frequency response 30-24,000Hz) and because of its compact size it offers some distinct advantages over its bulkier competitors; specifically, it can be rack mounted and, unlike any other quality open-reel machine, is stackable.

If the capacity of a 7 inch machine is insufficient to meet your needs, there are a dozen or so 10½-inch machines to choose from. One is the *B77* made by *Revox*. A three-motor, three-head machine, the *B77* offers two recording speeds (3¾ or 7½ips) and features integrated drive logic, remote control of all functions and electric timer operation, dual peak level meters and the convenience of a built-in tape cutter close to the headblock. Other makers of superior open-reel recorders include, *Akai, Technics, Sony, Tanberg* and *Pioneer*.

Teac is another maker of fine open-reel equipment, as a glance at the *A7300RX* will confirm. This is a mammoth machine possessing all the features an enthusiast could hope for. The Teac is daunting is performance and size . . . and also in price. At $3460 it is beyond the limits of all but a fortunate few.

While the machine may possibly be more applicable to professional rather than solely domestic use, the Teac A7300RX stands as a marvellous testament to the distance the magnetic recording process has travelled since those first humble wire recorders of 80 years ago.



WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOUR SECRETARY MADE A PASS AT YOU?

If it was last year it may already be too late.
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I THINK THEIR SECURITY MEASURES ARE ADMIRABLE —BUT I JUST AIN'T DRESSED FOR THAT KINDA SEARCH!

OPEC RULES -OKAY?

BUT WHERE IS MALCOLM FRASER? WHY WON'T HE FRONT, AT LEAST FOR AN INTERVIEW?

HE DOESN'T THINK WE ARE HIS CONSTITUENCY

WHO SAID WESTERN ECONOMY WAS ON THE DECLINE?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT STOPS MANKIND ACHIEVING ITS GREAT IDEALS —PEOPLE!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

SHE'S A DELIGHTFUL GEL— BUT YOU DON'T THINK HE FANCIES HER, DO YOU?

HE COULD DO A LOT WORSE!

CHARLIE, HOW NICE TO SEE YOU! I HAVE'NT SEEN YOU SINCE OUR CHUCKA AT WARWICK FARM

I'M GETTING VERY BAD VIBES! THIS HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT IS BRINGING ON ONE OF MY ANXIETY ATTACKS!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT— SHE HAS SOME VERY WEIRD FRIENDS!

LEND US A FEW BUCKS, WILL YA? I'M TEMPORARILY UNFROCKED!

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YE GODS! I THINK I'VE FOUND AN ALTERNATIVE FUEL SOURCE!

BIKES! THAT'S THE ANSWER— A NATION OF CYCLISTS!

THAT AIN'T FUNNY!

HEY! IS THIS KOSHER?

SOMETIMES I GET THE FEELING THAT CIVILIZATION IS FALLING APART AROUND ME AND THE BARBARIANS ARE TAKIN' OVER!

DID YOU FLY SKYTRAIN!

DID YOU DO YOUR DOUGH WITH COMPUTICKET, TOO?

TAKE THE MINSTRELS DOWN TO THE SERVANTS QUARTERS AND GIVE 'EM A BOWL OF SOUP WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, SERGEANT!

I SAW HIM FIRST!

LIKE HELL YOU DID!

WHERE'S GOUGH'S GREAT SOCIALIST REVOLUTION?

FIRE

RELAX, JIMMY! DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW MANY PENTHOUSE READERS BACK HOME HAVE THE VOTE?

MAY I INTRODUCE THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?

A PLEASURE, MR HOPE!

SHE'S A CHARMING GEL, - BUT DOES SHE LOVE HORSES, XAVIERA?

I WOULDN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED!

MY NAME'S GUCCIONE, BUT YOU CAN CALL ME BOB!

MY NAME'S GRAHAM, DIDN'T WE LAST MEET AT RANDWICK?

THEY TELL ME, GOVERNOR BROWN, THAT YOU'RE SOMETHING OF A POLITICAL TURNABOUT— PROPOSITION 13, AND ALL THAT?

I'VE GOT A NEW ONE FOR YOU— PROPOSITION 69!

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE - DON'T DO IT HERE!

AND DOWN IN THE BOWELS OF THE SCHLOSS, WHERE AN ARMY OF ASSORTED MINIONS, SKIVVIES, DOGSBODIES AND SLAVES RESTS FROM ITS LABOURS.....

6000 BONED AND STUFFED ORTOLANS!

TO THINK, FREDDY, WE HAD OUR YOUTH, HEALTH AND SANITY BEFORE WE EMBARKED ON THIS STRIP!

DRAW ME A MIND BLOWING FEMALE, RON! I WANNA CELEBRATE!

15,000 LARK'S TONGUE CANAPÉS!

65,000 SHELLED AND DRESSED DUBLIN BAY PRAWNS!

AND DRAW ME A MODEST VEUVE CLICQUOT TO GO WITH IT— I DON'T WANNA BE TOO GREEDY!

SOPHIA LIVING and LOVING

ANOTHER WRITER! WHO NEEDS IT!

THE SOUNDS OF THE FESTIVITIES FROM THE ILLUMINATED SCHLOSS DRIFT GENTLY ON THE STILL NIGHT AIR UP TO THE TOWER OF THE CLOUDS, FARTHEST FLUNG BASTION OF THE VON KREESUS EDIFICE.....

.... WHERE A LONELY HOMER SAPIENS STRUGGLES TO UNRAVEL THE MYSTERIES OF THE TIME MACHINE!

THE PARTY OF THE CENTURY —AN' I'M MISSING IT!

HEY, HOMER—YOU REALLY HAVE CLEANED THIS PLACE UP!

I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME OF YOUR FAVOURITE CUCUMBER SANDWICHES!

YOU HAVEN'T MISSED ANYTHING, HOMER—IT'S ALL PREDICTABLY DECADENT!

EVERYTHING'S AWASH IN ALCOHOL, SEX AND FOOD! IT'S ALL SO SORDID AND BORING!

WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP —YOU...YOU SADIST!

?

DAWN THE FOLLOWING DAY. THE LAST GUESTS ARE DEPARTING.....

WHO SAYS I'VE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK?

HAVE WE GOT ENOUGH FUEL TO GET HOME?

IT'S OKAY—WE'VE GOT THE BIKES IN THE BACK!

DID YOU ENJOY YOURSELF, PUSSCAKE?

IT WAS A SUPER PARTY, BOO'FUL!

THE PEASANTS ARE WITHOUT, MISTRESS!

OH, GREAT HEAVENS! THE VON KREESUS TRADITION—I NEARLY FORGOT!

COME, PUSSCAKE—IT IS THE TRADITION THAT THE LEFT OVERS FROM ALL VON KREESUS BANQUETS ARE THROWN TO THE PEASANTS OF THE ESTATE FROM THE TOWER OF PLENTY!

OH, GOODY! I LOVE THIS BIT!

I GOT 'IM BOO'FUL! RIGHT IN THE MOOSH WITH THE TURKEY PATÉ!

I DON'T THINK THAT'S QUITE IN THE SPIRIT OF THE THING, PUSSCAKE!

OKAY—SHE ISN'T LOOKING! GET HIM UPSTAIRS—QUICKLY!

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS ROBERT HAWKE?

YOU CAN LEAVE ANY LEFT OVER GUESTS FOR NOW, GRUD! LET'S GO SEE WHAT SAPIENS HAS BEEN UP TO!

WHAT HAS SAPIENS BEEN UP TO? ARE WE ABOUT TO EMBARK ON THE ZANIEST ADVENTURE OF ALL TIME? OR WILL WANDA RETIRE FROM THE SCENE AND TAKE UP KNITTING? NEXT MONTH REVEALS ALL!

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COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The most beautiful body in the world
By IAN ROLPH
THE SHY daughter of a corner-shop greengrocer has been declared to have the world's most beautiful body.
Her name is Joanne Latham and a top girlie magazine is paying her
$140,000 fee joy for Joanne
will pay to lock at my body," said Joanne, who lives in Wolverhampton.

JOANNE LATHAM — PLEASURE ISLANDS — CRAIG S. KARPEL

An End to Industrial Turmoil — The seventies will go into the history books as a decade of unprecedented technological change, accompanied by social dislocation and industrial unrest. But what of the eighties? Sir John Egerton, once noted for his rough-and-tumble battles on behalf of the worker, and now ostracised by the movement he served, talks about the Australian industrial minefield in an exclusive Penthouse Interview.

Who Killed Phar Lap? — We all know who did it. It was the bloody Yanks. They killed Lincoln, Kennedy and King, and they killed Phar Lap, too. John Hepworth tells this and other Melbourne Cup stories in a delightful essay spotlighting our true One Day Of The Year. Heppy's tales, tall and true, about the Cup and Cup people (like the lady who has it off in the back seat of a Rolls-Royce in less time than it takes to run 3200m) is required reading for anyone planning to go to, watch on TV, or listen to the 1979 Cup.

The Victims of Terrorism Fight Back — The activities of international terrorists — either politically or financially motivated — so far have not spread to Australia. But it is a wise man who prepares for the inevitable. Penthouse writer Craig S. Karpel takes an anti-terrorist training course and describes who is most likely to be attacked, where the attack is most likely to take place, how to take elementary precautions, and how to fight back in an attack. If the bosses of Australia's top companies don't read this, their wives must.

The Black Hole of Sex — Dr Allen Sack is associate astronomer of the planetarium and he does indeed gaze upon heavenly bodies at night. He discovers he is the black hole of sex, so powerful that he drags women inexorably towards him, engulfing them with forces beyond any control. But does he enjoy it? Nick Tosches' lighthearted fiction work is another Penthouse exclusive.

Pleasure Islands of the South Pacific — Thousands of Australians fly off to them every year. They're sunny, often inexpensive, and always a holiday magnet. They're resort islands just a few flying hours away and they're the subject of a new book by Australia's leading travel author, Colin Simpson. From this Australian Penthouse extract you'll perhaps decide where to go for your next holiday.

The Great Airline Rip-off — Bob Ansett, managing director of Budget Rent-A-Car, blasts the Australian two-airline policy as a relic of the past which just happens to guarantee his father's airline conglomerate privileges and profits beyond those which could be expected in less regulated industries. He proposes changes to the policy which could lead to lower fares, new timetables and improved efficiency for Australian air travellers.

The Most Beautiful Girl in the World — Can Joanne Latham, a grocer's daughter from England, be the most beautiful girl in the world? Penthouse international publisher Bob Guccione won the battle to photograph Joanne and the stunning results appear next month. Also featured is another Australian Pet of the Month. Don't miss them!

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